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Everybody's

FRANK QUINN
EDITOR

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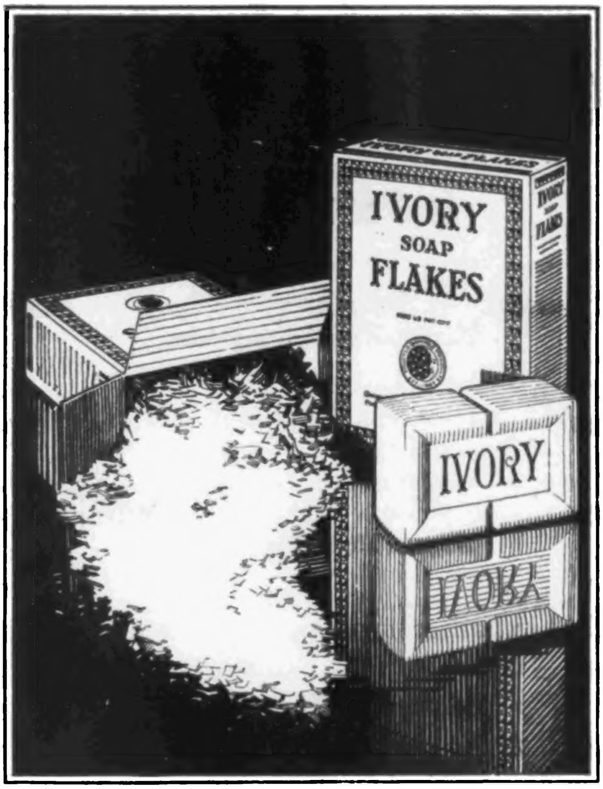

Damp towels are dangerous hamper companions *for* chiffon stockings

When delicate silks are put in a hamper with the towels, sheets and colored cottons of the weekly wash, they wear out long before they have given the service you have reason to expect of them.

Why? Because, even though not obviously soiled, they contain perspiration acids from the skin, which are kept moist by the hamper dampness and destroy the silk fibres.

So, to preserve fragile garments and prolong the length of their service, many women have made it a habit to tub them in Ivory suds as soon as possible after they are worn, whether they LOOK *soiled or not.*

In this way acid action and the fading and streaking that come from tossing such garments into stuffy hampers are all prevented. All delicate things reward this simple care with far longer life.

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Advertising section continued in rear of book.

Everybody's

An Editorial—*of sorts*

LAST month we promised you there would be a marked change in EVERYBODY'S. Now for a word about the new order of things: It interests most of us to hear that Mr. Coolidge plays the rôle of advisor in the selection of his wife's hats; that M. Clemenceau likes onion soup for breakfast; that the Prince of Wales prefers a popular American brand of cigaret. And why? It is trifles such as these that prove the kinship of the great and exalted with the rest of every-day humankind whom we are wont to think of as just folks.

More often than not the mention of Socrates brings to mind the cold classic mask of a great philosopher, until the recollection of his shrewish wife gives him a touch of humanity and a common bond with many a harried husband to whom the sound of the word philosophy is forbidding. Even the dazzling splendor of Napoleon is somewhat less blinding when we conjure up the picture of a little man enjoying with relish the dainty custard-filled pastries that bear his name.

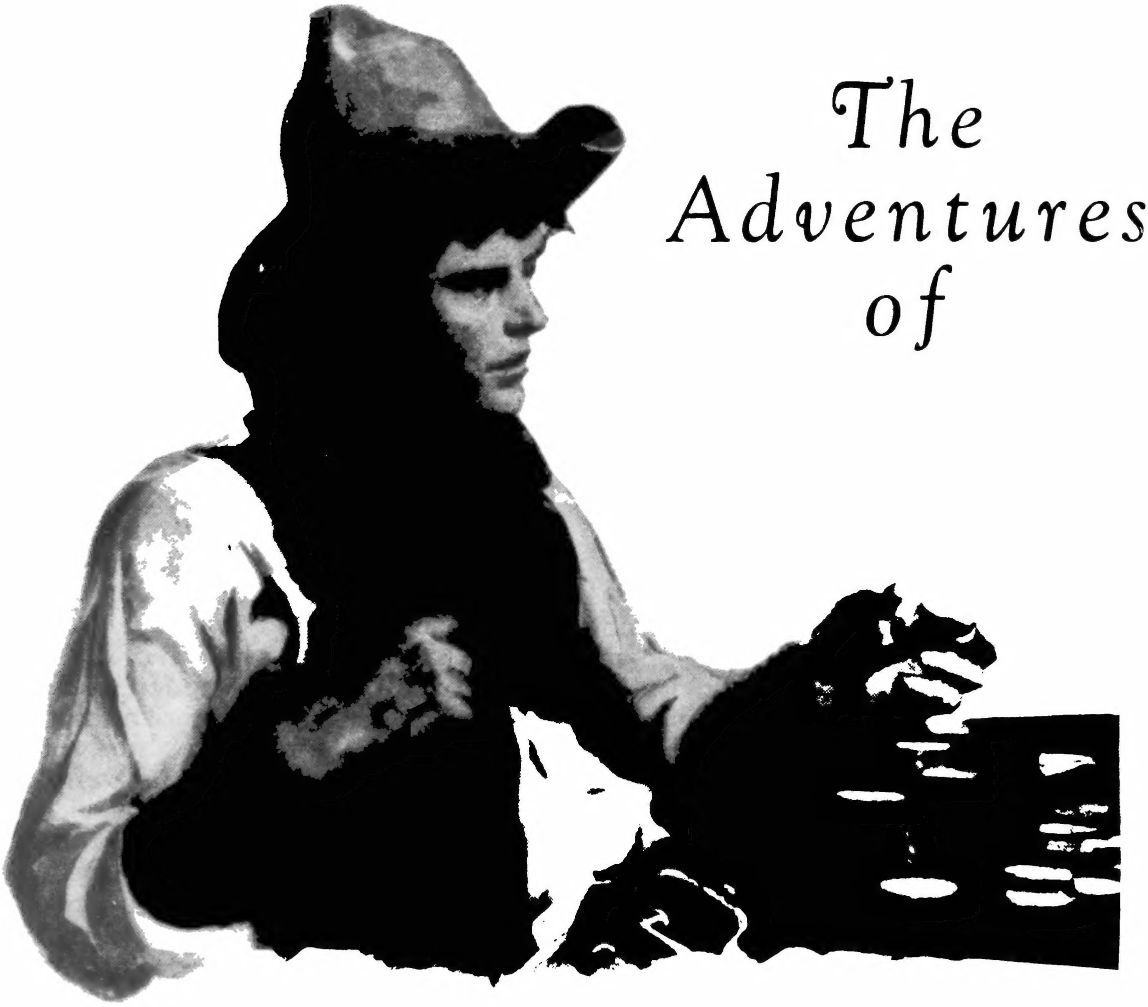
Such personal glimpses serve to remind us, too, that the distinguished and successful men and women about us share the common heritage of human strength and weakness but have somehow fostered one and minimized the other. Going a step further we realize that some human agency, some man or woman, is the moving spirit behind every institution that makes for progress or happiness.

With this issue of EVERYBODY'S it becomes our business to seek out such personalities and to present them as human beings breathing mortal air; in other words, to tell their *stories*. And what stories they present! An Oliver Optic or Horatio Alger hero could scarcely parallel the rise of a **Harvey Couch** or the brothers **Van Sweringen.** A sermon preached on the wisdom of keeping the common touch though you walk with kings is less effective than the example of **Will Rogers.** Extraordinary success has not changed a whit his program of hard work, simple living and generous helpfulness to his neighbor. Or, if you prefer, take the story of **George McManus,** whose ups and downs in life developed a human touch sufficiently universal to strike a responsive chord wherever pictures can be printed—even among people whose habits of mind are alien to ours.

Turn then, if you will, to the story that springs from **Walter Hampden's** unique award and the record of unremitting industry that lies behind it. Interwoven with the story of **Elizabeth Daingerfield's** success with horses is the significance of her contribution to breeding methods that have made the American thoroughbred supreme. No one can read the stories of **Circus Mothers** and escape the implications of the stern discipline that makes possible the grace and ease with which the next-to-incredible is performed for our diversion. Behind the blare of the band and the glitter of the tinsel we get another glimpse of the problems of mothers and children the world over. And as if to complete the record there is the story of **Radio**—that potent new agency for binding more closely the human family, however widely scattered. Veritably here are "smiles and tears." The old yet ever-new sentiments that never fail to move men's hearts are now stimulated afresh by personalities of broadcasters with an audience of a magnitude for which the world has no precedent.

And so it goes—stories of fact as colorful, as entertaining, as fascinating as the fiction alongside of them, and invariably, for those with an ear for it, there is the heartening note of faith in human capacity.

But remember, please, that this issue is only a beginning. The things in store for the future can be made better with the help of your criticism, which is hereby frankly invited.



The Adventures of The First Hundred Thousand

CANFIELD SMITH was easily moved to laughter. He laughed at other people and at himself, with a flash of white, even teeth, a twinkling of intensely brown eyes, a curling of his nose that, starting in a haughty Wellingtonian curve, finished disconcertingly in an undignified tilt to starboard, with all his homely, ruddy, freckled features, with every inch of his muscular, rather short body. He laughed louder than usual that day when Garrett C. Findlater gave him the assay of the Dixie Glory's quartz samples.

The Dixie Glory was situated in a sweep of hogback hills in the Idaho Panhandle appropriately named the Hoodoos, for once they had been famed for their rich placer claims that daily washed into the thousands; then a misleading outcropping of gold-studded rock, and a mad wave of adventurers, shaking off their dismay as a spaniel shakes off water, had followed the gold lure into farther and more lucrative fields.

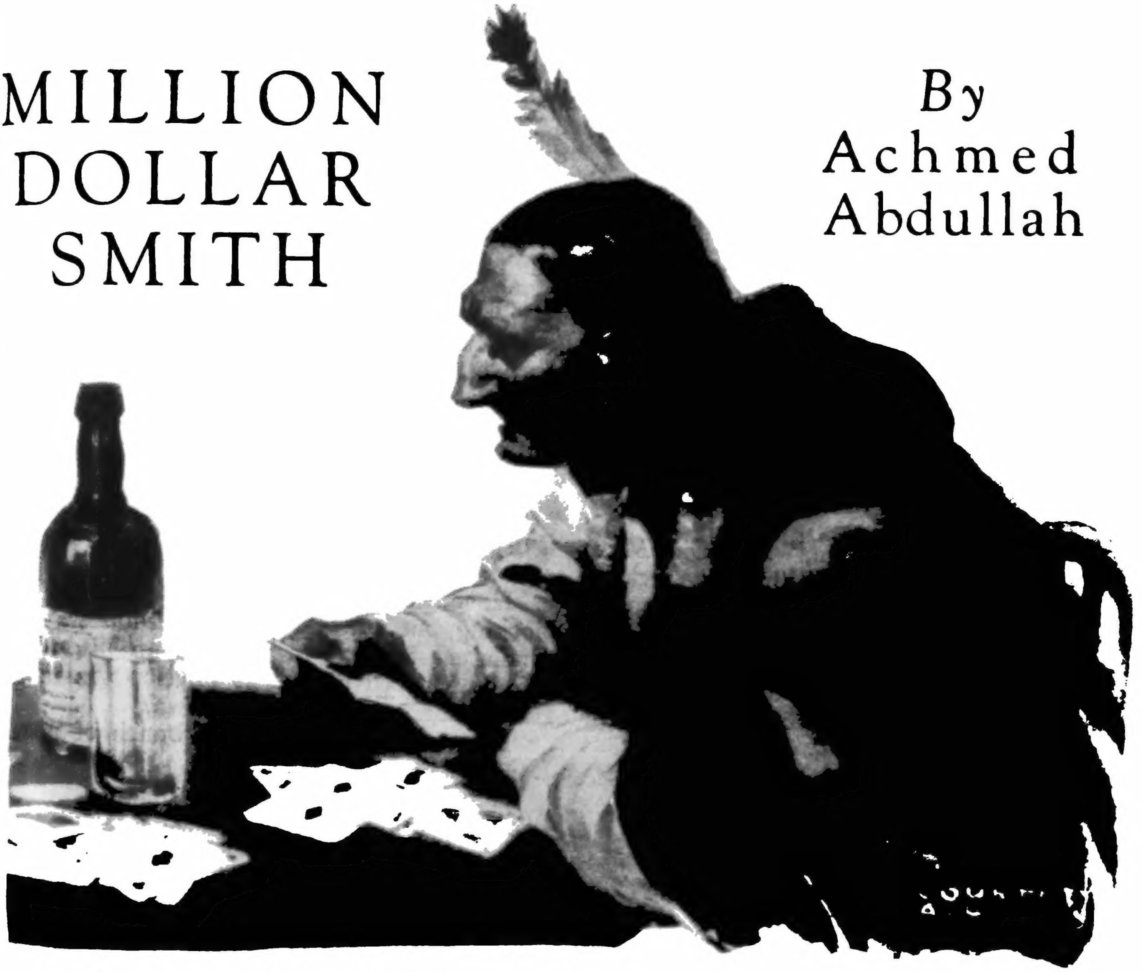
They had left the Hoodoos empty of life except for a few aged Chinese from California who were satisfied with washing their daily five dollars dole in a forgotten claim; some optimistic Boise City amateur prospectors who, temporarily cured of the gold complex, now dreamed glittering mirages of mica; and Robert M'Gregor, known as "Old Man" M'Gregor throughout the Inland Empire, who was less a human individuality than a harmonious and integral part of the mountains.

He still was sure that some day he would strike it rich, and he was halfowner in Canfield Smith's prospect hole that was grandiloquently called the Dixie Glory and was the standing joke of every mining man from Nome to Silver City.

Not that Canfield Smith was a miner either by profession or by inclination! He had been born thirty years earlier in the Palouse, had never been west of Spokane nor east of Butte, and had followed the range all his life. As a

MILLION DOLLAR SMITH

By Achmed Abdullah



"I'm flat, Canfield," the aborigine announced. "What d'you want—my old squaw or this paper?" "I've seen your squaw, I guess I'll take the paper. What is it?" "The 'Dixie Glory.'"

boy, he had not been called Canfield. It was Jack then. The Canfield came later—when the lure of a possible quick fortune held him in its vise. But as Canfield was he known during the days of the story. He helped his father in a decade's losing fight against the fencing of free land, the sprouting of grain and the nibbling of sharp-toothed sheep. Later he rode herd for various cattlemen. He was a typical Man on Horseback, an atavistic reversion to an earlier age when men rode free and large in the days before steam and electricity came to cumber, but some say to lighten, the world's burden.

He remembered how the Dixie Glory had come into his possession at the end of a memorable day-and-night stud poker session with Pi-Mi-Li-Ki, an ancient and disreputable Nez Percé Indian nicknamed "Rock of Ages" because of his Bibilical span of years and the rock-like lining of his stomach which was affected neither by grain nor by the deadly wood alcohol.

THAT night he had won steadily until finally Rock of Ages called it a day and fished a greasy, thumb-stained paper from a fold of his blanket.

"I'm flat, Canfield," the aborigine announced. "What d'you want—my old squaw or this paper?"

"I've seen your squaw. I guess I'll take the paper. What is it?"

"The Dixie Glory."

"Gosh!"

"Somebody stuck me with it when I wasn't lookin', and now she's yours."

"Say!" Smith exclaimed. "If crust was worth anything you'd be a sure enough pie!"

Laughingly he took the title certificate—the mine was patented—in payment of Rock of Ages' debt.

THE Dixie Glory had had a variegated, picaresque and not altogether honest career. It had been sold and resold to capitalists from New York, London and Boston; abandoned and picked up again; disposed of at auction in Spokane amid roaring laughter for an exorbitant thirty cents. Money had been lavished on it for blasting, tunneling and assaying, and not a speck of gold or silver, copper or galena, had ever been discovered in its hopeless depths.

Men out there spoke of "passing the Dixie Glory" as men in other places speak of "passing the buck." But though Canfield had several chances of palming it off on newcomers fresh from the East, he always stoutly refused to sell.

"It isn't that I mind sticking them," he said, "but I'm going to develop this property, see? Why? Call it a hunch!"

He had formed a partnership with "Old Man" M'Gregor by the terms of which the latter contributed labor and tools, while Smith gave an occasional sum of money whenever he won at poker or saved it out of his munificent wage of sixty dollars a month.

Then one day he received a succinct and profane telegram which made him sit up and take notice.

> Get here in helluva hurry struck it powerful
> M'GREGOR.

"Look a-here, young 'un," said Old Man M'Gregor late that night. "What d'ye reckon ye're goin' t'do with yer share o' them opprobrious riches down yonder in the Dixie Glory?" He waved a hand through the window toward the Hoodoos that coiled back to the starlit firmament in a great surge of carved, black granite.

"Sure it isn't fool's gold?" Canfield asked with a laugh.

M'Gregor shook his head hopelessly.

"I'll take some ore samples along," Smith continued, "and give them to Findlater to assay."

"That bird can't tell me nothing I don't know. We struck it rich!"

"Better make sure, Mac."

"All right."

"Know what I'm going to do if the mine pans out O. K.?"

"Well?"

"I'm going to Europe. Paris first."

"Paree, eh? Where the gals' dresses are too low at the neck and too high at the ankles! I get ye now. Ye're goin' to paint the town red—goin' to keep the best table and the worst company in Paree. Go to it, boy!" M'Gregor yawned. "Good night. In the mornin' I'll give ye them ore samples."

FINDLATER had become a pessimist through a long career as chemist and assayer. Miners came to him offering large certified checks, asking nothing in return except that he rectify his reports by taking a couple of figures from the section entitled Silica and adding them to that entitled Gold. Other miners proposed to kill him on the spot when he told them that what they had taken for virgin gold was only shimmering, deceptive iron-crystals. So he was morose and silent.

"It would take another Treadwell to make me excited," he used to say, "and those days are over. Why, today a man thinks he's all the Guggenheims when his stuff runs two ounces to the ton."

But a few days later when Canfield ambled into his office, he smiled all over his large puttyish face and held out his flabby fingers.

"Mr. Smith," he said in his well-modulated diction that, after a lifetime in the Northwest, still smacked of Harvard, "permit me to shake your hand."

"Why this exuberance of come-hitherness, Findlater?"

"The Dixie Glory!" replied the other. "The jest of the decade has turned into the marvel of the decade, my dear sir. See for yourself!" He held out to him a typewritten assay report which Canfield read.

"All this is Siwash to me. What does she mean?" Canfield exclaimed with a laugh.

"It means that you are rich beyond the dreams of avarice. It means that the Dixie Glory, if the vein runs true—"

"Mac says it does!"

"He ought to know. He is an expert at blocking out ore in his own crude way—" Findlater stopped; then made up his mind. "You will need capital to develop the mine. Have you any money of your own?"

"Eleven bucks cash and a bunch of poker I. O. U.'s."

"And M'Gregor?"

"About the same minus the I. O. U.'s."

"Look here. I'll examine the mine, and if I like it as much as I think I shall—well—want me for a partner? My capital and technical experience for a third interest?"

"You've made a trade if Mac's agreeable."

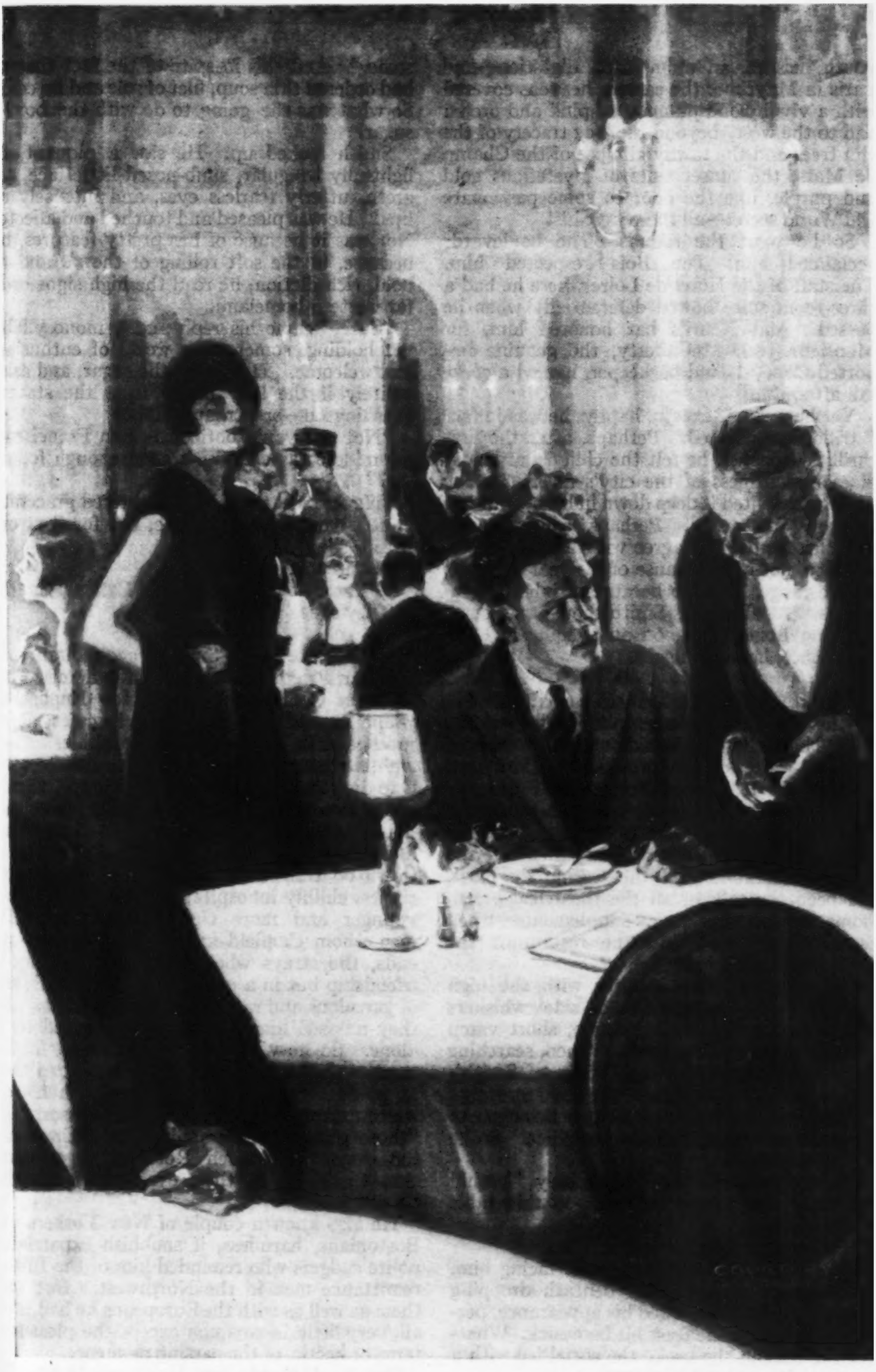
M'Gregor was agreeable, and Findlater went to work with such speed and efficiency that within a short time even the most skeptical on the local mining-stock exchange became convinced that the strike of pay ore was not an elaborate hoax but a fact. Consequently there was many a man who groaned at the remembrance that once he had been the owner of the prospect and had been in a hurry to pass it on. There was, too, many a man who consulted a lawyer and the dusty files at the county office to see what, if anything, might be wrong with the mine patent.

But it seemed to be flawless.

Within five months the Hoodoos were ringing again to the clangor of pickaxes, the dramatic rumble of dynamite, the thunder of heavy sledges bearing down on the hand drills, the protesting creak of the long timbers, deftly wedged between top and bottom rocks to form props for the augers.

WITHIN seven months, true to his decision, Canfield Smith—the name seemed to have become legitimately his—struck Paris; struck it with the enthusiasm of a typhoon, arrayed in the most expensive finery that he had been able to buy on his rapid flight through New York.

An average of three thousand dollars a month,



"Pardon, m'sieur," he said politely. "Would you mind if a young lady shared this table with you?"
"Er—no, not at all," Canfield replied.

youth, leisure, an unimpaired digestion—and Paris in Maytime: the eastern heavens covered with a vivid cloud plumage of pink and orchid and to the west, beyond the lacy tracery of the elm trees and the tawny glimpse of the Champ de Mars, the sunset tints of mysterious gold and purple, like the door to some passionate Old World secret—all these were his!

So he went the rounds. The boulevards acclaimed him. The Bois respected him. The staff of the Hôtel de Loire where he had a three-room suite bowed deferentially when he passed. And Henri's bar honored him, for Monsieur Jean McCafferty, the genuine imported Coney Island barkeeper, named a cocktail after him!

Yet he was not exactly happy; he was in fact a trifle disappointed. Perhaps, after the first thrill had passed, he felt the chilly, unfriendly diamond-hardness of the city's ancient Gallic soul and resented it deep down in his own warm, generous Saxon soul. Perhaps a life of complete leisure did not agree with his active personality, not only because of his years of work on the range, but also because of inherited instincts. At all events Smith thought seriously of going home when, on an evening in early September, he met the girl.

RETURNING from the races, he adjourned to his chop and beer, metaphorically speaking.

Fate had a hand in this dinner and appointed the head-waiter deputy providence. For when Laurette de Roza, née Bridget O'Mahoney—the one and only Laurette whose meteoric rise from the Barbary Coast to Pantages' circuit, from Pantages' to Broadway and thence to the London Alhambra and the Casino de Paris, had been the talk of all the theatrical greenrooms and half the Sunday supplements—when Laurette sauntered into the restaurant she found every table occupied.

The diplomatic head-waiter with the high nose and the honey-colored side whiskers looked at her tight-fitting toque, short vamp pumps and super-Paris frock. Then, searching for a likely place, he caught sight of Smith's tweed Norfolk. He decided that by secret sign of dress and square chin the two belonged to the same race in humor and prejudice. So he went to Canfield.

"Pardon, m'sieur," he said politely, "Would you mind if a young lady shared this table with you?"

"Er—no, not at all," Canfield replied.

Two seconds later Laurette sat facing him. She looked at him from beneath drooping eyelids. Perhaps she liked his appearance, perhaps she felt just the least bit homesick. Whatever the reason, she broke the social ice with a hammer of considerable weight.

"Are you camping on that sugar bowl?" she inquired. "For if you aren't I'd like to have some." And this in spite of the fact that she had ordered thin soup, filet of sole and no coffee. So what was she going to do with the bowl of sugar?

Smith looked up. He saw a piquant, delightfully irregular, snub-nosed little face, sea-green, utterly fearless eyes, and intensely red lips. He was pleased and touched and affected. Nor was it because of her pretty features, but because, in the soft rolling of the *r's* and the bold, rich diction, he read the high signs of his far western homeland.

"Sure!" came his reply; curt, monosyllabic, yet holding, somehow, a world of enthusiasm and welcome. He passed the sugar, and asked politely if the lady hailed from the state of Washington—or perhaps Idaho?

"Not so's you'd notice it! San Francisco is my middle name, and it's good enough for me, see?"

"Never been there," he countered gracefully, "but if you're a fair sample, I'm for it strong, Miss—?"

"Laurette de Roza."

"Pleased to meet you. I'm Canfield Smith." They shook hands.

THE majority of Smith's acquaintances in Paris were Frenchmen with a miscellany of other Continentals and a few Englishmen whom he had met at random in cafés, at the races, and in hotel and theater lobbies. They were not exactly nice men, to use a trite word. One does not meet nice men in Europe, that is, not at random. The nice men there have their homes, their clubs, their offices, their funny little favorite restaurants where the waiters frown on transients, their own tight, clannish circles, chillily inhospitable to newcomers from younger and more enthusiastic lands. The men whom Canfield knew were the odds and ends, the strays who herded together not in friendship but in a queer, slightly pathetic sort of garrulous and rather vicious loneliness. But they amused him mildly, and he hated to be alone. So he went about with them, footing most of the bills. Occasionally he joined them at poker. But he did not play with his old western zest. As he put it, he felt sorry for "those poor suckers—don't want their cash—too easy. Why even Rock of Ages could skin them out of their eyeteeth if he tried hard!"

He also knew a couple of New Yorkers and Bostonians, harmless, if snobbish expatriates, polite cadgers who reminded him of the British remittance men in the Northwest. But with them as well as with the Europeans he had, after all, very little in common except the pleasures, tame or hectic, of the passing moment.

Here now, for the first time since he had left home, was one who spoke his language. So he went to it with spirit.

By the time he helped her on with her coat he said that the moment he saw her he felt like having her "wrapped up and sent home C.O.D." By the time they walked out of the restaurant he allowed that one look at her "knocked all the Paris dames for a row of geraniums."

"Miss de Roza," he wound up with supreme eloquence, "I'm not very good at dishing out the soft stuff, but if you'll give me your address I'm going to say it with large bouquets of orchids every morning."

"Some fast little worker, aren't you, Mr. Smith?"

"My friends call me Canfield."

That same night he accompanied her to the Casino de Paris, where from a seat in the wings, nonchalantly tilted back against a pile of scenery, he watched her as she fascinated the Parisians with the latest transatlantic wrinkles in the cracking of joints and the wriggling of shoulders. And there was a suspicion of jealousy in his heart as he heard remarks of sprightly Latin appreciation floating up from the stalls and orchestra loges:

"*Elle est charmante, la petite Americaine! Ah, qu'elle est rigolo—mais elle est bien. . . .*"

After the first night they met nearly every afternoon in one of the cafés of the Champ Elysées or the Bois until one day he discovered that he was heels over head in love with this glittering little butterfly who had danced her way from the Barbary Coast to the star dressing-room of Continental music halls.

"I'm nuts about you, kid," he told her.

"I know. Think I'm blind?"

"Going to marry me?" And, when she shook her head: "Don't you care for me, Laurette?"

"Suppose I did? Even then I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"You're too flighty."

"Me—flighty? Where do you get that stuff?"

"The way you live here in Paris."

"So do you!"

"Sure. But I'm working darned hard, let me tell you, while you—"

"I got enough. Why should I work when I don't have to?"

"Because it's decent—and—oh, American."

"Gosh! You talk like those revivalist guys I heard in Spokane!" Then, when he saw her lips tightening, he added hurriedly: "All right. I'll buckle down to work when I get home."

"By that time you'll have lost the habit. And suppose something happens to your mine?"

"Not a chance!" He laughed. "You should have seen my last check!"

"Blew it in, didn't you, on that bunch of cadging coyotes that's sticking to you like flies to honey?"

"They're all right, Laurette!"

"Like my foot! They're a lot of free-lunch-artists dressed up in high hats and monocles. I know their breed. You're the easy mark, always paying—"

"Why not? I got the dough. And they amuse me. They're not exactly my friends but I like them, and they like me."

"As the devil likes holy water! They don't like you one little bit. You're too American for them."

"They've other American friends."

"Not your sort. You're home folks at heart in spite of your canary spats and that pig-tail mustache you've been sprouting of late. You ain't the other kind—the sort that's been born in a hotel lobby and whose wet-nurse was a Rolls-Royce. And the bunch you herd with is on to the difference and resents it. They laugh at you behind your back—all those Monsoors and Honorable Marmadukes with the processional noses and the recessional chins!"

Canfield laughed.

"Ain't no laughing matter," she continued sternly. "Why don't you make something of yourself? Why don't you use your bean for something else besides a barber's playground? Why don't you work? I know you got the pesetas but even so—"

"I guess you do care for me a little, don't you?" he cut in, reading between the lines of her emotional outburst.

"I ain't saying."

"Let's try and find out."

He attempted to kiss her, but found himself rewarded by a resounding left-hander. He rubbed his cheek and grinned sheepishly.

He had arrived at no conclusion as to what he would do when he entered his hotel, where the desk clerk gave him his weekly bill and a cablegram. He opened the cable, looked first at the signature.

"M'Gregor." He smiled. "Good old Mac! Let's see what he has to say for himself."

He read the message.

LAURETTE was hurt when Canfield did not show up the next day, nor the day following, nor the rest of the week. She was lonely and unhappy, and she missed her afternoon walks with him when the golden Paris air cried for them to go out to garden and wood. Then one day she conquered her pride and telephoned to his hotel.

"I regret, mademoiselle," said a suave voice from the other end of the wire. "But Monsieur Smith is with us no longer."

"What d'you mean, no longer?" she demanded excitedly. "Did he change hotels? Did he go to America? Did he go to—"

"Jail!" cut in the suave voice.

"Eh?"

[*Continued on page 154*]

She knows Horses

One hundred and forty valuable thoroughbreds, some of them internationally famous, like Man o' War and Morvich, are bred, "mothered" and trained by Miss Daingerfield down in the Kentucky Blue Grass

by Susie Sexton

FEW women have more successfully done what is usually considered a man's job than Miss Daingerfield. Yet the story of her kindness to all animals and the incident, told here, of her sitting up all night to nurse one of her sick charges show no loss of feminine quality. There are other women in the world who are doing equally exceptional things. Perhaps you know some. For the best suggestions, in not over four hundred words, we will pay ten dollars, and five dollars for the next best. No contributions can be returned unless accompanied by a two-cent stamp. The contest closes July 1st. The editors will be the judges.

ON A certain morning some years ago, when spring was tinting the fields of the blue-grass region to mauve, an athletic young woman strode with determined step down the main street of Lexington, Kentucky. She turned a corner and climbed a single flight of narrow stairs to the office of the *Thoroughbred Record*, a magazine devoted to the turf. She was bent on an important business deal. She wanted to buy a thoroughbred horse.

A young man had arrived that day from Canada with a mare named Tripping. He, too, had his mind on a financial transaction. The negotiations were to be conducted through the offices of the publication, and the young woman's hopes were high. But, alas, when they came to talk the matter over, the owner's price was far out of her reach. The young woman was about to make her first independent venture in breeding race-horses, and her means were limited. The bargaining resulted in a deadlock. Away she went to return the next morning undaunted. Each day she came back more determined, and with each dawn Tripping's price continued to rise. But the days passed without the beautiful mare finding an owner. Eventually the young Canadian determined to take her home.

Then the fates that watch over the blue-grass country took a hand with a once famous local product—Bourbon whisky. The night before his departure, Tripping's owner strolled into the bar of the Phoenix Hotel, as wiser men than he have done before and since. From its windows in the old days many a Kentucky colonel had watched his blue-blooded racers speed to victory down Main Street, or hurdle the corner grocery man's piled-up packing boxes, borrowed to improvise a steeplechase. And through the mellow haze of Bourbon he had seen them thundering on to victory on every track in the Grand Circuit.

Tripping's owner looked fixedly and earnestly on this same alcoholic moving picture of conquest at the Derby and Goodwood. It was a long vivid night, and it changed his life and Tripping's as well. Indirectly it helped to found one of the greatest breeding stables in America.

For in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, the young man realized that his railroad fare to Canada had gone into good Bourbon whisky. The mare must be sold now, willy-nilly. Before he left Lexington, Miss Elizabeth Daingerfield, the determined young woman with the swinging stride, led Tripping out to her bandbox paddocks beyond the city. Her earliest independent venture in breeding race-horses had begun with this fortunate purchase. For out of Tripping by Ultimus, of the Domino line, she was to breed the Futurity winner, Step Lightly, one of the best young horses of his day.

Today women have won success in nearly every occupation in the world. But Miss Daingerfield has become famous in a profession even now considered far beyond the feminine sphere. She is one of the most successful breeders of horses in the world. Leading fanciers of every nation are guided by her advice, sound judgment and knowledge of blood lines, a term, by the way, that you hear often in the blue-grass region. Certain thoroughbred horse

[*Continued on page 158*]

Kindness is the rule at Haylands, where Miss Daingerfield is shown with some of her prize charges. In the circle is Domino, founder of a breed of thoroughbreds, that revolutionized the racing world.

The fastidious Man o' War is treated like a blue-blooded belle. He receives visitors daily, and hundreds of distinguished names have been inscribed in his guest book.

S. L. Rothapfel (Roxy) and his "gang" confer about answering letters of comment on their programs. Philip Carlin is the smiling young announcer, whose complaint about a withered bouquet brought him a flood of sympathy. The seated figure is Graham McNamee, whose good-humored broadcasting personality survived the difficulties of reporting the Democratic National Convention and the bitterly contested World's Series baseball games of 1924.

Radio Smiles and Tears

Big broadcasting stations get thousands of letters of praise and blame. Appreciation from bed-ridden listeners, lonely shut-ins and homesick prospectors make up for the trying whims of temperamental prima donnas and freak performers

by Boyden Sparkes

ABOVE the clatter of dishes piled high in trays, the clink of coins in the saucers insinuatingly placed in front of the diners by flat-footed waiters, and the sibilant commands of the waiter captain, rose the voice of an after-dinner speaker. Several hundred men who had accepted, at ten dollars a cover, the invitation to this not exciting function, sagged deeper into their tapestried chairs adding more wrinkles and creases to their hard-boiled shirt fronts. Under an anesthetic of black coffee and cigar smoke they were about to listen to some banquet oratory. Every whit as inscrutable as the canoe-house ceremonies of the fuzzy headed men of the South Sea Islands are the nightly gatherings in American hotels, and especially New York hotels, of banqueters. This was one of those affairs.

Before the speaker, an official of some kind of a lumbermen's association, was an ear of the nation, a microphone. His speech was being broadcast. At an obscure table at one side of the high ceilinged, gilt and red brocade chamber sat the announcer of one of the big New York broadcasting stations. Wires, in silk wrappings, that led from the microphone to his table conveyed as electric pulsations the vibrations of the speaker's voice. But at the announcer's hand was a small switch. With a flick of a finger he could shut off the flow of talk that at the moment was being echoed in thousands and thousands of homes; nineteen room apartments on Park Avenue; timber cruisers' shacks up in the unsurveyed half of Quebec; a movie actor's home in Hollywood; Chapultepec Castle in Mexico City; the second floor of the White House where President Coolidge is equipped to listen in pajamas; a railway mail car shooting westward from Des Moines; a wheat grower's house in Dakota; in hospitals; in churches; in countless homes as remote from most of us as the cells in which dwell coral polyps.

The radio announcer was finishing his frozen pudding, but he moved his left hand to the switch as his right hand put the spoon to his lips. He had become as alert as a hunter who hears a crackling in the brush where bears might be. He had heard a "damn" go swooping out into the night air of America.

He listened a moment, then opened the switch. The rest of the story was not heard outside the banquet hall.

That radio announcer was Herbert B. Glover, son of an Episcopal clergyman. The station was WJZ of the Radio Corporation of America. Mr. Glover is a slim, tall, blond young man at all times as earnest about his work as a wireless operator aboard a liner in a terrific storm at sea. His action in switching off that banquet orator when he began to use profanity in excess of a permitted "damn" was an example of the functioning of radio ethics. He went back to the home of his station, believing he had behaved pretty well in a trying situation.

When he got there he found the telephone switchboard had been "jammed" for hours with calls from owners of radio sets who desired to complain. Some objected because he had permitted a "damn" and a bit of blasphemy to offend the atmosphere of their parlor and smite the ears of little children. Others stormed because he had undertaken to censor their entertainment. "S'all nonsense," chided the members of this school, and then added, "By the way, what *was* the finish of that story?"

Telegrams began to pour in also and the next day and for a week thereafter the mail carrier whose route includes the tall building which is partially inhabited by WJZ groaned beneath a sack repeatedly heavily laden with letters containing the inquiry: "What *was* the end of that story?"

Radio announcers have all experienced something of that sort. I have used this incident because Herbert B. Glover told it to me himself. Radio listeners, many of them, cherish the idea that voices repeated over the radio should carry that volume of authority which the bulk of reading humanity attributes to the things said in print. So, when they hear something they

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disagree with, since they cannot talk back over the same medium, they write letters and a few of them write mean letters, but the "kickers" are in a slender minority. Most of those who write letters to their favorite stations, their favorite announcers or their favorite artists, use with almost tiresome repetition such words as "wonderful" and "clear and loud" and "thank you."

Vaudeville headliners achieve such positions and the salaries that go with them by the amount of hand clapping that greets their performances. Newspapers and other publications find this applause largely in their circulation lists. The radio station is dependent, at present, on the letters listeners write, and it is the preferences expressed in those letters that govern the decisions of the men and women who arrange the programs that are broadcast.

John J. Holman, the broadcasting manager of WEAF, which, to habitués of that studio is spoken as a word, "Weaf," uses as a measuring rod in doling out entertainment an analysis of the letters received from fans. In January of this year there were 54,000 letters written in response to the programs broadcast by WEAF as against a monthly average of 17,000 letters in 1924.

Out of a stack of letters twelve inches high I have found three that seemed sufficiently representative to merit reproduction. One from a New Bedford, Massachusetts, boy is decorated with red, green, blue and yellow pictures of Noah's ark, wooden animals, a jumping-jack and other toys. Scrawled in lead pencil is this endorsement:

"Dear Sirs:

"I get your station sometimes very clear and loud, with pianos and men singing."

This youngster, I should guess, is one of those people who, when they grow up, will be able to take radio for granted, as most of us accept the morning deliveries of milk and newspapers. But those who control radio programs will have to keep him in mind. He is a little pitcher with extraordinarily big ears.

THEN there is a letter from Sandy Falls, Timmons, Ont. It reads:

"I am located in the Temagami Forest Reserve seven miles from the end of steel in Northern Ontario. I have no idea how far I am from New York, N. Y., but the range, as shown in the various radio journals, of your station is given at 900 miles. Anyway you come in here swell, just like right in the room with your folks over there, and your operator is an old friend of ours—we know his voice so well.

"Last week I took the set back into the bush about twenty miles to a new camp—all mineralized rock for miles—gold and silver mines all through this country—and after scratching around for some soft place for a ground wire I discovered a place where I could drive an iron pipe in between two huge boulders. Got it down about three feet and then threw a wire over a tree.

"Just as I thought—in comes old WEAF and the miners' wives tore the head phones apart trying to all listen in at once.

"I stepped outside the shack for awhile while they were listening to you inside. It was a cold, clear, bright night, stars and moon hanging like jewels from the sky; five feet of snow; 42 below zero; not a sound but trees snapping in the frost; and yet, if everybody only knew it, the air was full of sweet music.

"I remember the time when to be out here was to be out of the world—isolation complete; not a soul to hear or see for months on end; six months of snow and ice, fighting back a frozen death with an axe and stove wood in a seemingly never ending battle.

"But the long nights are long no longer—WEAF is right here in the shack shortly after sundown and you come in so plain that the dog used to bark at you even though I had the head phones clamped tight on my head. He does not bark any more—he knows you the same as I do—just pricks up his ears at first, then sits blinking at the bulb and listens.

"Long life and prosperity."

There's a poem. It is one that gives the whole world unity; and it awakens questions. What do miners' wives and farmers' wives want to hear when they twist the dial of a radio receiving set?

Another one from East Orange, N. J., came to WEAF addressed to "Roxy," S. L. Rothapfel, gentle, humorous, musical soul who possesses some faculty difficult to define that enables him with a breath to send his charm out into the universe with the ease that a child employs to blow a great iridescent soap bubble, holding captive all the warm tints within its sphere.

"Dear Roxy:—(this one reads)

"Tucked far away, midst the green hills of old New England is a home just like this. All the dear ones have wandered away, one by one, until at last they find themselves alone in the fast gathering shadows of the evening of their life.

"The old farm, so dear to them, seemed to be lost in the dark murky clouds of lonesomeness.

"And then you came from out of the air as if from the great beyond, to touch their heart strings with the spirit of overpowering friendliness, to take their hand and make them forget.

"Like intimate neighbors, the whole gang are their week-end guests. They look forward all through the week of toil to your coming. They talk of 'Gamby,' 'Daddy Jim,' 'Doctor Billie,' 'Betsey,' 'Wee Willie,' and all the rest as though they were their children.

"All day Sunday there seems to be an air of making the house ready—or preparing for the guests. Footsteps seem lighter—hearts beat faster, and all things seem brighter. Cheeriness creeps in as the hour approaches.

"Yes, they tune in a half hour early. Their eyes twinkle with childish expectancy as they wait for the announcer. And then with 'Hello everybody' they sigh, settle back, smile and seem to say, 'Hello, Roxy, we are mighty glad you came. Sit right down

A novelty was provided for radio audiences when WDAR station, Philadelphia, broadcast a complete wedding ceremony, with words and music. Miss Sarah Olsen, the bride, Alfred W. Ogden, the groom, and Magistrate Atkinson Costello, who married them, are standing next to the announcer at the microphone.

here and make yourself to home.' And the wonderful part of it all is that you do, and that's why they like and love you.

"'Tis truly a most appreciative audience, Roxy, and I know from personal contact. I have talked with them and with tears flowing down their wrinkled cheeks they have asked me to thank you.

"So I came away with that thought uppermost in my mind. With my pen I have tried humbly to reflect that feeling which you so ably create—with your 'Good night,' 'Pleasant dreams,' 'God bless you,' every Sabbath night—to my mother.

"Sincerely,"

Most of them are as sincere as that: letters rich with gratitude, which perhaps is not always so well expressed, maybe, but is present nevertheless; for as certain chemical processes compel the fixation of nitrogen from the air, so does whole-souled entertaining of the character of Roxy's gang induce the crystallization of sentiments of gratitude.

"I have to listen to practically all those who present themselves here at Aeolian Hall," Keith McLeod told me. He is the studio manager and musical director of WJZ. "Some of them come in and cry and tell me the story of their lives in their eagerness to get on the air. Others try to bulldoze me; some would bribe me. To say 'no' to them calls for tact and I have to say 'no' often.

"'Your voice is very nasal, which is bad on the radio,' I'll say to one of them. Then what a razzing I get!

"'Nasal is it? Well I like that! Nasal! Say, you, I want you to know that I've had some of the best critics tell me my voice was fine."

"Every day between two and five I hold auditions here just as they are held at the Metropolitan Opera House or elsewhere for the selection of musical performers. I consider fifteen auditions a good day's work and I always finish the job, telling the aspirant, 'yes' or 'no.' One day's crowd is pretty like another. Invariably there are a lot of sopranos. I listen to sopranos until it is almost a treat to hear a real gruff voice. But there are also song pluggers from Tin Pan Alley; dramatic readers, each with a 'message;' squads of men who want to play some queer instrument such as a carpenter's saw, or a home-made violin, or a harmonica.

"RECENTLY I did accept a saw virtuoso. This man had made a careful study of the saw as a musical instrument. He was so deadly in earnest about it that we put him on the program and his performance was decidedly entertaining if not as musical as he thought it was. This man contended earnestly that the saw was going to have its place in the orchestras of the future along with 'cellos, oboes, clarinets and drums.

"There was one old woman who came in for an audition after wandering about in the halls of this building for several days. She appeared to have been sleeping in the parks; her clothing was long, long out of fashion and almost indescribably filthy, but she wanted to sing 'on the air.' I agreed to give her a hearing. It was pathetic. Her voice was broken and cracked, but here and there came a note of clear beauty, as if to show that once her throat had been a remarkable, well-trained instrument. Who she was or what she may have been when she was younger I have no way of knowing, but I'd almost be willing to bet that there was a time when that wretched old woman was able to stir an audience to its core with her voice.

"There was another old woman, a trifle off balance mentally, I think, who wanted to talk about the behavior of girls of today. We finally decided to give her some time in the afternoon. This made her tremendously indignant. She turned it down. They all want to perform at night, just as vaudeville performers want to be headliners and close the show.

"Many of them are inspired to seek an opportunity to broadcast their voices because of the novelty of it; others are persuaded that such a chance will be the making of them professionally. But all of them have one or two or three persons whose ears they wish to catch over the radio. Sometimes it is their parents; sometimes a sweetheart; sometimes a person they would like to have for a sweetheart.

"A big, stout girl singer with an enormous diamond sparkling on her finger sang for us one day and was assigned some time. Before she was announced she told us a story about a sick cousin who had no radio and grew almost tearful describing how much he would enjoy hearing her. In the end we wheeled a big receiving set up close to a telephone. Then she called a number and when she got her connection hustled into the studio and began to sing. She sang several treacle-like numbers, and I'll say this for her, she sang them as if she meant 'em.

"When she had finished she hurried out to the telephone and spoke to the man at the other end. We did not have to hear very much to discover that he was no cousin, but a disgruntled sweetheart. As far as we could tell, her broadcasting had been an attempt to revive his affection for her, but when she hung up the telephone receiver we had the impression that she had not succeeded.

"Another time we had a trick worked on us by a violinist who came for an audition and elected to play the intermezzo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*. He played it beautifully, too. Then we put him on our program and it was repeated splendidly, but when he played another number, he was frightful. He was a one-tune violinist. Perhaps he had practiced on that for years. Anyway he had it down fine but that was all he had. His fiddle fairly screeched when he tried another number. Since that experience we always make the auditions include parts of several numbers."

Romance seems to thrive on the air as do certain orchids of the tropics which filter from the atmosphere all of their nourishment. There was one married woman with two children who fell in love with the voice of the tenor-announcer of a New York station. She wrote him a letter. He replied, or it may have been that one of the studio secretaries wrote the reply for him as a part of her routine labor. Then the woman called him on the telephone, thanked him for his "sweet" note, explained how thrilled she had been by his manly tenor voice, and "would Tuesday night at seven for dinner be convenient?" Tuesday was his night off and he went, met the lady's husband, her children, took a politely enthusiastic interest in their nine-bulb set, sang for them again, and began to realize that the lady's eyes, as she played the accompaniment, were saying things to him that no lady with discretion ought to say to another man, at least not in the presence of her husband.

The tenor said good night and went home to his own wife a bit frightened, if his own version may be accepted. In a few days he received a handsome and expensive cigaret case, a Christmas present from his lady friend. Daily, and sometimes oftener, she called him on the telephone or tried to see him at the studio. Finally, so his friends told me, he had to tell her rudely that he could not be her Prince Charming and that his own wife was a jealous woman and succeeded in discouraging her.

ALL of the announcers at the large stations receive from two to three ardent love notes every week, and they like to get them according to the judgment of their fellow employees at these studios. Science has never been able to determine just what quality in humanity contains the seed of that attraction we call love. The mash-notes sent by the bushel to popular screen heroes seem to indicate that the pathway to the heart might be the eye, but the radio has shown that such passions may be inspired with equal force by the voice of an unseen person.

Most announcers and many of those who broadcast occasionally have formed fine friendships through their work. Some of them are friendships carried on entirely by mail; others have developed into precious human relationships. Last Christmas there was not a broadcasting station among the 554 licensed by the government that was not a focal point for gifts of fruit, candy, books and more expensive articles sent by grateful listeners.

Recently one of the announcers at WEAF, Phillip Carlin, jocularly mentioned the receipt of some faded roses and withered ferns. The gift was the mocking gesture of some friends in the studio. But the folks seated at the receiving sets heard this with indignation. They thought somebody was trying to hurt the feelings of one of their friends. There was a flood of letters, and from a Brooklyn firm of florists there came a huge box of roses with stems like the trunks of young trees. They have to be very careful what they say into the microphone.

Most of the radio announcers in the country are young men. A survey in the New York area indicated that the average age is about 30. Most of them are married and most of them have some musical training. Theirs is a new profession carrying a heavy responsibility, for it is estimated that there are now twenty million people who listen in regularly on the radio. Some of these announcers, by some likable traits of personality and skill in conducting programs, have firmly established themselves in the affections of their enormous circle of admirers. There is Major Andrew White, for instance, of "ringside" favor; George D. Hay, "the solemn old judge" of WLS, Chicago, winner of a popularity straw-vote taken by a radio journal; E. L. O. at WBAP, Fort Worth, Texas, whose cowbell has been heard six thousand miles away; and Graham McNamee of WEAF, who "covered" such classic events as the Democratic National Convention and the World's Series games between the Washington and New York teams. Evidence of his impartiality in reporting this hotly contested baseball championship is about equally divided between letters from fans in both camps, all roasting him for favoring the opposing team!

"How does your wife spend her evenings while you are announcing?" I asked Graham McNamee one night recently.

"Listen," he enjoined. "I've got one of the finest sets in the country and she is on the air all the time. Frequently when I get home some time after midnight I find she has gone to sleep and beside her the radio is going full blast. Perhaps she has picked up the Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago and the apartment will be full of jazz music and my wife peacefully sleeping through it all.

Major Andrew D. White, who is a specialist in broadcasting fights, among other events, sits at the ringside and makes a running commentary as he reports the bout to thousands of listening fans.

McNamee told me another story of radio and marriage.

One afternoon a young man presented himself to the reception-room girl at WEAF and, after some preliminary stammering and blushing, suggested that he would deem it a great favor if, at eight o'clock on the following night, the station would broadcast the wedding march from Lohengrin.

"We'd be glad to arrange it," apologized the girl, "but, you see, unhappily, there is no orchestra on our program tomorrow."

"Tch, tch, tch," clucked the caller, giving vent to his distress.

"Is it for your wedding?"

"Yes, ma'am, and you see, it's a sort of condition, having WEAF broadcast it."

"Well, on the day after tomorrow, an orchestra, a grand one, is on the program at that time. It would be simple enough to have a wedding march played if you can postpone the ceremony."

"Can I use your telephone a minute?"

Permission was given; there was an excited discussion of which only half was audible there in the studio, and then, beaming, the bridegroom-elect said:

"Fine! Play it sharp at eight the night after tomorrow and, now thank you." Then he sped away.

Accordingly two nights later, after a suitable announcement by Graham McNamee, in which the situation was explained to others in the radio audience, the emphatic cadences of the most celebrated of wedding marches was echoed in thousands of homes, while somewhere in the vicinity of New York it actually marked the approach of a man and a woman into the presence of the minister who married them.

"We must have saved that young couple in musician hire at least twenty-five dollars for their honeymoon," estimated McNamee.

Women, incidentally, if you are willing to accept the word of male studio announcers, are almost a total loss as announcers.

"Why?" I asked one of them.

"Their voices don't transmit well," he said, after some hemming and hawing. "And the fans are not enthusiastic about them." And then, seemingly, as an irrelevant after-thought, he added: "An announcer, you know, has to think like that," and he snapped his fingers twice in rapid succession. Then, he pleaded, "Don't quote me."

One of the men who is announcing regularly from a large station these days talked into a dead microphone every night for six weeks befor his voice went on the air. He worked as does a student flyer, who, using one of a set of dual controls in a practice airplane, learns to fly. When it was decided to let him begin announcing he was perfectly at home in front of the microphone.

"Most of them," Keith McLeod told me, "find it best to visualize three or four persons when they talk; that gives them an ease and naturalness that curdle before the thought of millions and millions of listeners."

I was in one station recently when the studio's gorgeously red-haired woman program arranger took one of the best of announcers to task for mispronouncing a word.

"What," she demanded, "is the authority around here for saying 'program' as if it rhymed with 'pogram?'" She began to ruffle the leaves of a dictionary. "The word henceforth and forever when uttered into one of our microphones, is pro*gram*." And right there you have the beginning of a radio style.

SOME studios are in a state of war over the pronunciation of pianist. You know the variations, so fight it out yourself. How orchestral shall be accented is also a fruitful source of debate in the broadcasting studios that take their work seriously, and they all do. The announcers take their voices as seriously as any Caruso.

Waggling their Adam's apples between thumb and fingers they enter their respective studios each day condemning their treasured voices with a perfectly human desire to hear themselves refuted with a compliment.

"Kind o' foggy today," they'll say disparagingly, and then smile with delight as some friend assures them that they are speaking like a cathedral bell.

New York University must be given the credit for organizing some tests designed to measure the qualities and capacities of the ideal radio announcer. Richard Borden and Alvin C. Busse of the department of public speaking of the university devised an instrument for recording accurately voices as transmitted to a receiving set. One of the important things they discovered was that the best technique called for the utterance of 175 words a minute, that it is better for the person speaking into a microphone to say "bang" instead of "smash"; "begs" instead of "asks." They should avoid as much as possible sibilants and aspirates, for the reason that such sounds are distorted when transmitted by radio. In the future, of course, such precautions may become unnecessary, but today the friends of many a man speaking over the radio for the first time wonder why he should hiss himself.

It seems unlikely that there will ever be a West Point for radio announcers except as the public speaking departments of the universities add a radio course for students, but the importance of radio in propaganda of the wars of the future is so apparent already to military leaders that this work is being considered by them as a means of making a tight weave of the national fabric in time of war. It all makes one wonder if the Civil War might not have been avoided if Lincoln could have spoken to the people of the North and South as President Coolidge may address them now.

It was on the top floor of a skyscraper that houses one radio broadcasting station. An elevator shooting up from the ground floor had discharged into the studio two distinguished citizens of Los Angeles, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. On the word of Tommy Cowan, the man who invented radio announcing, they behaved as a couple of children. It was Mary's turn first. She did not want any one in the studio with her. That is a common expression of temperament. Nearly every one feels that way when first approaching a microphone. But Mary was unusually shy. She seemed even to fear the little brass dingus into which she was instructed to throw her voice.

"G'wan," ordered Mr. Cowan. "It won't bite you." But it did.

The favorite moving-picture actress of a whole lot of people shuffled cautiously across the thick taupe carpet and tentatively extended a delicately manicured finger at the microphone. As she touched it there was a faint snap, a tiny flash of blue light and a shrill scream from the artist. She had been "bitten" by carpet static, something that might have occurred in her own home if she had walked over a thick rug and then touched a bit of metal, or even Doug. But in the studio she was convinced that she had had a narrow escape.

"G'wan. Begin to talk," roared Tommy,

and she did. But afterward she said to him, oh, so sweetly, "I'm sure, Mr. Cowan, you did not mean to be rude to me."

"Rude? To you?" Tommy's look of horror would have qualified him for the legitimate stage. But the truth is he has had to yell at two or three prominent persons broadcasting for the first time in order to bring them out of the hypnotizing influence of radio fright.

Apparently they all feel it the first time.

A great city editor whose daily work is razzing the last ounce of energy out of a staff of newspaper reporters talked over the radio about some of the human activity that goes into the making of a metropolitan newspaper. It's a subject he knows all about. It should have been as easy for him as asking for more rice pudding.

"How did you make out?" I asked him.

"Do you remember that time we went up to Sing Sing to see a man electrocuted?" he countered.

"Surely."

"Well, I didn't feel as we did watching that; I felt precisely as though I was the man in the chair."

Musicians are the most temperamental, and, according to one studio manager, the "peanuts" among them give more trouble than the really great artists.

McCORMACK and De Luca were modest, eager to obey instructions and in every way tractable when they sang into a microphone, but an obscure cellist came storming into WEAF one night because he had not been given sufficient newspaper publicity. He found fault with the location of the studio; he moaned piteously at the temperature of the place, and finally, as he was gently ushered into the broadcasting chamber, he bellowed:

"What? You expect me, *me*, to play on a chair like that?"

"'At chair's all right," said the announcer, whose patience had gone. "Better cellists than you'll ever be played on it. Now play if you're going to."

And he did; as an angel might have played, if angels used cellos instead of harps.

Frequently displays of temperament by the artists whose performances are to be broadcast cause the lulls in the program which are so annoying and mysterious to the listeners. But it is not possible for a tactful announcer to explain many of these radio waits. For example, one girl pianist came to a large studio with a bottle of grain alcohol and solemnly swabbed each black and white key with a rag dipped in the fluid before she would begin her performance. Another arrived weeping because an eight-cylinder limousine had not been sent to her home; an operatic baritone flat-footedly declined to sound a note until a board had been brought for him to stand on so that through its vibrations he could feel himself sing. Many will not sing until all but the piano lamp has been extinguished. A Jewish cantor after each number strode out of the broadcasting chamber of one stüdio and rested for ten minutes while all over the continent his audience wondered.

"We try to humor them," Philip Carlin, one of the announcers at WEAF, told me. "After all, they are getting only applause and ice-water for their efforts and they ought to be allowed to display a little temperament."

The way in which they get that applause is, in the last analysis, what determines the character of the radio programs at the various broadcasting stations. The applause, of course, is measured largely by the amount and character of the mail that comes in. It is with the people who write such letters as have already been quoted that the men and women who make up the radio broadcasting programs must go about their work.

They are more or less in the situation of a newspaper or magazine editor. They must select the best and most suitable material from the mass that is available. But of course the editor has considerable advantage over the broadcaster in judging material submitted to him. Voices may sound very differently over the radio, and it is not until the fans are heard from that the broadcasters can be certain as to whether or not they have picked winners.

To complicate matters further, the tastes of radio listeners-in seem to vary considerably from day to day. For instance, here is an analysis of letters received on three successive days at WEAF, showing the desires of the listeners to be:

	Jan. 23	Jan. 24	Jan. 25
Jazz	75%	35%	5%
Symphonic dance	——	——	30%
Good music	20%	30%	45%
Talks	5%	35%	20%

Actually, of course, not the desires, but the listeners themselves may have changed. It seems altogether possible that there will be other shifts as the use of radio grows. The statisticians at WEAF already have figured it out that, as against—

36,500,000 who ride in automobiles,
38,500,000 who listen to phonographs,
20,000,000 who attend the moving-picture theaters,

—there are 20,000,000 who listen in regularly on the radio.

3,750,000 of these possess receiving sets with an average of 5.4 listeners to each set.

An audience of twenty million, already, and still growing! Remember in one month of this year the volume of letters increased 300% over the same month last year. What it will be a year, five years from now, no one would dare say.

Twenty million people constitute a rather large audience. No wonder the performer's knees tremble when he faces that little round innocent-looking microphone. No wonder perspiration stands out on the forehead of the veteran public speaker, and he rolls an apprehensive eye at the two or three chance bystanders in the broadcasting room. One never knows just how many of those twenty million may be listening in.

Recently I was given the run of WEAF at night.

Against a tapestried wall was a massive oaken sideboard. On it were two bronze busts that I could not identify, and between them a flat cone-shaped loud speaker. From it came the reproduction of a merry voice singing some words to "Turkey in the Straw" and without stirring out of my cogswell chair I could glance through a mullioned glass door and see the young woman in a small red hat, with lace about her throat, a banjo in her lap, who was making that music and tapping in the air, for the beat of the tune, a small brown suède pump, projected from crossed knees, at the end of a beige stocking. I could see her lips move and see her fingers brush the strings of the banjo, but all that I heard was the sound that came from the loud speaker. Then I moved over and "cracked" the studio door. With one ear I heard her. With the other I listened to the loud speaker. Then I shut my eyes and without lying to myself I could not tell which was singer and which was reproduction.

As she sang, a special-delivery mail man, dripping with the rain of out-of-doors, flung open another door and deposited a handful of blue stamped letters, and right on his heels was a Western Union boy. Waiting their turns in the room were a number of persons. There was a tenor proportioned like an oversized ice man, cherishing beneath a thick arm the music of the songs he was going to sing. There was an old, old man, a violinist, his withered neck partially concealed behind a large bow of black silk. He held his white head to one side the better to hold in place the handkerchief against which the brown fiddle tucked under his arm would rest when he began to play. A man with pale hair, embonpoint and an imitation black leather case swollen into the bloated semblance of the baritone horn it sheltered strode nervously about. On a settee was a girl in a white felt hat and a tight black charmeuse frock, obviously thrilled at her first studio visit. There was an elderly woman testing the sliding capacity of a trombone and I wondered about her more than all the others. Why should a woman elect to play the trombone?

Graham McNamee tried to scurry past me, on his way from one chamber to another.

"Radio's in full blast here, all right," I remarked.

"Not a bit of it," he denied. "Radio has just been born."

And so it has.

The Gift

by Harry Lee

BEFORE God gave me you, my dear,
I never understood
How beautiful the world can be,
The game of life how good.

I never knew before you came
How common days can hold
So much of heaven, nor the dross
Such hordes of hidden gold.

I go with winged feet, my dear,
Who only knew to plod
Before God gave me you, my dear,
Before you gave me—God!

a WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT story

DAMSEL

of a wild dog that repaid her rescuer's trust

Illustrated by George L. Wolf

THERE was a lateral mark of white scurf across the stones at the mouth of the cave, but the she-wolf didn't get a sign of warning from that. Her den was in the bank, just above an Indian stream-bed, which was dry for the most part of the year. The line of white was the high-water mark of a season long past, but the she-wolf had safely delivered three litters, and now a fourth in this place, and the water had not risen alarmingly high in her time.

Seven little bullet-headed whelps—different from any others ever born, in the beginning—but their difference had faded out of her eyes since. The dull anger of the weaning time had begun. All a hot and feverish rush for weeks—feeding herself to feed them; little bodies driving at her continually in the lair; thirst like a hot wind, hunger with its haunting pictures that lifted her to her haunches, even in moments of sleep; the needs of the litter pressing upon her like a steady glare of eyes night and day. No wonder the difference faded out, like everything else in the fight to live.

Her red, angry heart knew little else than fear and hunger and rage. Everything was heightened to a madness when the whelps were in the lair. In the drive she felt behind her from their need, she could whip back a tiger or charge an elephant.

At certain times of drought there were only a few active springs in her hunting ground, but there was always water in the land at the time of year when the mother business was at its height. Lucky for other thirsty creatures, for the she-wolf would have killed even man, when the pups were calling and thirst raged high. Fierce, lank, an ugly fighter, she ran her ways alone, a nameless curse upon her in the sight of all pack-wolves.

It was raining now. It had rained all night; all of yesterday. The she-wolf approached the lair in the dawn, even the oil of her inner coat washed out by the pouring showers. A rush of high-water was in the river-beds. She leaped across to the lair-mouth from stone to stone, with a torn quarter of goat's flesh in her jaws. Her fangs showed as she looked in. A muffled whine woke the seven—then the scramble. She felt huge in the din as they banged and whacked about her legs—seven screaming little pipes finding their way.

She watched them now through a sort of dim, red haze. Soiled, starved, sharp-toothed spawn—she watched and cleaned them as they drank.

Two of the seven, she always saw more clearly—one under her shoulder now, like a part of herself, the first cry of the litter; the second, a dog-pup that drove at her the hardest. She felt more alive in these two than in the others, as she felt more alive in the paws and muzzle than elsewhere. She flopped them over with her nose to comb them better, and watched their hind legs—where they showed their growth best—so scrawny, like wilted leaves at first.

The rain kept thundering down. Always as she napped that day, the dash of water by the cave-mouth throbbed in the stones under her ear. The scent of the goat of last night's kill hung on in her muzzle, but her sides were gaunt again at midday. She arose and went to the remains of the quarter, nipping the whelps back. She had to draw blood on the second dog-pup to teach him the new manners of weaning-time. Now the lot was fighting it out among the bones and tendons; First Cry, as usual, making her way to the best meat. Part of herself, that gray, short-haired piece.

At nightfall she let the whelps drink her dry, for the sake of her own light running. Only a few of the bigger stones showed in the river-bed. Across these she leaped to the far bank, gliding into the tangle; then she dropped to her haunches to listen. Nothing to hear at first but the sluicing downpour, and this was the third full day. But gradually, as if a set of finer senses opened, the joy came up through her pads out of the drinking earth. Under the pounding of the rain, she could hear the soft avid roar of the jungle itself, and another tone from the myriad leaves, the stir of juice in every stem and twig and swelling bud. Only once a year was this heard, and then only in a dense thicket, when she sat quite still, for it took a myriad leaves to make the most plaintive note.

Her head and neck lifted to one vertical line; her muzzle opened to form a rim for a tube that stretched straight to the base of her throat—but the howl was checked. It would start the stomachs of the pups across the stream; she would have to go back to silence them. Yet in the stillness, she was glad with the earth.

And this was the night she killed the sambar fawn—rich feed of warm, young meat, salty sweet.

THE next day she napped again in the maddening drum of the torrent at the cave's mouth, and that night looked out upon a fleeing river, flecked with white. Still it rained. Bending down she touched the brown water with her nose. She hated the white spots, like eyes growing blind. In the cavern, hours afterward, through the roar of the waters, her ears pricked at a low different sound—the sound of trickling—here in the very den. She ran to the cave-mouth hissing at the invader, a tiny overflow from the risen stream, now pouring in.

The whelps had followed. They were staggering sleepily around her legs. They caught her fear, of course, but here was a novelty, too, and they began to lap and puddle on the stones.

Their play angered the she-wolf. With the sound of a stinging spank, her cutting jaws snapped in their midst. No two ways about that sound. It curled in their tails like bent irons; their hind toes stepped on their front heels as they hunted the dark, and all the world was grief.

Dilemma. The she-wolf studied the in-pouring stream. It thickened as she watched. The night outside could not cover the torrent from her eyes. She turned to the dark of the cave and saw the little low row of eyes studding the extreme back wall of the den.

The red went out of her own eyes—the muddy red of rage and fear, paling to a greenish-yellow. Now she knew the drive of that force which wrought for them! As clearly as if she had seen the seven already stretched white and strangled by the water, she knew that her way was to get them out—across—now.

Her body lowered, a curious whimper pressing out from the pit of her throat. They started, stopped. She sounded the call again. First Cry came on; the others followed. She nosed them one by one to the very edge of the stone ledge, the whimper in her throat incessant. There she massed the seven, flattened out like so many frogs, their thin legs clawing at the wet stone—then with a sweep of her muzzle, she butted the whole litter off into the torrent and followed in.

An awesome stillness about that daybreak, for the rains had ceased; the drip of leaves and rocks only a restless undertone. Sprawled and shivering, two of the whelps lay in a dense thicket on the far side of the bank from the cave-mouth. This pair had made the crossing easily—the current pressing them against the flanks of the she-wolf as she swam. The two waited now, keeping quiet as they could, for the mother was away. She had been back and forth all night. Her spell of silence was upon them, but a whimper broke from one or the other occasionally—evervthing cold and changed, a wet windy fearsome largeness and coldness over everything.

They heard her signal from far down stream; finally she appeared, nosing forward a draggled gasping little dog-pup that could only walk a few steps, then had to be pushed.

Three out of seven.

The she-wolf sat upon her haunches. She was gaunt and spent, but she let them feed. Three out of seven. She did not work with numbers, but there was a dark pit of need and want in her, beside the need of food—an unfulfillment.

The sun came out; the three yelped with the brimming-in of life and warmth once more in the fragrant steam, but the she-wolf whimpered still in the ache of darkness. First Cry was not here. A part of herself—that gray, short-haired piece.

YOUNG Mr. Peter Bushmills was valuable to his family, to judge by the size of his income which came from Bristol, England. The value, however, hinged on the point that Mr. Peter remain in central India. His income was collectable, in fact, at but one bank in all this habitable globe; at the Asiatic Trades Bank, namely, in the big Burphalese town of Palazar, on the seventeenth day of each month—not otherwise, nor elsewhere.

If Mr. Peter were not present in person in the halls of the Asiatic Trades before noon, there was nothing to be had from the establishment but a series of sorry smiles, for that month at least. It was irksome, but Mr. Peter tried to keep this appointment, and all Palazar, on both sides of the river, made it a point to help him keep it, since the young gentleman's *chits*, which are small signed papers signifying purchase or credit, were scattered like confetti over the riper parts of the town at the end of each thirty days. It was generally whispered that Mr. Peter was trying to kill himself, but he did not cherish the gossip.

There was a night of thundering rain in which the remittance man tarried at the Ramadan Club on the south side of the river, insisting that there be light, before he set out for his lodgings on the north side; and Gundappa, his priceless native manservant, tarried for many hours, ranging anywhere between the boat on the river bank and the club piazza, until his master came forth feelingly among the pillars, saying:

"And lo, there was light—"

"True, Sahib," said Gundappa, conducting him to the swollen and complaining river.

"Let there be no moaning at the bar when I put out to embark," observed Mr. Bushmills at the edge.

"None whatever, Sahib," said Gundappa gently, as he directed one of the young man's groping legs over the gunwale.

Gundappa rowed while Mr. Bushmills, in the cushion aft, mourned that there was no privacy in his life, whatsoever; but in midstream, he raised his hand for the rowing to cease, exclaiming suddenly that he heard the voices of angels calling.

"Not angels, but a small animal, Sahib," said Gundappa, his eye directed toward a clump of branches floating down. From this clump came feeble yelps and cries. Deftly the manservant turned the boat, so that the branches would brush by, and presently drew forth a wriggling mass of fur, dropping it hastily at his feet.

"See, what the monsoon has washed down from the Dongre Hills! A wolf cub, Sahib, and see—we were none too soon, for he did not come alone!"

It was like a bit of ancient cedar bark that Mr. Bushmills spied, following his servant's hand over side—only the bark jerked under, with a flick and a gleam of whitish-brown beneath.

"The mugger was following, Sahib—"

"Not so fast, I say, old mate, not so fast! Let a chap have a better look, wouldn't you?" young Mr. Peter's words directed at the spot where the crocodile sank.

Now Gundappa warned: "I would not stand up in the boat, Sahib. The wolf cub would have been but a mouthful."

Mr. Peter continued not only to stand but to rock, complaining that the whole thing might have been staged better— "not so fast, you know." Finally he sank down, turning his attention to the whelp at Gundappa's feet, taking out his glasses and putting them on. The cub was quiet now, having ceased to gasp and sputter; it's nose pressed against the planking. Even as they watched, the thick little head lopped to the side in that curiously familiar way of birds and beasts as the starch goes out of the spine.

"Short hair, square head—and this a wolf-cub, you say, Gundappa?" the young Englishman inquired in absorbed tone.

"Little it matters, Sahib. Such as it is, the creature is dying—"

Mr. Peter squirmed forward out of the cushions, an altogether new gleam in his eyes.

"Untoward word—dying! Wouldn't use it, y'know—no sense, y'know." He pulled the cub to him by the tail, plucked it up in his hands.

"Full of water—that's all the matter. Ugly word—dying, no such thing, Gundappa. And mugger—such an expression! Tell me, is it American?"

MEANWHILE Mr. Peter began to knead and stretch, as if the strangling whelp were an accordion come to hand.

"Full of water, the little beggar," Mr. Peter mused on. "Insides flooded—a bit at sea, y'know. Can't function, that's all the matter—"

At the same time, he stretched and wrung and kneaded, focalizing his gaze more intently.

"Little damsel, too," he muttered presently. "Wolf or dog, whatever—but a little damsel, anyway. Good Lord, I wish Brother Harry were here!"

"Your brother, the rector of England, Sahib?" with great respect.

"Rector, but fancier, too, Gundappa—in holy orders, but doggy, very doggy, Brother Harry. Beastly temper, like all the Bushmills, but good to consult, y'know."

"See, Sahib, he is coming to life!"

"Not he—a *damsel*, Gundappa! Part wolf, perhaps, but a piece of Dane dog, or I never saw myself in the eye of a Dane—"

"*Dam-sel* is coming to life, Sahib!"

"Of course—little sluicing, that's all—little warming in the hand. Ha, ha—quite good 'a damsel came to Peter'—very good, indeed—"

"Is that not a quotation from your Holy Scriptures, Sahib?" Gundappa was mission-trained.

"Bless me, now, p'raps it is, but I thought it Lord Byron!"

In this lodgings that day, young Mr. Peter Bushmills thrust his hand from time to time, into a deep wicker chest covered with white cloths, soft and warm. He did not care to look, gaining adequate intelligence apparently, from the touch of his hand. And Gundappa, priceless manservant, had unearthed a story, almost a tradition, in fact, to fit the coming of the half-drowned whelp of doubtful lineage.

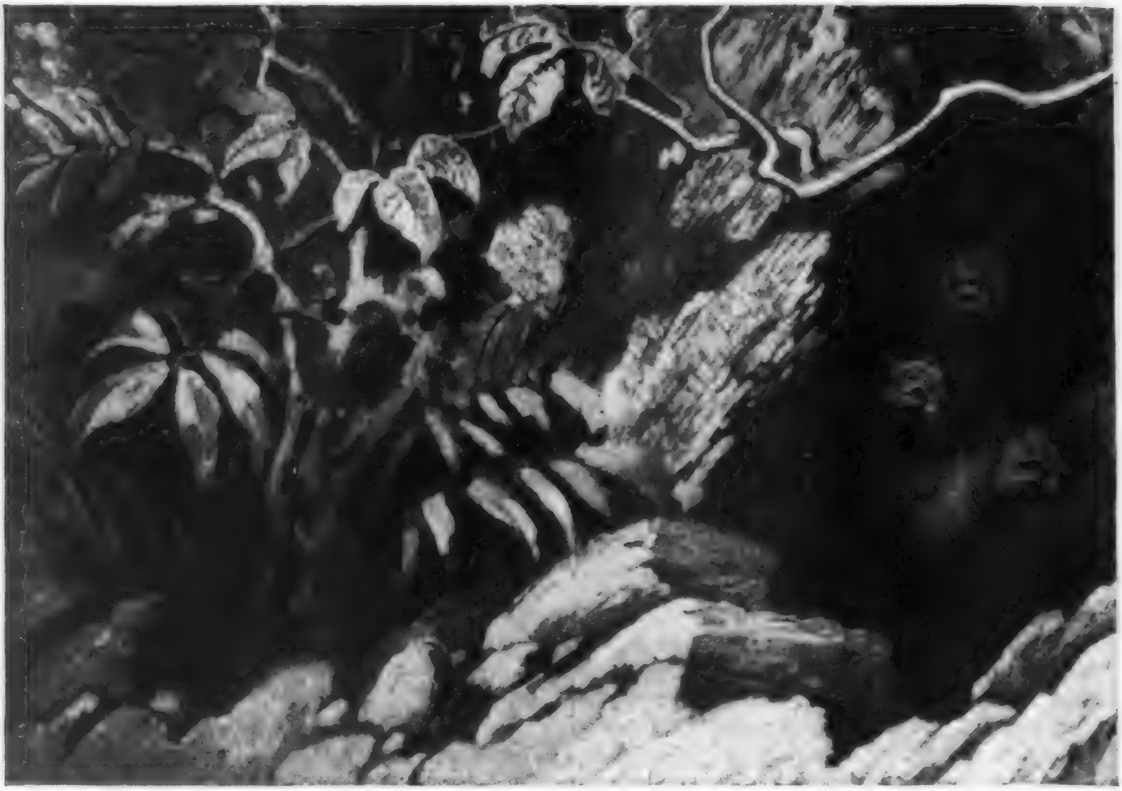
"Never with these eyes, Sahib, have I seen the great dog called the 'Pariah', as I walked among the Hooki-nala Bazaars—"

"What's this talk, Gundappa?" Mr. Bushmills questioned idly, one hand in the basket.

"A great blue-gray dog, Sahib—a hunting dog, lost in the tree jungle while engaged in the pursuit of the chase, and forsaken at last by his master—"

"A great Dane dog, Gundappa?" Peter Bushmills asked his manservant.

"Yes, Sahib—a hunting Dane, running wild as the wolves and foxes of the tree jungle, holding his own in the midst of them, not running



The she-wolf approached the lair in the dawn. . . . She leaped
jaws. A muffled whine woke

with the packs, but by his lordly self alone—"

"Leaving the mark of his line in the jungle, no doubt," Mr. Peter remarked.

"Even upon this little one, for it is common talk no less, among the charcoal burners, that a stray she-wolf with the blood of the 'Pariah' in her veins, is often seen in the tree jungle within a day's journey of Palazar—an outcast, this she-wolf, from the packs of the Dongre Hills, running alone and bringing forth her kind among the rocks—"

Mr. Peter shivered. " 'Outcast'," he repeated, "a somber word, Gundappa. 'Outcast,' 'pariah' and the like—no such things, really, my good man. No one is really cast out by his kind, y' know—"

"Ah, yes, Sahib, for to the pack-wolves a curse is upon the lone she-wolf, as it would be upon this little one, for the pack tolerate none but its own kind."

Mr. Peter laughingly jerked his hand from under the white cloths of the wicker chest, and Gundappa ran for lint and antiseptic, since the thumb of his master was bleeding.

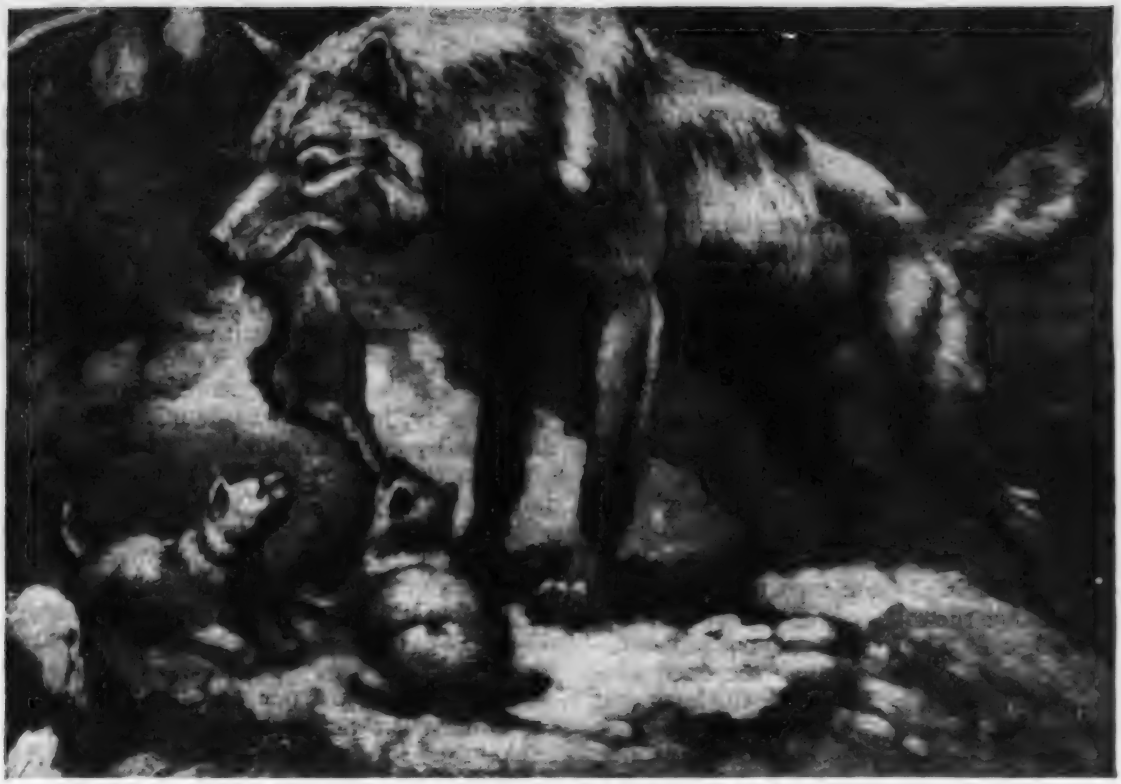
"Yes, she is going to live. And I say Gundappa, little Damsel shall have her place in the closet adjoining the library, a hole cut out in the door, for her to come in and out. But the wicker chest will do for the nounce, my man."

It had seemed to little First Cry that whirling in cold water had begun to go on forever, but that was not so incredible a thing as that she was alone. No help—none to answer the call. Sleep and blackness, but she was not allowed to stay in that. She had to be stretched and pounded and torn out of the easy black sleep a thousand times. After that she was covered in folds as hot and stifling as the water was cold, and there were no smooth cool rocks, and the one that never failed before did not come, but a frightful hairless thing burrowed in to her, closed upon her, gave off everything she was afraid of in one breath.

Then there was a dry stick in her mouth and by pulling to get away, a drop of sickening food came; there was other food, all dry and changed with acrid smoke in it—and no cool rocks, an no entrance of her who smelled of the fresh night. . . .

The dull-voiced black man who droned and droned in one tone, brought water and food; he changed around her bed, so she had to fix it over every day. He was not important to hate or otherwise, but the *one* who would not keep his distance, who poked at her at all times, plucked her to his arms, his real eyes showing enlarged and fearsome, behind outer eyes which could be put on and off—he stirred her as nothing else.

The hand would never learn its lesson. She had bitten it more than once at first and, lay for hours afterward expecting death in most awful forms. Death did not come; but the hand came again. She would lock her jaws, rise and draw back at its approach, frantically whimpering for it not to come too near, for she could not be sure of herself; but the hand would



across to the lair-mouth with a torn quarter of goat's flesh in her the seven—then the scramble.

come. There was that in her which wanted to tear it to pieces, and that beside which could never get enough. After the first moment, it grew easier and easier to let the hand stay—then the fear began all over again. This fear, however, was not of its coming, but that it would go.

It was very difficult to know what she would be punished for, and what she would not; experiment was required and much practice. She stripped the bare heel of the *kitmutgar's* helper, when he came upon her suddenly and without ceremony, and no whipping for that, but for singing in the night, blows fell.

Sometimes at night she would listen for his coming, every tendon stretched. Life seemed to go out of her, as the steps would pass in the road, and dwindle away. One could not be sure of his step, for it was not twice the same. Nor his sound. And once he was brought in as fresh meat is carried in the arms of Gundappa and another. From the end of her leash by the door, she saw his mouth move, and the whole house was sweetish with that smell which was full of the stuff of fears.

"Damsel," she heard the word, sleeping and waking. . . .

"Dam-sel—" the black man said it also, looking at her.

She would walk at her master's heels with ever-increasing hatred for the crowded smells of the man-town, to the very edge, where all things of men ended and trees and leafy tangles began. The wind blowing down with fresh earth and light changed her all over—a myriad prickles racing along her spine—a new creature, with windy slitted eyes. She longed for the freshness, for the open, like a deep and intolerable thirst, but she would hear the shaky sounds of his laughter then, and feel his hand close tighter upon the leather butt of the leash.

It wasn't that she couldn't have escaped. At times she was free entirely when they changed collars to take her out; it was the *hand* and the way he said "Damsel"—the word that had meant her all the time. She grew to know her name at last among all other sounds, sleeping or waking, and this, long before she became fixed in the fulness of her great growth.

Finally the night—the very stillest core of the night—as she lay with pads scraping dry upon the dead-dry boards of the floor—when a deep baying cry came challenging in through the open window. It seemed to be meant for her.

New fear had come to her this day. She arose from the library floor and crawled into the closet—the hole in the door was very small for her now—and lay jowl down on the bare boards. She heard the steps of the man—movements that meant his going out. She heard the sound of his voice also; and she was afraid, not for herself, but for him.

"Damsel . . . Damsel—" There were other words of his between.

The fog did not clear about her eyes as she crawled out to the end of her chain. There was that in his voice which heightened her fear and the sweetish sickness was in the room.

"Damsel—"

HOT wind blew in through the open window and Gundappa came with collar and leash and whip. The skin of her shoulder tightened at the crest, lifting the hair. She could not help that, nor the hiss in her throat that lifted her lips.

But these things *he* saw, and took the whip from Gundappa's hand and brought the butt of it down upon the thick of her ruff at the collar. That did not hurt, but it made her afraid —not for herself, but for him; and the fog thickened about her eyes. The light through the window was dead-white, and the hot wind came fanning in.

Now the hands of Gundappa were upon her neck to change the collar of the chain to the collar of the leash. She felt the nervous jerk of his fingers. . . . Then through the open window, from the road below, came the bark and bellow of fighting dogs. Very easily she drew back out of Gundappa's hands, neck free, neither chain nor leash between her and the manservant, whose hands moved helplessly toward her, holding the collar open. Easily, she drew away.

Then *his* voice—to her—and the stroke of his voice was as the stroke of a whip, but again she slipped easily out of Gundappa's hands.

The whip fell, and she was afraid, not for herself, but for him. And she saw his mouth move, as on that night when he was carried in, as meat is carried.

The whip fell. She knew it was his will for her to go into the closet, but she could not turn and crawl through the tight, low door, for that would leave her body open to the blows of the whip. Closer and more frightful his voice and his face; and now as she drew back from him, the two sides of the wall closed upon her haunches.

Across her muzzle the lash burned. Backed in the corner, she had risen before him. Still he did not halt, nor cease to strike—until his face was to her's, and her fangs closed. All she knew then was the shocking secret of his helplessness, of man's helplessness, as he fell beneath—that, and the open path across his body to the window.

"And now I've done it, Gundappa, I've done it to her—"

"Do not forget that this is the day, Sahib. It is eleven o'clock of the day—and there is but time for Harrington, Sahib, the better to bind your wounds, before appearing in person at the bank—"

Mr. Peter sat gasping in a leathern chair in his library, his throat having roughly and hastily been bound by his manservant; the *sais*, having run for Harrington, the Doctor-Sahib.

"She tried not, God help her!" the young man repeated crazily. "She didn't want to—she knew better, little Damsel. She rose before me, begging like a woman, but I cut at her again. I've done it—ruined her. Cornered she was, before closing upon me—standing before my face—"

Gundappa was wringing his hands.

"It is the day, Sahib, the day of the adjustments, the townspeople with the many white papers waiting—"

Even as Dr. Harrington cauterized—and most hastily, for young Bushmills must be at the bank by noon, though hydrophobia ensued —the doctor perceived there was no thought of pain from the young fool, no thought of drink even, which was outstanding—but a filthy ado about a treacherous she-wolf dog which should have been put to death months since.

"The beastly temper—the Bushmills' temper —and I've done for her quite—and myself, too—"

"She's lacerated your throat, that's what she's done. Now come in my brougham to the bank—then I'll put you to bed, sir, where you belong—"

"Brother Harry knew better. Took to the Church for his temper, did Brother Harry. To the bank, indeed! It's the jungle I'm going to, God knows if I'll find her—"

And there was Dr. Harrington with the scorn of a professional man wasting precious nervous energy, altogether too early in the day for a man of his color; and there was Mr. Peter himself, his wound half-cauterized, the blood showing under the lint—putting on his gloves jerkily and groping for his cane. There were the bank clerks glancing with a smile at the clock, for this was important Palazar business, and the townspeople that waited with Mr. Peter's unpaid *chits* in their hands: and there was Gundappa, the priceless manservant, with hands raised, looking upon the end.

SHE ran as if Death were at her heels. Already the flaming exultation of freedom had left her. She had known that best, while running through the man-town, but even then she had been listening . . . "Damsel" . . . listening for her own name, as never before. But she had cut him at the throat!

Hours afterward she crept down from a leafy glade to drink, and the ripple under her white jaws seemed like his laughter. For even at the last, he had laughed; in his helplessness—under her feet—he had laughed, and sent it following after her. And this was the secret of Man—not strength, but frightening laughter, that followed everywhere, like Death at the heel. She arose and went deeper into the jungle. . . .

Wildness awoke in her with the days, but still she trembled at the memory of the man-town. New life was flowing in; but it was all pitilessly swift. Film after film which had formed over the natural delicacy of her senses, had to be torn away. Out of all the confusion, out of the tangled mass of sights and smells and feelings—a new craft, new swiftness and strength had to come forth. Now she knew the enormity of the laziness of the life she had lived on chain and leash.

She began to know she was not always alone. In the deeps of the jungle she heard running pads far at one side, though not the flick of a leaf. When she stopped, the running of the pads would stop. Once she veered suddenly in toward the sounds, and all was still but herself; nothing to be found, but when she started running again, the pads were to be heard on the other side.

There were certain boundaries she could not pass. If she went too far from the great man-town, she came to the little man-town where were black men only, and in small numbers and they did not go to and fro on beaten roads. She uncovered laws in herself that kept her from passing certain points; but once she wilfully went against what she knew, following a doe with fawn over her own ring-pass-not. Hunting cries suddenly were heard about her ears, but she was the hunted one—driven back for her life by one of the hill packs. A running fight deep into her own grounds, led by the females, and she was badly cut from tail to ears by their snapping jaws.

So she learned that it was her own strange lot to run alone. Everything to learn, and to learn alone; she was stretched and driven by strain and hunger, treachery of the cat-creatures, traps of the serpents; but most of all, to learn that her own particular and implacable enemies were the wolves that ran together, especially females of the pack. But at length she found her own place and her own strength; became naturalized to the tree jungle again. And always, when the strength of hunger eased, the old listening began in her—the memory of the face beneath, the laughter under her very teeth—"Damsel"—and she would rouse in the night dreaming that the hand had come, even as she had dreamed of freedom in the man's house.

The running pads still echoed her own, in the deep places, until at last slowly, one night from out the very thickest glade, came one like herself, but gaunt and white-nosed, thin as a bone, with hanging dugs. Nose to nose they stood, teeth like drawn blades. Each knew the instant of fighting blur, but that passed; an instant more they stood, nose to nose, and the mystery of that truce was the deepest mystery of all to her.

AND one night, though she had not made her kill, she hungered more for the sound of her name; and this hunger drew her back to the place where she had come forth from the great man-town. Standing up on a rock, she glared down upon the black mass pricked with lights. And there it was, after a time that there formed within her, out of all vagueness and loneliness—out of all she knew and wanted, and all she did not know and feared—a great howl that boomed forth to the amber moon. . . .

Once toward morning, as she came in from far ranging, the strangest of all sounds were in the air. They came from the edge of the little man-town, which she had been circling on her way back to her lair, but the sounds drew her closer and closer. Very slowly she stalked, and it grew upon her, before her eyes proved—that man was near.

There he sat with naked arms in an open place, where large flat stones had been set one upon the other—a black man with crossed legs and nothing in his hands, making sounds with no one there to hear. Closer she drew to the clearing and watched. His eyes were closed as he faced the light, but at times his mouth opened rounder and rounder until he was in full song. Part of his song seemed to come from a deep hole in the earth (but it really came from himself) and part carried her back into the old sickness of waiting for *his* coming; the chain around her neck. It was then that she wanted to open her mouth and sing, too.

To this open place, often at daybreak, she was drawn afterward—for she was not afraid here, nor was she angry. Once it looked as if the naked-armed one were watching her, though he did not move or speak; and once it seemed she could almost creep up to the foot of the rock where he sat with the sun upon his closed eyes, singing his "Ah-ah-ah . . . ah-uh-uh . . . um-umm-m," for there was no fear in the world then.

But the time came when she was running closer to the ground—each day closer, and there was business of a deeper lair to find. She forgot the naked-armed one and his song; she even forgot the hand, there having transpired countless little selves outside herself, and this was a new world of fierce and many wants. But all enemies were well remembered, especially the females of the Dongre Hills—the skin of her back tightening, even deep in her own lair, as she remembered.

Pricked, tormented and distracted, all quite spoiled—no peace in or out of the den, for no sooner did she stretch her legs outside than she was taken over by a trance of fear for their safety; in fact, continually at first, was she drawn back to the lair . . . countless little selves, outside herself, and all alive, and no matter how tired she was, she never rolled on one.

Finally the night when she made an early kill, and returned to the lair as the round moon rose. It was her whim this night

[*Continued on page 149*]

Roping Will Rogers

The story of an Oklahoma cowpuncher who "grabbed a chance," made good, and is unspoiled by success. How he manages to get a laugh a minute although barring out silly, irreverent and malicious jokes

by Rollin Lynde Hartt

CLICKING a typewriter in his dressing-room at the "Follies," an Oklahoma cowpuncher, part Cherokee Indian, is the most effective journalist in America. Every week a hundred newspapers print his broadside of mingled fun and philosophy. Numberless others reëcho it in editorials beginning, "Will Rogers says," and ending with "Will is dead right."

"THERE is a lot of queer things about the show business, but when you dig down to the bottom of them you find what any man usually finds in any business—that if he studies human nature and grabs the chances that he sees to get ahead with his work as he goes along every day, he's pretty sure to find people that'll take an interest in him."

I first caught him during a matinée. I remember a stage entrance, a flight of stairs, an open door. Through the door I saw not only Rogers but Mrs. Rogers, who had dropped in by chance. You will seldom meet a lovelier woman or a more youthful-looking mother of three children. In her charming presence he is not the Rogers of the grin, the prankish eyes, the lariat and the gun. He welcomes callers with a fine dignity, and only his carelessness of the King's English revives the impression you got of him across the footlights.

Noticing the typewriter, I spoke of his newspaper success. He is very happy about it, but wonders why there are skeptics stupid enough to ask, "Will, who writes your stuff?" He takes that as an affront—not to himself, personally, but to actors in general. He seems hardly to think of himself at all. He thinks of other people. He will run down-stairs any time to be photographed with some midget of a chorus girl, just because that helps the girl. Not long ago he received a fee of twelve hundred dollars for making an after-dinner speech in Philadelphia, and gave away the whole sum to charity. His usual fee is a thousand dollars, but he will speak for nothing if it will help out in a good cause. Recently he addressed the Jewish Theatrical Guild. He gave his services and prepared himself for the performance by hiring an instructor and learning sufficient Yiddish to begin and end his address in that somewhat complicated language. Last Christmas he invited everybody connected with the "Follies"—principals, chorus, ushers, sweepers, stage hands—to a banquet that lasted all night and wound up with a beefsteak breakfast. When a performer with a rope act was stranded in New York, Rogers put him up at a hotel and paid his expenses until he could find an engagement.

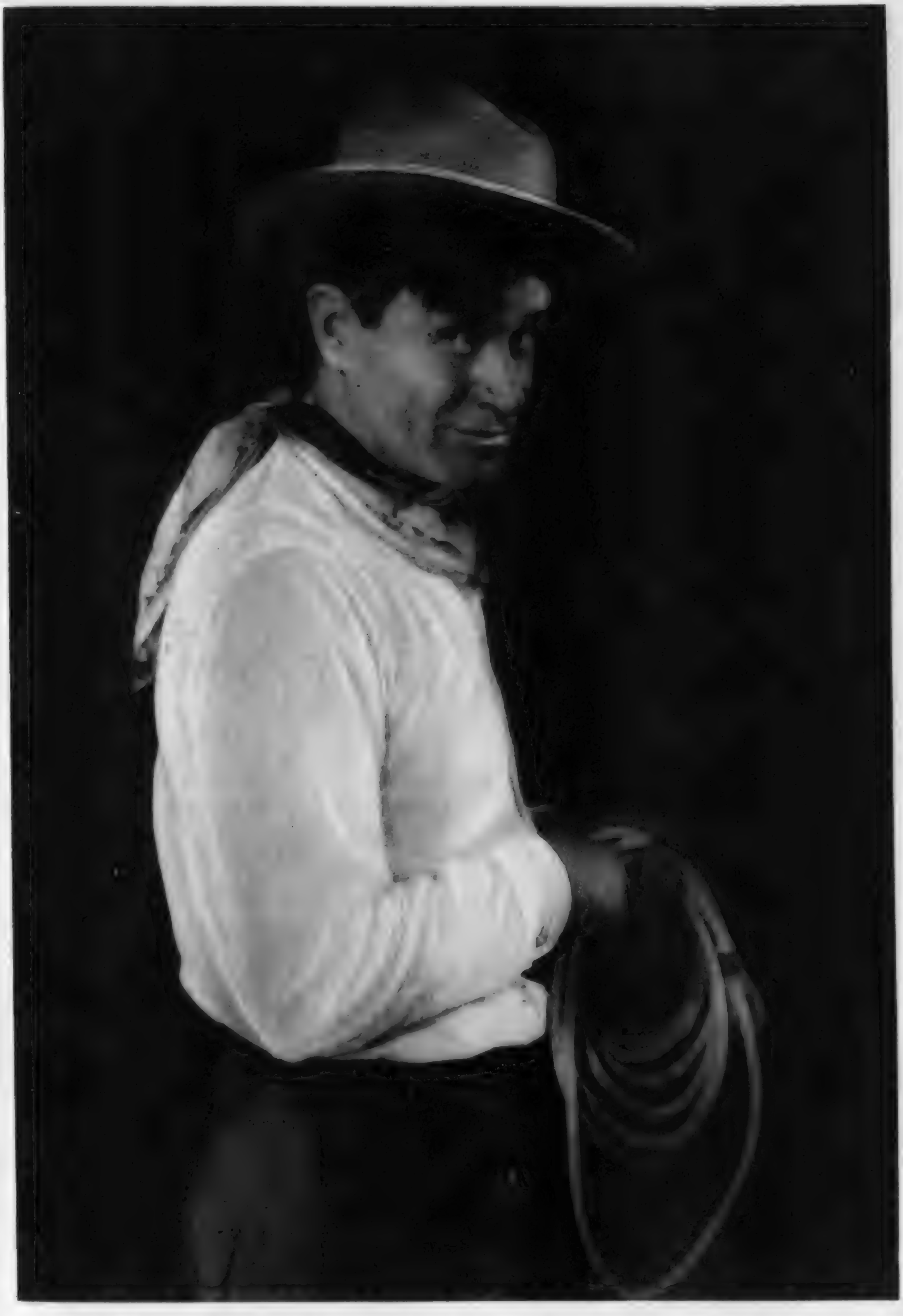
Rogers will not tell you these things. You get them around a corner, as most things about Rogers are got, and it is sometimes difficult to get things about him even then. For example, you simply can not find out where he lives. His own publisher does not know. At the theater a typewritten list gives every address but his.

Neither will he tell you about his theory of humor. You must hunt that down in his "Illiterate Digest" where he says, "A comedian is not supposed to be serious nor to know much. But I claim that you have to have a serious streak in you or you can't see the funny side in the other fellow." And again he says, "Every gag I tell must be based on truth. No matter how much I exaggerate it, it must have a certain amount of truth."

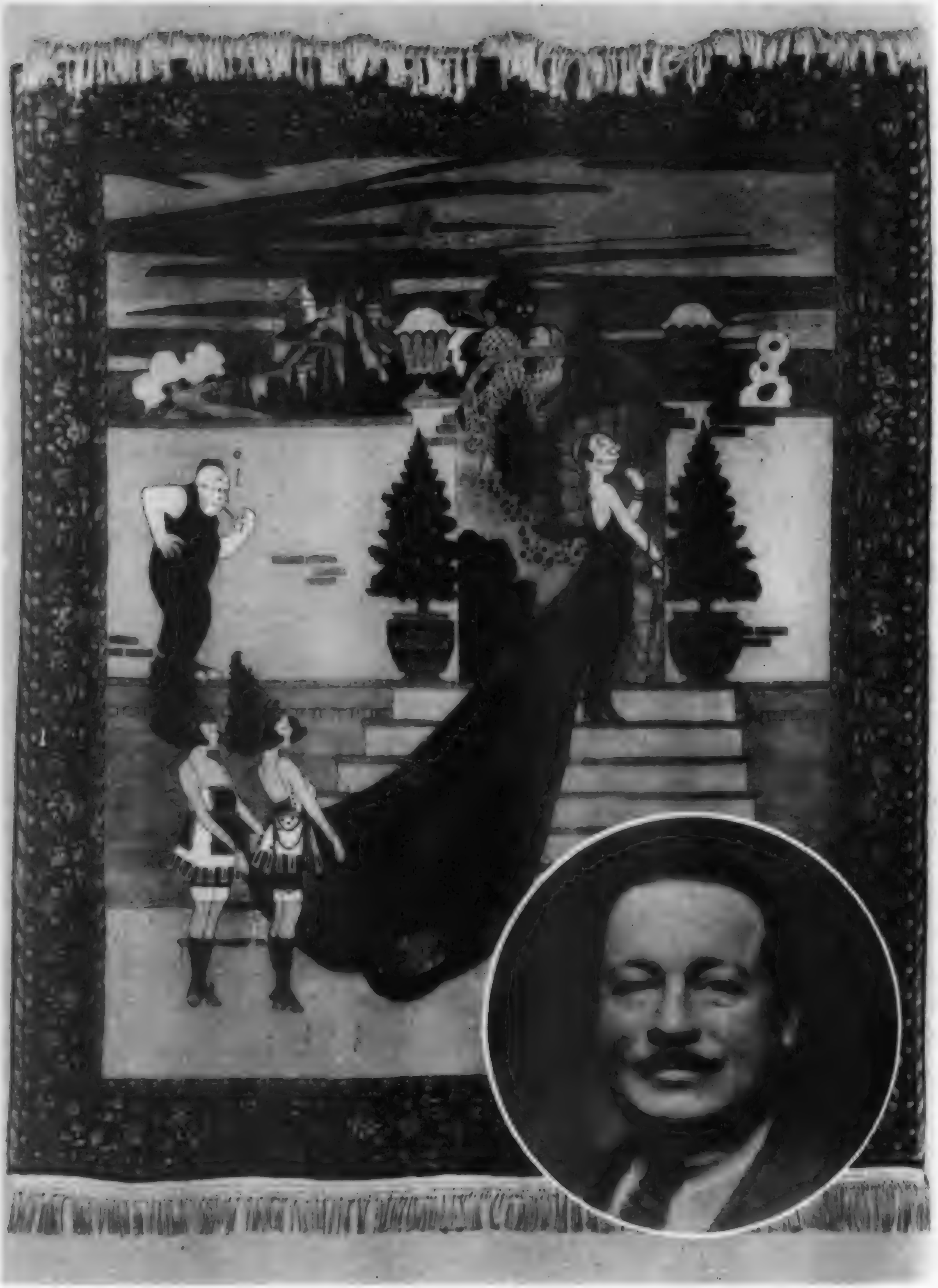
There came a tap at the door—a call-boy's summons. Rogers slipped on a long frock coat, threw back his shoulders, adjusted his broad-brimmed black hat and went down the stage to be a senator from Oklahoma, "elected by a *Literary Digest* poll." I followed.

From the wings I saw a chorus—the same "glorified" young ladies whom Rogers has "helped with their income taxes." They romped off past me. Then Rogers went on, slouching, ambling and slowly chewing. I could not see the spectators, but I could hear

[*Continued on page 164*]



The only American humorist who ever received a vote for President says he is "just an old country boy in a big town trying to get along." Despite his popularity no one knows where he lives. Will Rogers is married, has three children, and keeps in trim by practicing rope tricks two hours a day.



Among the most highly prized gifts in the collection of George McManus, cartoonist, is a silk rug, six feet by five, made from one of his comic drawings. Mr. McManus is forty-two and a native of St. Louis. He never had a drawing lesson. He began his professional career at sixteen, has kept steadily at it, and is now the creator of humorous characters known all over the world.

The Man who Brought up Father

In his teens George McManus was able to earn far more than most boys. At twenty-one he left a comfortable home in St. Louis to tramp the streets of New York, hungry and without carfare

by Mary Stewart Cutting, Jr.

MANY very human anecdotes cluster around the pleasant personality of the creator of "Jiggs" and "Maggie." The cartoonist's two brain children are as popular in distant lands as they are here, and their reception reveals much about the fundamental appeal of human impulses that know no national boundary lines. Although "Jiggs" and "Maggie" have amused millions, their reception by the public has taught the artist, he says, to be humble, to observe, to learn and to apply.

THE first thing that impresses you about George McManus, the famous cartoonist, is that his eyes are brown, and that he has a personality characteristic of those who are endowed with these big, human qualities. He is sure and definite, with no consciousness of himself, and he has a quiet, friendly way of meeting you with a smile that gives instant recognition of the kindly wit of the man.

Through many corridors with strange turnings and unexpected doors leading to more corridors, I reached his office and found him at work "Bringing Up Father."

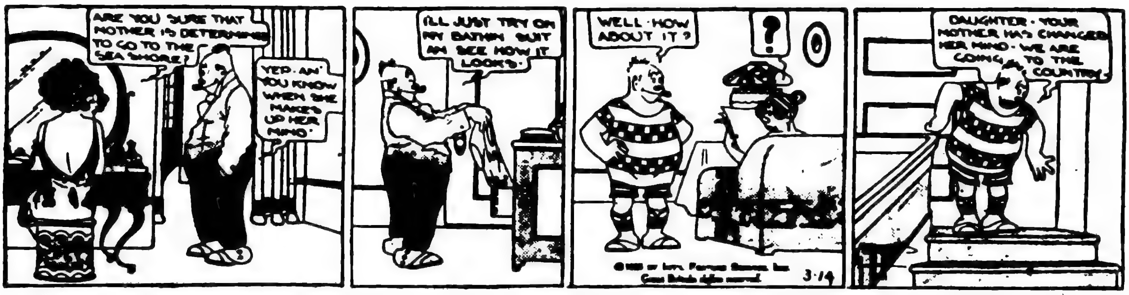
This comic strip, as it is technically called, published daily, including Sunday in a full page, and in upward of seven hundred newspapers throughout the entire world, has made a name unequalled in the history of American humor. I was bent on discovering from Mr. McManus, the creator of it, how his life had brought him to his present great success.

At once we fell into conversation—there was no getting into it, we just began—in a little room, glass on two sides, West and North, looking across Columbus Circle to Central Park, where he does much of his work.

"I was born in St. Louis," he began, "and I'd like to have people know it, and that I've only been married once and to the same wife for fourteen years, because I've been born, according to report, in every city of the United States and Canada, and married in every one, especially those cities I've never been in. I am forty-two and my father and mother were Irish. My wife was a St. Louis girl. Funny thing—never knew her in St. Louis. I met her in New York, and about a year and a half after that we were married." He pointed to the photograph of a very pretty young woman upon his desk, and smiled—he always smiles when he speaks of Mrs. McManus. Later, he told me that she is an accomplished musician.

"I never took a drawing lesson in my life," he said in answer to a question, "except at school. We had drawing lessons, and I always got 100. My book was full in an hour, and I could sit and loaf, while the others took the whole term to fill theirs. But I was really put out of school for drawing pictures. The teacher caught me in the class room decorating one of the books, and showed it to my father as a punishment. He showed it to the editor of the St. Louis *Republican*, then he asked me how I would like to give up school? The editor had offered me a job, and I went right to work. I was sixteen at the time.

"There was a peculiar comeback to that," he went on with much amusement. "Some time later, after I had been in New York several years, my wife and I returned on a visit to St. Louis. We went to call on the teacher, who was still at the school. I thought all St. Louis must know about me, but the teacher didn't say anything until just as we were leaving, then she looked at me and said, 'What do you do for a living?' My wife has never let me forget it!


ARE YOU SURE THAT MOTHER IS DETERMINED TO GO TO THE SEA SHORE?
YEP. AN' YOU KNOW WHEN SHE MAKES UP HER MIND.
I'LL JUST TRY ON MY BATHIN' SUIT AN SEE HOW IT LOOKS.
WELL. HOW ABOUT IT?
?
DAUGHTER. YOUR MOTHER HAS CHANGED HER MIND. WE ARE COMING TO THE COUNTRY.
3-14

"Jiggs," the much-harried Father in the comic strip, is the cartoonist's favorite character. Invariably the blundering husband comes off second best in his differences with an outraged spouse, "Maggie." Their amusing domestic difficulties have been printed in nearly every known language. Four theatrical companies have produced stage versions in the United States. It has been dramatized in Japan, and recently a musical comedy was written about the characters.

"I had never thought of pen and ink until I got on the *Republican*," Mr. McManus continued with the story of his early years. "At first, they gave me different things to do, and of course I fell down on some of them. I was on trial, but they figured I'd develop. They did everything in the newspaper field in those days, and after awhile I had charge of the fashion page. I created fashions." He laughed. "They'd ask me to create something, so I'd copy from pictures of all kinds of different dresses, put them together and add to them. When I got through, it looked like a crazy quilt—but it was a fashion dress just the same."

I asked what he was paid for all this.

"When I first went to the *Republican* I drew six dollars a week. When I left, at the end of five years, I was manager of the art department at thirty-five dollars a week, and drawing seventy-five from the advertising department. There was a great deal of night work, and I was tired of it, so I accepted an offer from the *Post Despatch*. But I stayed with them only two weeks; I wanted to come to New York. I went, and celebrated my twenty-first birthday there."

"Why did you want to come to New York?" I asked.

"I had practically reached the limit of my salary in the newspaper field at home," he replied, "syndicates had not started, and I wanted specially to get into the comic game. Everybody was talking 'New York,' and I was at the age when I was so smart that St. Louis wasn't big enough for me."

"Had you any idea what you would do when you got here?"

"No, I hadn't, but I had a little money, about twenty-four hundred dollars, and I didn't do any work until I had spent every nickel of it. I even got rid of my overcoat."

"How long did it take?"

He looked reflective, "Let's see," he answered, "I think about two months. I know that that amount was worth more than double what it is today, but I was determined to see New York, if I never saw anything else."

When the last nickel was gone, on Christmas Eve, he slept the night in Bryant Park. He seemed to regard it as one of the funniest things that had happened in his life. He could have sent home for money and gotten it easily, for his father was one of the big theatrical producers of the West, but his pride had kept him from writing.

This pride had arisen at the time he asked for his first raise, after two years on the *Republican*, and had been given an advance of two dollars a week. He had complained to his father, who had replied, "If it had not been for me you would not be getting that." From that day he had made up his mind never to be dependent on anybody, and this was his severest test. Also, there had been prophecy when he departed St. Louis to the effect that he would, inevitably, be forced to return.

I said that Bryant Park must have been somewhat less cozy twenty-one years ago than perhaps it was at present.

"It isn't cozy at any time under those circumstances," he replied with humorous emphasis.

THE next morning, Christmas, with a strong feeling that he would rather starve to death than be licked, he decided to go to the old Gilsey House, because it was run by a St. Louis man, and take a room, for which he would not have to pay at once. The following morning, he started downtown to the *World* office to see about some sketches that he had submitted. He had no carfare.

"I walked over to the Third Avenue 'L'," he said, "and told the man at the ticket window that I'd left my wallet in my suite of rooms at the Gilsey House, and that I had to get downtown on important business. I offered him the key to my room, it was marked with the name of the hotel, and I said I would be back in the afternoon with the nickel. He took it and I got to the *World*, but I didn't sell anything. I couldn't get anything to eat and I had to walk uptown. Then I had to think of a way to pay the man who had my key, so I drew a picture of the clerk at the Gilsey House handing me five dollars. This was my I. O. U. It worked. He liked the picture of himself and lent me the five. Later on when I returned it I gave him a better drawing.

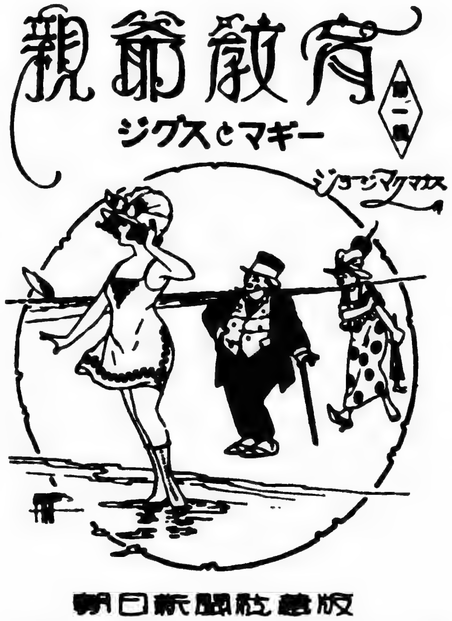
"Things broke for me the next day. A syndicate 'phoned and made me an offer, and I got a wire from the *World* the same day. Syndicates were just beginning. The only idea there had been of that kind was when two newspapers under the same ownership used the same features. The *World* and the *Post Dispatch* were both Pulitzer papers, and much of the New York stuff was printed in St. Louis. I knew mine would be, and though the *World* offered me fifty dollars less a week than the syndicate, I took the cheaper job to let them know at home in this fashion that I was working. As it turned out it was the best thing I could have done.

"Then, because I was fixed, I went to call on some of my father's friends in the theatrical profession. They wanted to know where I had been and what I was doing, because my Dad had been wiring to them, but I wouldn't tell them anything—I just said the town looked pretty easy to me."

After six or seven years with the *World*, Mr. McManus went to the newspaper syndicate where he has been for fifteen years. He told me that he had created two comics with the *World*, "Let George Do It," and "The Newlyweds." For the latter he took his wife as model. When he joined his present organization, he wanted something new, and originated "Bringing Up Father." He said that "Father" was his favorite character, the type he knew most about, and that he was really a living person to him.

"Where do you get your ideas?" I asked.

"Everywhere," he answered, "but it's difficult because there are so many things you can't use. For instance, I can't have too much New York stuff—nothing that includes a New York apartment or a janitor. They're not understood outside of this city. I must find general ideas that will have a universal appeal, because, "Bringing Up Father" is circulated through the whole world. I can't use any local material of any particular town, for if I drew one town I'd have to draw them all. And then no seasons are allowed, for it's summer in some places and winter in others. The comics come out simultaneously, and have to be made eight or nine weeks in advance. You can't use anything that's timely. Of course you get tired of it, like everything you do for a living, but when you get an idea you like—one that you want to put over—your pen will be ahead of you. Other days it's just labor—you can't get anywhere.


親爺教育
第一輯
ジグスとマギー
ジョージマクマナス
朝日新聞社發版

This is the frontispiece of the Japanese edition of "Bringing up Father." When the picture first appeared in the Orient there was much anxiety over "Jigg's" hunger for corned beef and cabbage—a dish unknown to the natives. After deliberation they substituted rice in the translated captions.

Mr. McManus went on to say that his endeavor was to make his drawings clear and attractive to the eye and to get a laugh. "Wilton Lackaye once said to me," he remarked, "'You have to make 365 laughs a year—one every day. Even if you get them every other day, that's 182½ laughs. There isn't a show on Broadway that has that many—sometimes, not more than fifty.'"

He said that producing the comic was a good deal like writing a story, illustrating it, and then turning it into a play. He pays particular attention to the detail of his work, and has been known to tear up a whole strip of pictures showing "Jiggs" and his pal, "Dinty Moore," in the Hawaiian Islands. He was dissatisfied with the way he had done the native costumes or the foliage of the palm trees. He has books full of sketches of places he has visited.

"What do you do when you are not working?" I asked.

"Think about it," he laughed. "One of the terrible things about this business is that you never get through with it. When I can't sleep, I feel that I must not waste the time, so I get up and work. And there are days, when I just sit and think without getting anything done. I go home with it still on my mind. Then somebody drops in whose day finishes at five, and he looks at me and says, 'Pretty easy!' Apparently you're not supposed to think, but I'm doing the hardest work when I appear to be enjoying myself. Ideas are as insubstantial as thin air, but they are the core and soul of cartooning."

I wanted to know whether he had any unusual habits of work, for the place was in immaculate order, uncluttered—the drawing board, the tray full of pens, pencils and bottles of ink, and the desk at one side. A few of Mr. McManus's cover designs, framed, hung on the wall.

"No," he replied, "everything is so commercialized now that you don't have time to be eccentric or work in any weird way."

I asked if he received many letters, and he replied that the people who wrote in were usually out of work. He had had only one knock. An Irishman took umbrage at a cartoon showing "Dinty Moore" behind bars in the penitentiary, saying, "Hello, Jiggs." This irate individual wrote at length, calling Mr. McManus down, and reciting all the great Moores of Ireland, and ended by saying that there were more McManuses in the penitentiary than there were Moores.

"Have you any aspirations?"

"No," he answered at once. "My wife says I should have, but I think if I had it would be to loaf, and my idea would be to demonstrate how comfortable a lounge in a show window could be. If they would pay me enough, I think I could enjoy it."

"WHAT are your recreations?" I asked next.

"I like salt bathing," he said, "but I never take any exercise, if I know about it first. In the ocean the waves toss me about, and I get it in spite of myself. I like traveling better than anything. I've been all through Europe and this country. My wife has been around the world; she does a great deal of observing for me. Abroad, I prefer the little villages. Why, in London, standing in front of the Savoy and the Cecil, and in Paris in front of the Grand Hotel, you meet everyone you thought was dead! Even the shop girls seem to have been imported from New York."

"What do you think about your work, do you feel that you are successful?"

"Not according to my wife," he replied. "She would like to see me doing bigger things. She says you can't stand still—you've either got to go forward or go backward."

He went on to give his idea of success—that it depends on the individual—is something within himself. He said, "If a man has made a million in one business and wishes he'd made it in another, he isn't a success to himself. I figure that an artist who may not have any money, but whom people call the most wonderful artist in the world—if he can live on that remark—is a success. Take every actor, even our greatest and most successful comedians, they never consider themselves great actors until they've played a Shakespearean part. It's the same way in the comic field. The comic man never considers himself a great artist until he studies the art of painting. I don't care about my name living after me, I'd rather eat now!"

I spoke of the success of "Bringing Up Father." He said the public decided, and told me some of its latest developments.

The comic has appeared within the last few months in book form in China and Japan, but when it first ran in the newspapers of those countries there was much anxiety over "Jiggs's" hunger for corn beef and cabbage. That dish was unknown to them. After deliberation they substituted rice for it in the translated captions. However, since the earthquake, large consignments of the American delicacy, in cans, have found their way to the Far East, and "Bringing Up Father" is now unchanged in the book.

Four theatrical companies for fourteen years have produced a stage version of the comic in the United States, but last year a Japanese adapter, seeing its enormous popularity in Japan, wrote it into a play on his own initiative, and found his judgment fully justified in the enthusiasm of the audiences.

"Jiggs" has also been welcomed heartily by his own in Dublin, on two counts—his own personality, and for the reason that he is the work of a McManus.

Mr. McManus laughed and said he thought the strip had been published in every language except, perhaps, Eskimo! Then he told the story of the Persian rug.

Six years ago, a fugitive copy of the *China Press of Shanghai* which has printed "Bringing Up Father" for a number of years, reached Teheran, Persia, and fell into the hands of Ahmad Khan, a Persian with an Oxford education. He was interested enough to write immediately to Mr. McManus praising the wit and art of the cartoon, and expressing the hope that they might meet. This was the beginning of a correspondence that ripened into warm friendship. In 1922, they met in Paris, and Mr. McManus gave Ahmad Khan several of his original drawings, among them a cover design in colors. This depicts "Maggie" in court dress ascending a flight of steps leading to the garden of the palace. Two girl pages hold her long, crimson train while "Jiggs" in an old flannel shirt and trousers stands aside in awed amazement.

Two years later, a reproduction of the cover arrived in the shape of a silk rug, six feet long and five wide, as a gift to Mr. McManus. It is hand woven, 990 knots to the square inch, and is a beautiful specimen from looms celebrated for years in weaving the Kazanshaw rugs, famed among collectors. Not the least part of Mr. McManus's appreciation of the gift, was the complete surprise of its arrival. Though the two men had been in constant correspondence during the many months of its making, the giver had never mentioned the rug.

These are a few of Mr. McManus's contacts away from home. But it is in the United States that he first won the wide reputation that makes his tremendous audience turn to his comic strip in order that the day shall begin with a smile.

Mr. McManus was brought up in the atmosphere of the theatre. His father was one of the great managers in the West of his day, and Mr. McManus's voice changes to pride and respect when he speaks of him. It brings him keen pleasure now, to drop into one of the actors' clubs and meet for the first time people who say, "Why, I knew your father well."

THE elder McManus put on plays including the well-known actors, Gus Thomas, Digby Bell, Kyrle Bellew, James O'Neil, Henry Dixie, Julia Marlow, Sothern, Reid and Collier, Adelina Patti (in concert in St. Louis), Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, Della Fox, Lillian Russell, De Wolfe Hopper, and many others.

Mr. McManus took from his pocket a gold match-case which he has carried for years. On one side of it is an inscription to his father from Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau, who built the Metropolitan Opera House, and on the other are four twinkling blue diamonds. The story that goes with it is that those two men presented to the Western producer a gift of value, of which this was a part, for his spirit of good fellowship in taking on tour of the country the French and Italian Opera Company, composed of the two De Reszkes, Emma Eames, Nordica, Sembrich, Melba, and Campanini, and refusing to be reimbursed. He did this as a favor, as his son put it, to demonstrate how the "show should be put on."

George McManus talked frankly about himself, but quite as if it were another person's list of achievements he were discussing rather than his own. It is seldom that you meet any one of so tremendous vogue and so little vanity. He takes his work with a fine seriousness, for all his humorous way in speaking of it. And it is a serious job, to be taken with the kind of thought that does away with things that will leave a bad taste. In his characters "Jiggs" and "Maggie" he delineates widely human impulses—"Jiggs," the victim of his own desires, getting caught by "Maggie," who is a perfect example of outraged sincerity, in her eagerness for their joint advancement.

Mr. McManus believes that a man must give to comic art, whether he feels like it or not, everything he has all the time. He outlined a formula for successful cartooning some time ago. It is work—be humble—observe—learn and—apply.

There is no greater proof of art, in addition to its presentation, than that it shall reach the world in terms that are universal. George McManus has done this with a spirit of good fellowship that has encircled the globe.

Next Month

Fiction features for the July EVERYBODY'S will include several complete short stories of exceptional interest, including:

The Irish Language by Inez Haynes Irwin

The story of a wife who cured her husband of lying. By the author of the story that won the O. Henry memorial award for the best short story of 1924.

When the Red Star Rises by George Worts

A dramatic story of love and adventure in the Burmese jungle.

Staccato by Samuel Merwin

A romance of the footlights that supplies a faithful picture of the young actors' colony in the side streets off Broadway

The Second $100,000 by Achmed Abdullah

Another adventure of Million-Dollar Smith, the young American who makes and loses a series of fortunes.

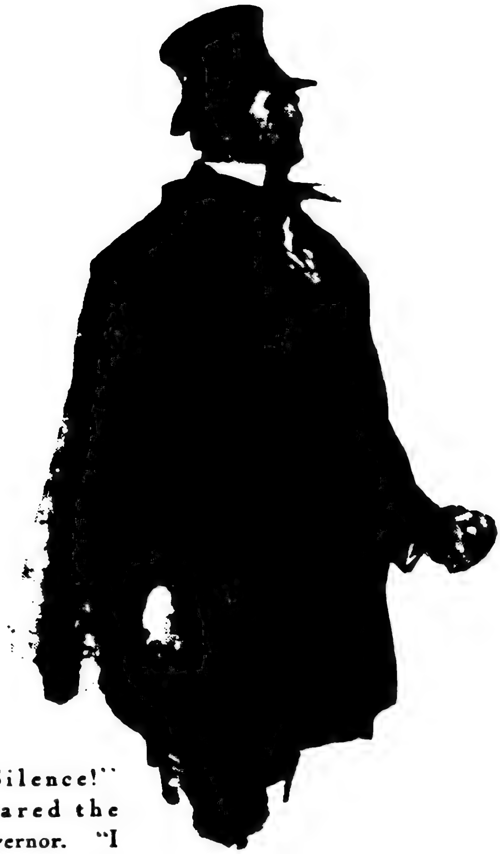
The Old or the New

This new fiction departmental feature will present two memorable stories of patriotism from the literature of the past: "The Man Without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale, and "The Consul," by Richard Harding Davis.

WE MUST MARCH

By Honoré Willsie Morrow

Illustrated by



"Silence!" roared the governor. "I won't wait any longer."

IT WAS late in May, 1836. Winter, at last, had released its hold on Rupert's Land and the Peace River country was open to travel. A wide land of indescribable grandeur and of indescribable loneliness was this early Canada, with only the far-flung posts of the Hudson's Bay Company to give evidence that white men had explored it.

But, widely separated and sparsely manned though they were, these posts controlled the destinies of the Indians who roamed the wilderness; controlled them peacefully and sent to England every year the priceless packs of fur traded by them for goods from the Hudson's Bay Company.

So vast had grown the company's business, so difficult was it made by the isolation of the posts, so complicated and delicate had become the task of handling the men who manned the posts and the Indians who traded with them, so important in the governmental plans of Great Britain had the administration of Rupert's Land grown to be, that only a man of mark could be appointed by the company as governor of Rupert's Land.

Such a man was Governor George Simpson, who, on the last day of May, 1836, was midflight in his annual inspection trip of posts. He had been at Fort Dunregan, on Peace River, for two days, inspecting books and holding court. And having finished late at night, he strode out of the stockade, shortly after dawn, in a perfect fury of impatience.

He was about five feet seven in height and powerfully built, with the sandy complexion and gray eyes of a Scotchman. He was smooth shaven and his chin above the black stock and ruffled shirt, was aggressive and stubborn. He wore a high, gray beaver hat, a blue broadcloth cape and polished riding boots. When he appeared in the open gateway, the two bagpipe players in kilts, who stood beside the bright red canoe began skirling "Bonnie Dundee."

"Silence, fools!" roared the governor. Then as the musicians stopped, abashed, he turned to one of the men who had followed him through the gate. "Don't presume to argue with me longer, James! They were due here the day before yesterday. I must go on without my dispatches. I won't wait any longer!"

"But only two days off schedule, Governor! What do you expect in Rupert's Land?" demanded the tall Scotch factor, in no wise perturbed. "Do you think this is stage-coaching in England?"

"No, sirrah! I think it is wretched express work, over a route I, myself, have covered promptly, to the moment!" shouted Governor Simpson. "You've been with the Hudson's Bay Company for twenty years, James, and—"

"Twenty-one years, Governor," interrupted the factor, "and in that time I've learned the lesson of the wilderness. Patience! Patience!"

"Patience!" snorted the governor, striding toward the canoe. "'Twas the curse of the

A novel of pioneer days in the Great Northwest

J. Scott Williams

Hudson's Bay Company for a hundred years, until the Northwesters showed us a clean pair of heels and threatened to wipe the fur trade out of Rupert's Land. You are an admirable factor, James, but your meals never are served on time, nor— By Gad, what's that?" pointing down the river.

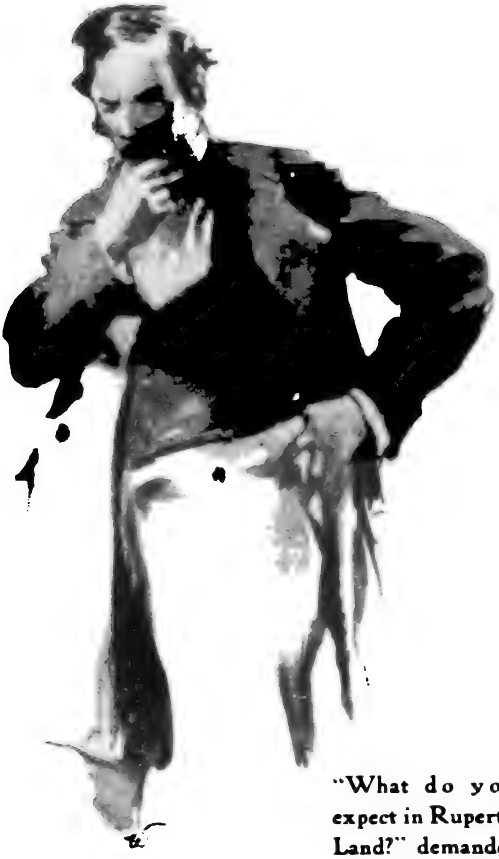
All eyes, as well as all ears, had been concentrated on the governor who was greater than a king in Rupert's Land. At his sudden gesture to the north, musicians, voyageurs, Indians and clerks, all turned to stare over the dancing blue waters of the wide stream. A canoe was approaching, cutting diagonally across the wind which blew taut the flag of England at her stern. There were eight men paddling and the boat traveled toward the settlement with astounding rapidity. And faintly, as the figures of the paddlers became more distinct, the sound of a familiar song reached the shore.

Malbrouck has gone a-fighting,
Mironton, Mironton, Mirontaine,
Malbrouck has gone a-fighting,
But when will he return?

The awe of the governor, which had held the crowd silent, melted into thin air, as with waving caps, they joined in the song. After all, this *was* the Montreal Express, the yearly event of paramount interest in Rupert's Land.

The canoe, a bright scarlet, swept into shallow water. As one man, the paddlers leaped into the stream and ran it lightly to the shore. One of the voyageurs, a tall, grizzled man, in fringed and elaborately beaded deer-skin, strode up to Governor Simpson.

"Deespatch, sar!" he said, pulling out from the breast of his tunic a thin packet wrapped in oilskin.


"What do you expect in Rupert's Land?" demanded the factor.

"Will you return to the office, Governor, and read it away from this hubbub?" asked the factor.

From the moment he had sighted the express, the governor's face had become pale. He took the dispatch with a friendly nod to the French voyageur and turned to the factor.

"Thank you, James," he replied urbanely. "I'll read the letter here, and unless it needs immediate attention, I'll start at once. No need to tarry any longer."

He undid the packet as he spoke. It contained but a single letter. The governor tossed the wrapping to his secretary, a slender young man who stood nearby, obviously keenly amused by the whole scene, tore open the seal and began to read.

The chief factor, with a murmured excuse, turned to speak to the head voyageur, leaving the governor and his secretary alone beside the mooring post. The governor looked up from the letter.

"'Tis from our ambassador to the United States, John," he said in a troubled voice. "There is a new menace. That American missionary, Jason Lee, whom Dr. McLoughlin, in 1834, permitted against my advice to settle in Oregon—you will remember he is established on the Willamette River, south of Fort Vancouver?—that missionary has written a report to the Congress so full of praise of Oregon territory, that the Congress has sent round to the Pacific a naval brig bearing an American named Slacum, who is to investigate Jason Lee's report. The ambassador believes that Slacum is now with Lee."

Young John Leslie's blue eyes snapped. "Slacum must be reached!" he exclaimed.

"But how?" cried the governor, the blood flushing back again to his forehead. "I can make better speed than the express and even I cannot hope to reach Fort Vancouver before August. Heaven only knows what Dr. McLoughlin will do for the man!"

"Dr. McLoughlin is loyal to the company, I'm sure," declared John.

"So am I sure of that! But he is oversure of his own power and that of the Hudson's Bay Company. He condescends too much! I tell you, I'm afraid of these missionaries! And as if Messrs. Lee and Slacum were not menace enough, this letter tells me that four more missionaries are on their way to Oregon, overland, this time. They left New York State in March. By Gad, they shall not settle in Oregon! After the missionary comes the plow, as I've warned McLoughlin, repeatedly. Let them settle elsewhere. There are millions of acres to the south in the Louisiana Purchase, crying for settlement. But no! Nothing will suit these American missionaries but Oregon. And Oregon shall belong to England and the Hudson's Bay Company, as I'm a man!"

THE governor's aggressive lower jaw thrust forward, his clear gray eyes contracted as he stared at his secretary.

"But, sir, Captain Thing, I've heard, has made an excellent record at Fort Hall. He has deflected all overland settlers into California. They say there's a dozen deserted wagons lying about his stockade. He's persuaded every American who has come as far as Fort Hall that it is impossible to take a wagon westward over the five hundred miles between Fort Hall and the Columbia. Certainly you can trust him to turn back these four missionaries."

"If it were trappers, I'd have every confidence in Thing," replied Governor Simpson. "But these are missionaries, Protestant missionaries, and the armies of Her Majesty couldn't stop them once they are persuaded they must save souls." He took a turn or two up and down the sandy shore; then, squaring his great chest, he exclaimed, "I shall turn them back, myself! This business of inspection shall be reduced to a minimum. I will hold no court proceedings until my return trip. Where's James?"

The young secretary hurried after the factor, who was watching the unloading of the express canoe.

"I'm away, James!" cried the governor, shaking hands heartily. "I'll see you on my return trip next spring. Come, John."

For a long half-hour after the music had ceased and the voyageurs had settled to the heavy task of paddling the canoes upstream, Governor Simpson sat in silence, scowling heavily as was his wont when deep in thought. Finally, he turned to young Leslie.

"I'll have out the map, John. We must make our schedule."

The two were seated side by side, on the floor of the canoe. Leslie spread on their knees a parchment map of Rupert's Land, the then little-known territory of Oregon. The governor pointed with a well-cared-for finger.

"We'll not stop but a day at Fort St. John. We must reach the pass in a week's time. God help them at Fort McLeod if they have not our horses ready for us, for I intend to embark on the Columbia River by the first of July."

"You must fear these missionaries very much, sir!"

"I fear what they presage, John. Monique!" he called to the head voyageur, seated high in the prow. "Monique, a shilling extra to every man and two to yourself, for every day cut off the two weeks between here and Fort McLeod. There's a great danger threatening the Company's interests in the Oregon territory, Monique, a danger that I can avert only if I can reach Fort Hall before the first of August."

Monique, his half-breed face saturnine in the brilliant sun, turned and called a long order back to the second canoe. Instantly, the tempo of the paddling in both boats quickened and the governor, sitting tensely, arms folded, eyes dark, gave a grunt of satisfaction.

THE hours in camps, between forts, were cut to the minimum. The speed on the rivers, and over the portages, impossible as it seemed, was doubled. The time allotted to each post inspection was cut in half. Only on one point did Simpson insist on no elimination. None of the pomp or ceremony of his expedition was dropped. He made his elaborate daily toilet. His meals were served in courses and with wine. Before sighting each post, both crews must pause and furbish themselves with their best beaded and fringed clothing. The bands must strike up and, as the seven guns sounded from the post, all must join in singing Simpson's favorite Gaelic song, "Then if you will it, war!"

Thus with pomp and speed, with each day adding curiously to the governor's anxiety, the little brigade swept up the Peace River. It toiled with unbelievable difficulty through the passes of the Rockies, Simpson and his secretary on horseback and the men on foot, laden like pack mules. They rushed upon Fort McLeod demanding horses, and, the business of inspection scantily attended to, were off to the Frazer River.

The examination of the company's books, the punishing of the company's criminals, might well wait. George Simpson knew, better than any man in Rupert's Land, better even than the company's most brilliant chief factor in Oregon territory, Dr. McLoughlin, exactly how great was the threat behind the simple fact that four more missionaries, two of them women, were crossing the Rockies, to the Columbia.

Settlers must not come into the Oregon territory! Settlers would not come, unless they could bring their women folk. And two missionary men with their wives were, at this moment, headed for the Columbia River! No white women ever had crossed the Rockies. Employees of the Hudson's Bay Company, in Oregon country, were married to half-breed women. Even Dr. McLoughlin's wife was a half-breed. These missionaries must not be permitted to demonstrate to the United States that white women could enter the Columbia country and thrive there.

Simpson was no fool. He knew that the movement westward to the Pacific coast was inevitable. But he believed that the tide could be held back until the ignorant and indifferent American government had sold or traded its share in the marvelous Oregon territory to Great Britain. And he had no illusion as to the difficulty of bringing about the delay. For here the English were not dealing with French, nor with Russians, nor with the Hindu. Here it was the men of Great Britain, fighting men of their own blood and their own colonizing traditions; blood and traditions that had produced the greatest colonizers the world had known.

About the time that Governor Simpson was embarking on the Fraser River, there was a mighty stir in a great camp on the banks of the Green River, in what is now eastern Wyoming. It was a curious camp, utterly lacking in the orderliness that prevailed about the Hudson's Bay Company.

The camp was the Rendezvous of the American Fur Trading Company. The crude log hut, which served the company as a store, was surrounded by the tents of perhaps a hundred and fifty traders, French and American. Each trader's tent was his castle in which he lived in embattled existence, guarding his belongings not only from the Indians but from other trappers and traders. Scattered at intervals along the banks of the river were the camps of different Indians, Nez Percés, Flatheads, Snakes, each with a carefully maintained guard against other tribes and against the predatory Americans; the "Bostons" as they were called to differentiate them from the English and Scotch.

There was plenty of whisky in the Rendezvous. Most of the traders and trappers were temporarily married to Indian squaws. There was much wild sport, gun play and horse racing, and an infinite deal of bickering and fighting. Above the camp lay the exquisite blue of the western sky. In every direction about the wide valley wherein the Fur Company grazed its tired pack horses, stretched the vivid orange and red of cañon and butte and the threatening peaks of the Rockies.

It was into this camp that there rode on the fifteenth of July, with a convoy of fur traders, the four missionaries, with their secular agent.

It was late in the afternoon when they reached the Rendezvous and began to make their camp at some distance from the trading store. The three men of the party were given only casual scrutiny by the men and squaws, lounging about their tents. But when, out of the covered wagon which had been jerked into camp by a pair of tired mules, there emerged the two missionary wives, a sudden shout swept up and down the river bank.

"White women, by God! White!"

There was a rush for the newcomer's camp. Battered hats and fur caps were pulled from heads to which the gesture had become a forgotten thing, and a man cried:

"Welcome, ladies! You're the first white women in this part of the world."

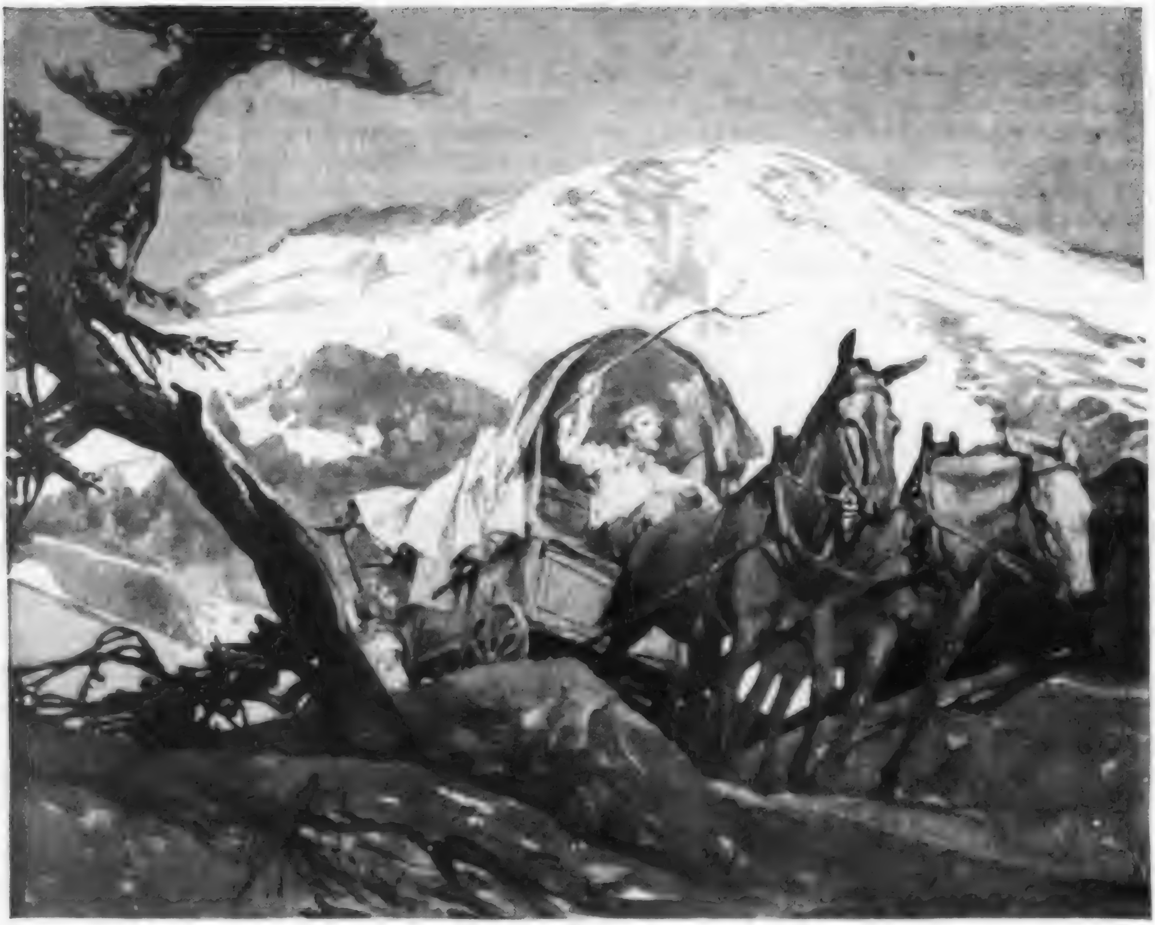
"The first white women I've seen in twenty-seven years!" cried another voice. "Shake hands with us!

Men came from every direction to see them.

Each of the women, standing beside the wagon, was an interesting contrast to the other. The taller one was Narcissa Prentiss Whitman, daughter of Judge Stephen Prentiss, of Angelica, New York. She was about twenty-eight years of age, tall and of noble proportions and bearing. Her eyes were light blue and her features very regular, almost Greek, in their chiseled purity of outline. She was wearing a dark blue riding habit. The waist fitted her beautiful torso without a wrinkle and the skirt, flowing in the gracious lines of the fashion of that day, added a certain majesty to her tall figure that almost dwarfed the woman standing beside her.

This woman was Eliza Spalding, the daughter of a farmer in Herkimer County, New York. She was a frail, dark person, with blunt heavy features of so plain a cast that even the deep kindliness expressed in eye and lip could not lessen the impression of homeliness she made. She wore a riding habit, badly made, of gray wool and a sunbonnet pushed back from her dark hair.

As the two women stood smiling, Dr. Marcus Whitman, laughing heartily, came to their rescue and introduced them, with a broad gesture of his sunburned hand. Whitman was a physician, a native of Rushville, New York,



Slowly they crossed what is now Wyoming, through South Pass down until they emerged from the

about thirty-five years of age, tall and compactly built. He wore a ragged, deerskin coat and trousers and frayed leather riding boots. He was smooth shaven, his hair a light brown, his eyes blue and extraordinarily clear and keen. His face was of the New England type; thin, with rather high cheek bones, a long clean jaw line and a broad forehead that thrust well forward over his eyes. His lips were thin, but mobile, with sensitive corners, and a straight thin nose.

"This is my wife, gentlemen," he cried, "and this is Mrs. Spalding, wife of my fellow worker, the Reverend Henry Spalding. There he is yonder, with William Gray, our secular agent. Come here, Henry, and make your manners to the crowd!"

Henry Spalding came forward slowly. He was about the doctor's age, clad in somber black, a thin, stoop-shouldered man, with a bald head and a skin prematurely wrinkled. He bowed solemnly, while William Gray, the jovial, blue-eyed young man beside him, cried with a grin that showed every white tooth:

"Sorry I haven't a wife also, to present to you gentlemen!"

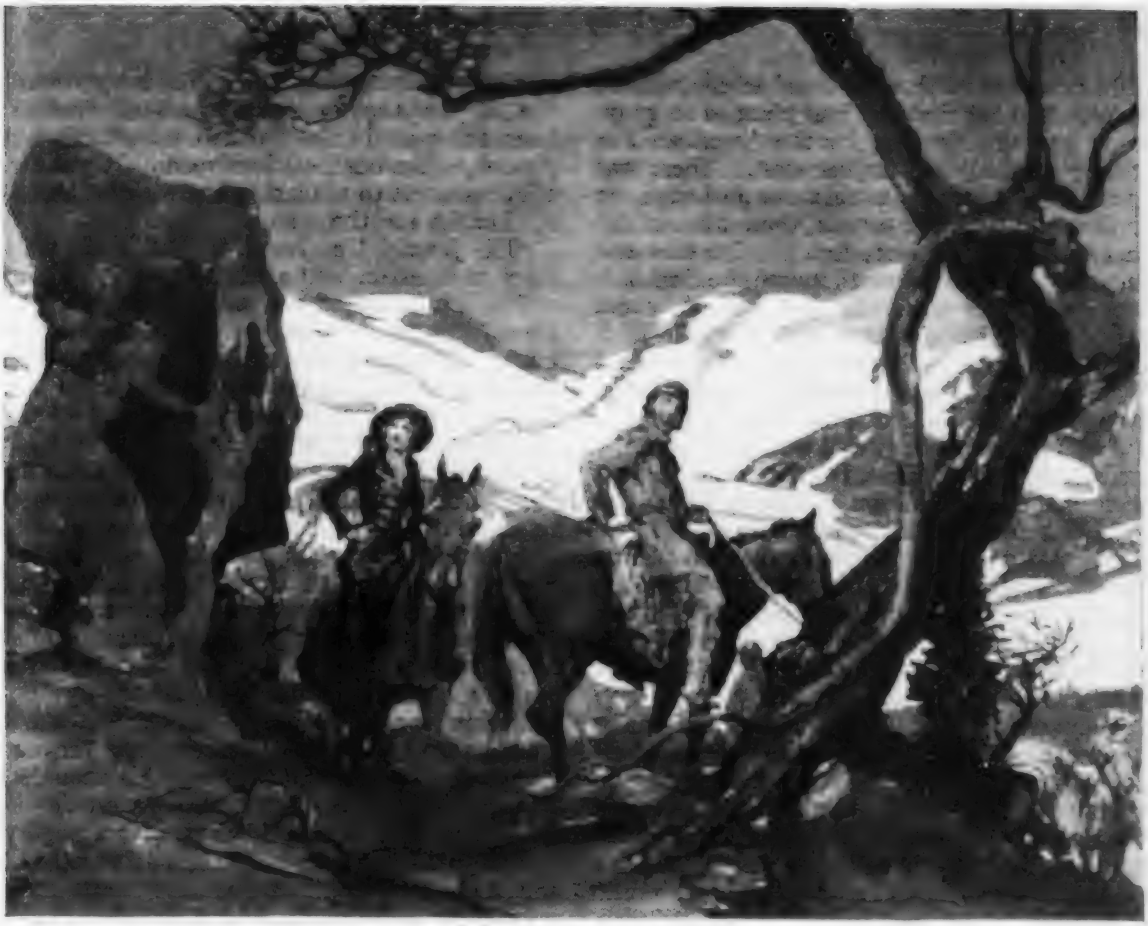
The introductions began a long evening's ordeal for the two women. The rough trappers were hungry for a word with these two beings who brought back to them all of the gentleness and sweetness they ever had known. The Indians, braves and women alike, were devoured by curiosity and the missionaries had finally to set a laughing guard about the camp fire, before which Mrs. Whitman and Mrs. Spalding sat. The Indians then turned from their contemplation of the white women to a minute examination of the wagon. Few of them ever had seen one before and this "horse canoe" as they called it, was as remarkable to them as was Mrs. Whitman's white skin and golden hair.

The errand which had brought the two women to the Rockies was discussed vociferously about the campfire. The consensus of opinion was that they could not get beyond Fort Hall.

"The honorable Hudson's Bay Company ain't encouraging any Americans to trade on the Columbia," declared an old trapper who lacked an eye. "And as for letting white women through—why, white women means homes and farms! You'll never pass Fort Hall."

"Oh, yes, we shall!" Dr. Whitman, standing beside the fire, spoke grimly. "The ladies and the wagon are going to the Columbia."

A great burst of laughter rose. Then the one-eyed trapper spoke again. "We're for getting



into unspeakable canyons, over mountains that scratched the heavens, fastnesses of a barren range.

the ladies across the mountain, but, man, you just can't get the wagon over! There ain't any trails and the route you've come is baby play compared with what's before you."

Dr. Whitman looked at his watch and yawned. "Bed time, friends! Seems that I'll need all my strength in the next month! You see," he added, as his audience stared at him, "I've been argued with about that wagon ever since we left Fort Laramie. I've heard every argument that can be conceived, mostly about the horrors of what I'll find beyond Fort Hall. Now I want to tell you men that at times, since we left Fort Laramie, I've almost carried that wagon on my back, and by the Eternal, if it's necessary after we pass Fort Hall, I'll carry the mules and the wagon, too!"

Cheers mingled with the laughter that greeted this sally and the crowd stared from the doctor to the lone wagon, on which the firelight rose and fell. Its canvas top was green with mildew and yellow with dust and forlorn with rents and patches.

"I'm not boasting about it as a thing of beauty!" exclaimed Dr. Whitman. "But if it will accomplish the task I've set it, I can do without looks. It's going to prove to the world that, right now, wagons with women folks and household furniture can go through to the Columbia."

"Can't be done, Doctor!" insisted several voices.

"That's what I keep telling him," cried Henry Spalding. "That wagon is a terrible nuisance. He's no right to hold us all back just to satisfy a foolish whim."

Narcissa Whitman rose and took her husband's arm. "I suppose I ought to be thankful we've not two wagons," she said with a little laugh. "Perhaps it is foolish of him, but I want to tell you all that he's been wonderful about that terrible old wagon, wonderful! So patient, so unwearying! I'm proud of him!" She looked into the doctor's face with an expression so loyal that one of the trappers exclaimed.

"Lord, Doctor, but you are lucky!"

The trapper took a huge bite of tobacco. "What I got to say, Doc, is that your wife must be terrible romantic, a lady like her to marry a rough-and-ready chap like you!"

Dr. Whitman patted Narcissa's beautiful hand as it lay on his coat sleeve and burst into a great peal of laughter.

The following day was spent in resting the saddle and pack horses, the mules and the eight or ten cows that belonged to the mission outfit. The missionaries had planned to go on alone into the Rockies, for the American Fur convoy would go no farther west. There was considerable danger in this, for although no Indians were on the warpath, there was not the friendly relationship between the Bostons and the Indians that there was between the Hudson's Bay employees and the Indians. A small party, some of whom were women, would be a great temptation to marauding braves. And for murder or robbery of Bostons there was no avenging Dr. McLoughlin or Captain Thing.

The Whitman party was unabashed by the recital of all these facts, but Dr. Whitman, as leader of the expedition anxiously examined with William Gray the meager supply of firearms carried in the Conestoga wagon. They were busy at this when two men rode into the camp and introduced themselves as Thomas McKay and John McLeod, factors of the Hudson's Bay Company, on business with the American Fur Traders.

They were bearded Scotchmen, extremely courteous of manner, who invited the missionaries to join their small convoy leaving on the morrow for Fort Hall. Marcus accepted with alacrity, a little puzzled, it is true, by the unexpected gesture, but none the less grateful.

While the two factors stood chatting with his wife, the doctor turned to William Gray.

"That don't seem to agree with what every one's been telling us," he said.

Young Gray stared with bright blue eyes at the Scotchmen. "I fear the Greeks, bearing gifts," he said. "We'll put it to the attractiveness of Mrs. Whitman, however. I suppose they've got half-breed wives, too. Lord, their stomachs must be strong."

The march began early the next morning and pushed steadily onward into the fastnesses of the Rockies. The Hudson's Bay people were in no hurry and, had it not been for the exhausting demands of the wagon, which increased day by day as they neared Fort Hall, Marcus could have enjoyed the leisurely journey as much as Narcissa did. Slowly they crossed what is now Wyoming, through South Pass, down into unspeakable canyons, over mountains that scratched the heavens, until, on an afternoon of late July, they emerged from the fastnesses of a barren range in what is now eastern Idaho and saw before them the valley of the Port Neuf River. A wonderful river, it seemed to them, with its border of cottonwood timber making an unbelievable contrast to the burning ranges and plateaus that hemmed the valley all about. The gleaming white walls at Fort Hall lay across the river to the northwest.

The main body of the pack train forded with the usual commotion; the shrill protests of horses and cattle, the barking of dogs, the cursing of men. It was not until the train was a slender spiral moving along the valley toward the fort that the last man of the outfit emerged from the pass in the western mountains and paused on the bank of the stream. It was Dr. Whitman, left to struggle alone with his emaciated mules and the wagon.

"Hi, Jennie! Up, Jewel!" The black whip cracked over the bony necks.

The mules kicked viciously at the whippletrees and lunged violently over the edge of the bank. The wagon immediately skidded into their heels. The mules squealed, kicked and fought to the left to avoid the thrust of the Conestoga, but Dr. Whitman, leaning far back under the canvas to maintain his balance on the steep incline, held them firmly with the rope reins, and mules and wagon lunged heavily downward, the wagon twisting and turning, now shoving against the mules, now turned half around, dragging the mules off their feet; now stalling against a giant boulder, while the mules hung by the dilapidated harness over the rushing stream. One of these hang-ups occurred perhaps fifty feet above the water and the doctor was obliged to descend from the seat and, with the reins caught over his shoulder, pry the front wheels free from the crevice in which they had lodged. When, with a mighty heave of his great back, he had accomplished this, he made a spring for the wagon seat. But he was not quite quick enough, for the wagon, the instant it was freed, skidded violently downward, carrying with it the kicking, biting mules and the man, dragging by the reins over his shoulders. They landed in an indiscriminate heap in the roaring stream.

FORTUNATELY the water was not above three feet deep. Dr. Whitman struggled to his feet, his face bruised and bleeding, and rushed to disentangle the mules from the harness and from the wagon top which they were rapidly demolishing. This accomplished, he righted the wagon which was lying on its side, rescued a small trunk that had slid out into the water, reharnessed the mules, climbed again into the wagon seat and called above the roar of the current:

"Hi, Jennie! Get up, Jewel!"

The mules began a mad scramble across the rocky river-bed. The current was strong and though it could not carry them off their feet, it deflected them downstream and brought them across at a point where gravel gave way to mud. Here, in six inches of water, the wagon sank to the hubs and the mules to their bellies.

The sun was setting. The bank of the river, on this side not over fifty feet high, threw the floundering team into deep shadow. But the cottonwoods above were silhouetted against pure gold. Silhouetted, too, in gold, suddenly appeared the figure of a woman on horseback who stared down silently for a moment on Dr. Whitman, who had tossed blankets out from the wagon and was crawling slowly toward a bed of dried rushes. It was Narcissa. She waited until he had thrown a dozen armloads of reeds in front of the trembling mules before she called:

"Marcus! Shall I go back for help?"

The doctor, crouching on the sodden blankets, looked up. Narcissa, outlined against the sky, might have posed for a goddess, with her blonde hair, her fine shoulders, her splendid, lilting voice. Quickly she made her way down to him.

"You must be half dead, Marcus! Will you rest while I go back for Miles Goodyear or an Indian?"

Marcus shook his head. "You couldn't get any one, Narcissa. I've worn my welcome out with this wagon."

"Oh, leave the miserable thing, dear!" exclaimed Narcissa. "It's killing you and it's 'estranging you from all the others."

Marcus shook his head and proceeded to throw another armload of rushes on the path he was making between the mules and the solid ground ten feet beyond. Narcissa slid from her horse and, leaving him nibbling at cottonwood leaves, made her way down the bank.

"IF YOU'LL toss me the reins," she said, "I can tug at the mules to better advantage than you."

Marcus followed her suggestion, then set his shoulder to the rear of the wagon. There followed a long half-hour of breathless endeavor, during which Narcissa tugged and called while the pitiful dumb brutes trembled and fought for foothold, and Marcus lifted until blood gushed from his congested fingertips. But at last, just as dusk crept under the bank, mules and wagon drew free of the dragging mud and Marcus pulled the dripping blankets to dry ground and threw himself panting beside the recumbent team.

"Marcus Whitman!" exclaimed Narcissa, "another month of this will kill you!"

Marcus wiped his dripping face on his deerskin sleeve. He did not seem to find an adequate return for his wife's comment, for he said after a moment, "Where's the camp tonight?"

"Just outside the fort. The factor, Captain Thing, has asked us missionaries in for supper. I came back to tell you that. Marcus, leave the wagon and the mules under the cottonwoods here, tonight. You can easily get them in the morning. The road is so soft up to the fort that the going will be too much for them, tired as they are now. I brought your horse back with me."

The red gleam of a dozen fires marked the site of the camp. As the two rode closer, a single tent became visible in the murky light and it was before this that they dismounted.

"I suppose the others have gone into the fort," said Narcissa. "You'll find your other tunic in your bed roll, Marcus. I'll get you a pail of water while you take off that mess. You are nothing unusual as a physician, Marcus"—she chuckled as the firelight disclosed the disheveled condition of her husband—"but you'd make a wonderful chimney sweep! Do hurry, dear!"

"Whew!" ejaculated Marcus, "I feel ready for food. I wonder what we'll have. Hope the others will leave a bite for us."

The others had had no opportunity to do otherwise, for Captain Thing, with English punctiliousness, did not order the meal served until the Whitmans appeared in the doorway. Then he nodded to the cook, and came forward to greet the last arrivals with a manner that belonged to London and not to this crude and tiny fastness of the wilderness.

"Mrs. Whitman, I am John Thing, the factor here. And Dr. Whitman! I am glad you've not been injured, as Mr. Spalding feared you might be. We'll sit down to dinner at once."

He bowed them to the crude bare table, with its single candle competing with the stars that glimmered through a wide opening in the roof. Chairs of split logs covered with buffalo skins, a fireplace in which cottonwood blazed, a medley of saddles and riding boots in dusky corners, filled a room devoid of comfort, yet to the missionaries it seemed almost luxurious after their terrible journey from the States.

The dinner, served on wooden plates and in tin cups, was a treat to the people who had lived for weeks on only dried buffalo meat. It consisted of turnips and buffalo stew, bread fried in buffalo fat, with "trapper's butter," the marrow drawn from buffalo bones, and tea.

"We were very grateful for the privilege of traveling with a Hudson's Bay Convoy," said Narcissa, when the bustle of serving the meal had subsided. "Are the Indians here seriously hostile to Americans?"

"They are to many of the men of the American Fur Trading Company," replied Captain Thing.

"How do you account for that?" asked young Gray.

"They have no clean cut, sane policy for handling the Indians," replied the factor. "The Hudson's Bay Company has."

"And what is that policy?" demanded Henry Spalding, abruptly. "If it's not unchristian in its tenets, we may want to use it."

CAPTAIN THING raised his blond eyebrows. "It's not possible that you've come to live among the Indians without a settled *modus vivendi!*"

"We have one. It's found in the teachings of Christ," declared Marcus.

The Englishman shook his head. "It won't work!" Then, with a little smile at the shocked faces of his guests, he went on, "You see the Hudson's Bay Company has had to operate without an army, in a huge territory. So it has been necessary for the company's servants to possess certain qualities. One thing all Indians fear is fearlessness. So a factor or trader must have iron nerve. He must accompany justice with sternness. For example: it's the universal custom among Indians to demand a life for a life. You must make the same demand of them. Blood pays for blood. Sometimes a factor or a clerk will enter an Indian camp alone, shoot a known murderer and walk away while respect holds the Indians from protest. White man's justice, thus administered, is as powerful as superstition among the Indians."

"How horrible!" exclaimed Mrs. Spalding.

"I know!" agreed Captain Thing. "But you must realize that you are going to live among people utterly devoid of our ideas of decent conduct. Their idea of sportsmanship begins and ends with providing a scalplock on their own heads for the enemies' hand hold! I tell you that if you go among them with the 'turn the other cheek' policy, instead of 'an eye for an eye' you will sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. I very much fear—" Captain Thing stopped short, then looked at the two women, before saying tersely to the doctor, "You are a fool to take women into such a situation."

"The Lord is our fortress!" said Eliza Spalding.

"The Lord protects those who protect themselves," retorted Captain Thing, sharply.

"If we settle near one of the Hudson's Bay posts, I don't see what we have to fear," declared young Gray, coolly. "Your policy with the Indians should protect us. But what about the policy you don't mention? Haven't you had orders from headquarters to keep Americans out of the Columbia River country? Don't you turn them back or south from here, by telling them the mountains west of here are impassable?"

"It is impassable for settlers," said Thing. "My suggestion is that you settle near the Green River Rendezvous."

Marcus shook his head. "No, it was the Flathead Indians who sent delegates to St. Louis two years ago, asking for Christian teachers and to the Flathead country we are going."

"There is only the merest apology for a trail," said Captain Thing. "You'll never get your wagon through."

"I'll have a try at it," returned Marcus, dryly.

"There's no heading him off, Captain!" ejaculated Henry Spalding, bitterly. "That wagon is more important to him than his friends."

The clergyman was entirely out of patience. The trip, in fact, was getting on his nerves. He was an excellent preacher, but he was no pioneer and the wagon had become the last straw in the many discomforts of the endless journey. Ever since leaving Liberty Landing, in what is now Missouri, the unfortunate vehicle had held them back. It had become the *bête noir* on which Spalding vented the spleen accruing from all his weariness and suffering during the trip.

Dr. Whitman laughed. "How familiar it all sounds! We've certainly worn our welcome out, old lady Conestoga and I. Even Miles Goodyear went back on me today, the last prop I had to lean on! But we came through, the wagon and I."

"Miles has reached the parting of the ways!" Narcissa smiled. "He says if the wagon goes on, he stays at Fort Hall."

"And who is this possible guest of mine?" asked the factor.

"A youngster who joined us near Fort Leavenworth," replied Narcissa. "A runaway of sixteen. He earned his way by helping the doctor with his wagon. But it's killing work and he's little more than a child. If he does refuse to go on with us, Captain, I wish you would look out for him."

"I'd like to see him, before I make any promises," said the factor. "A boy of that age could be very useful here but only if he is of the sort who will lend himself to discipline."

"Let's have him in now!" exclaimed young Gray. Then, in answer to the inquiring looks of the rest of the party: "The wagon has got on Spalding's nerves, but it's Miles who's got on mine. He's harder to feed and care for than all our outfit, including the mules!"

Captain Thing laughed heartily and sent a servant to search for Miles Goodyear. Shortly there appeared in the doorway a boy who nodded at Narcissa. He was thin, tall, towheaded and burned to a brilliant red. He wore a tattered straw hat, a ragged fustian coat and buckskin trousers. Hanging from his shoulders were an old flint lock and a powder horn. He stood mutely staring at the company around the table.

"Captain Thing, this is Miles Goodyear," said Narcissa.

"Come in, Miles," the factor nodded, pleasantly.

Miles came in slowly, not at all bashfully, but warily, as if he feared a trap set by these grown people.

"You deserted me today, Miles!" cried Dr. Whitman.

Miles snorted. "Where'd you leave that damned old wagon, Doctor?"

"No swearing, Miles!" said Marcus. "The wagon is down on the river bank. You and I'll have to be up before dawn tomorrow, so as to join the others, when they start."

"I'll be everlastingly—" began the boy indignantly.

"Wait a moment, Miles!" It was Narcissa who interrupted.

Silhouetted in gold suddenly appeared the figure of a woman. "Marcus," she called, "shall I go back for help?"

"I can't help it, Mrs. Whitman!" Miles turned his blue eyes toward hers which gleamed like crystal in the candlelight. "That wagon has just ruined the trip for me. I ain't had a chance to track Indians or hunt buffalo or anything. Just that wagon—bump, bump, creak, creak! Now it's stuck in the quicksand; now it's twisting in a whirlpool; now it's breaking its dirty neck down a canyon; now it's turned on its back; now it's riding the mules; now the mules are riding it. And always the doctor stands by the rotten thing as if—as if it was his woman. It ain't fair to put it all on you and me!" cried the boy. "Let some of the others take their turn. Like old Spalding. He don't earn his salt. He's worn two leather seats on his pants out, just sitting, since we left the States. No, sir! I'm through."

"You are an impudent hound and if I were your father I'd thrash you," declared Spalding, his face purple and his brown eyes snapping.

"My father tried that once too often!" boasted the boy.

"If you took a position with the Hudson's Bay Company, you'd have to take a thrashing when you deserved it," said Captain Thing, suddenly. "If you are looking for a place where youngsters receive no discipline, you'd better join the American Fur Trading Company."

Miles took an eager step toward the British factor. "But don't you see, sir, I don't mind being trained—broke in for some real job. My father was always licking me when he was mad, just to ease his own temper. If you let me work here, I'll show you I can take training as well as the next one."

"They will make an Englishman of you, Miles," said Marcus.

"No, they won't!" exclaimed the boy. "But they'll make a rich man of me. If you get to be a chief trader and then a factor with the Hudson's Bay Company, they give you a share in the business. The American Fur Company! Say, you all saw what a riot they kept going at the Rendezvous! The British haven't had this fort but a little while but I've seen more bossing and business since sunset than I've seen all the time in the American Fur camp! Gosh!" Miles shifted from one bare foot to the other and gazed appealingly at Captain Thing.

THAT gentleman obviously was warmed by the youngster's admiration. "I think we might begin thrashing you into shape for the company tomorrow," he said.

"Whoop! I'm hired!" shouted the boy, grinning broadly at the doctor.

"He ought to go home!" said Narcissa. "His poor mother!"

"We're well rid of him!" ejaculated Spalding. "Now, how about the everlasting wagon, Doctor?"

"Oh! The wagon!" The doctor spoke as though an entirely new topic were being introduced. "You mean the 'horse canoe'?"

"Is there any other wagon within five hundred or a thousand miles?" demanded the clergyman.

"Well," said Marcus, ignoring Spalding's question, "with all due respect to the captain and his hospitality and his opinion, I shall take Jennie and Jewel and old lady Conestoga westward with me when we leave tomorrow."

Captain Thing leaned toward Marcus, his eyes like blue steel. "Do you mean to tell me, Dr. Whitman, that you are deliberately taking your wife to live where the most horrible fate for a woman inevitably awaits her?"

"You exaggerate the danger, Captain," returned Marcus, grimly.

"If you'll pardon me, for speaking frankly"—Narcissa thrust her plate from her and clasped her beautiful hands on the table—"while we are grateful for your solicitude, we can't help feeling that you are not a little influenced by your desire to keep Americans out of this country."

Captain Thing tossed a lock of hair out of his eyes and ran his finger round the high stock at his neck. "I want very much to keep settlers out of this country, it is true," he said. "But," and his voice carried entire conviction with it, "I am speaking truth, without bias, when I tell you that while Mrs. Spalding, with her dark complexion and hair, may possibly escape the hands of the Indians, Mrs. Whitman, with her blond skin and braids, cannot."

NARCISSA, watching the factor keenly, lifted her head as if she were a soldier called to arms.

"You convince me more than ever that missionary work is needed among these savages."

Captain Thing glared at her as though utterly baffled by the turn she had given to his warnings. Then, exasperated beyond control, he brought his fist down on the table.

"Listen!" His voice rang with authority. "I forbid you to go to the Columbia. You must turn southward from here, to California."

"We were informed," retorted Marcus, "before we left the United States of the conditions here, sir. We are leaving, tomorrow morning, for the Columbia River."

"Why did McLeod and McKay bring us in here, anyhow, if this was to be your attitude?" demanded young Gray.

"Because I told them to bring you on for this interview with me," retorted the factor. "I cannot hold you prisoners, of course, but I certainly can and shall— By Jove!" he interrupted himself by springing to his feet. "Listen to that!"

Faintly through the open door came the sound of intruments that the Americans never before had heard. But Captain Thing knew that they were bagpipes! Bagpipes skirling "Then if you will it, war!"

"Malcolm!" shouted Captain Thing. "Malcolm! Fire seven rounds! It's the governor a month before his time!" He turned to his guests. "Now, then, my friends, we can settle this matter as it should be settled. The governor of Rupert's Land has arrived."

"Who in time is the Governor of Rupert's Land?" muttered young Gray, but his query was lost in the ear-shattering report of the first cannon shot. The factor excused himself and hurried out, followed by Miles Goodyear, who had taken new life.

The wailing of bagpipes was just without, now, and was drowned by huzzas.

A moment later Governor Simpson appeared in the doorway.

As has been said, he was not a tall man, nor a handsome one. Yet as he stood there, his blue broadcloth cape thrown over his shoulder, gray beaver hat in hand, there was that in the lift of his chin and the gleam of his eye that caused the Americans, even young Gray, to come to their feet. John Leslie and Captain Thing followed the governor into the room. "Your Excellency," said Thing, "this is a company of Protestant missionaries who desire to settle on the Columbia." Beginning with Narcissa, he presented each member of the group.

"You must be very tired, sir," said Narcissa. "If Captain Thing will excuse us, we will withdraw and leave you to your rest and supper. We plan an early start and will say good-by."

"Pray don't!" exclaimed Simpson, tossing his cape and hat to Malcolm, and giving Narcissa his peculiarly handsome smile. "Ladies are an enormous novelty to us poor travelers of the wilderness. I dined before sunset and am not at all weary. Just in the mood for a chat before Captain Thing's comfortable fireplace."

Malcolm, while the governor was speaking, was pushing crude chairs, made of logs covered with buffalo skins, before the fire. Narcissa eyed Simpson speculatively. She knew almost nothing about the Hudson's Bay Company. Few Americans did have information regarding the great British corporation. She wished, suddenly, that she understood the rank of the governor of Rupert's Land. That it was something very impressive to Captain Thing was obvious. And if he was a person of exalted position, why did he wish to chat with the humble little mission band? She proposed to discover the reason.

Marcus, with a formal bow, utterly foreign to his customary careless manner, was beginning to make excuses and edge toward the door, the Spaldings and young Gray following, when Narcissa, still standing tall and beautiful beside the table, returned the governor's smile and said:

"If ladies are rare in your life, sir, so are governors rare in ours! Perhaps we might profitably explain ourselves to one another." She moved deliberately across the room and seated herself.

The others hesitated. Henry Spalding scowled impatiently, but Marcus, who had learned in his five months of marriage that Narcissa did nothing heedlessly, took Mrs. Spalding by the arm and seated her beside his wife.

"If explanations are in order," he exclaimed, "I must be here to take the part of old lady Conestoga!"

"Old lady Conestoga?" asked the governor, seating himself where he could watch the fire and candlelight on Narcissa's face. She, he told himself, would be the diplomatist of the group.

"Yes, sir," replied Marcus. "She's a vixen, too! Made lots of trouble coming across the plains, that old prairie schooner! But she's standing just outside the fort."

"You did well, Dr. Whitman!" exclaimed Simpson. "I can imagine your struggles.

"Perhaps you can imagine, too," said Narcissa, in her voice of lovely overtones, "the doctor's feeling when Captain Thing tried to persuade him that it's impossible for him to take the wagon farther. Old lady Conestoga is the very apple of my husband's eye."

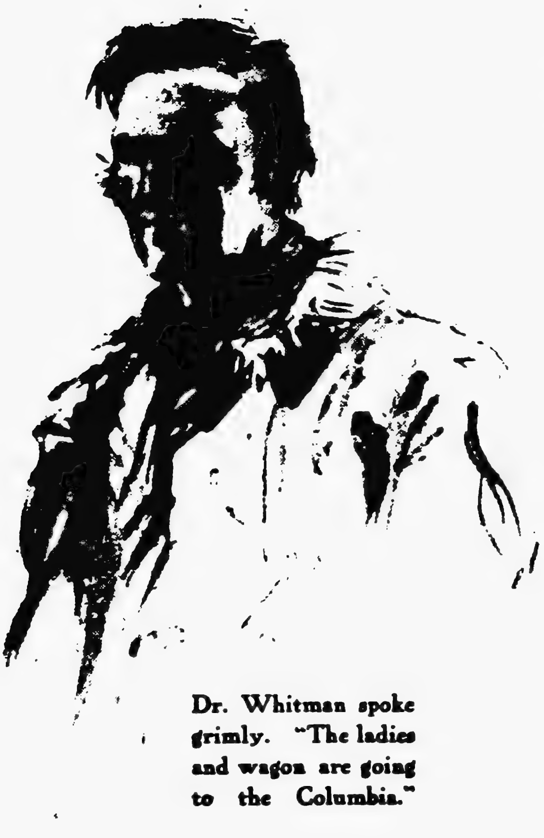
"Is she, indeed?" The governor laughed softly. "And you show no jealousy, Madam?"

"Impatience, perhaps," replied Narcissa, "but not jealousy. And I really am a little ashamed of the impatience, when I apprehend the doctor's dreams."

"The doctor's dreams!" repeated the governor, quietly. "Are they, perchance, not your dreams, too?"

Narcissa looked from Simpson's face, with breeding in its every line, to the doctor's homespun visage, then back to the fire. "My husband's dream of a mission on the Columbia is my dream, certainly." She hesitated and again looked at Simpson appraisingly before she went on calmly. "His dream that, by showing that a wagon can cross the Rockies, he makes it possible for settlers to follow, is less important to me than that of converting savages to Christianity. Nevertheless, I shall use every effort to help him realize that dream."

Simpson observed the throwing of the gauntlet with a certain sensation of relief. He was trembling with weariness after the terrible trip up the Snake River, and his desire for fencing was not keen. He would have put over the conversation until the next day, had not Captain Thing replied to his hurried question in the stockade, by saying that the missionaries were determined to go at dawn. The Spaldings and young Gray, he swept aside as of no moment, as far as making decisions was concerned. The doctor, frank, determined, a bit crude in externals—one fought him, without gloves. But Mrs.



Dr. Whitman spoke grimly. "The ladies and wagon are going to the Columbia."

Whitman! How, he asked himself, was it possible that she could be a missionary, that she could be married to a man like her husband, and how was he to force her into California?

"Perhaps you'd not mind telling me what means you have of support in the wilderness," he asked suddenly. "Do you hope to draw on Hudson's Bay posts for supplies?"

"We are sent out," replied Marcus, "by the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, which already has a thriving mission in the Sandwich Island. We plan, if necessary, to get staples from there. We shall grow our own grain, vegetables and meat."

"And—pardon me for being personal—" said Simpson, "do you feel that Mrs. Whitman will make a success of such a life?"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Henry Spalding, irritably. "Why shouldn't she? She's a big, strong female, who's stood up a good deal better in this ordeal of overland travel than my delicate wife. Yet it's Mrs. Whitman who gets all the sympathy and Mrs. Spalding none. I'm sick of it. Come, Eliza, we're going to bed. We start at dawn."

Mrs. Spalding looked deprecatingly at the governor, who rose and bowed over her hand.

"Madam, I hope, indeed, that you will soon grow strong enough to enjoy the remainder of your journey."

"Oh, my sickness hasn't had anything to do with the trip," returned Mrs. Spalding complacently, "I've got a weak stomach and my food rares up on me. She yielded to the impatient jerk of her husband's hand on her skirt and followed him out the door.

Captain Thing, who, during all this conversation, had remained silent but observant in his place beyond the governor, now said, suddenly:

"If you do go on tomorrow, do you realize that it must be without escort?"

"Yes," replied young Gray, "but that doesn't worry us."

"You have the valor of ignorance," said the governor scornfully. "Madam Whitman, Doctor, Mr. Gray, I will make a suggestion. Come into the Hudson's Bay Company. Establish a school for us at Fort Vancouver. Life at the fort, where Dr. McLoughlin lives in almost regal splendor, will be vastly congenial to Mrs. Whitman. There will be unlimited opportunities to make money, and to win advancement."

Narcissa suddenly laughed. "Every moment, Governor, you advance us in our estimate of our own importance! After all, as we have reminded Captain Thing, this territory is held jointly by our two countries and you can not legally detain or divert us. We are going on, and we are going with the earnest desire not only to convert the savages to Christianity, but to make way for Americans to settle on the Columbia, if we discover it to be a land appropriate for settlement."

"You are aware, are you, Madame, that the Hudson's Bay Company will lose money if this section ceases to be preserved for fur producing purposes? We are a cold-blooded corporation and we shall do all in our power to keep settlers away from the Columbia."

"Just how far does your power extend?" asked Narcissa quietly.

"That, Madam Whitman, remains to be seen," replied the governor. "As a test, I make a suggestion. Tomorrow, turn southwest instead of northwest and establish your mission among the Indians of California."

"But we have been directed by the American Board," said Marcus impatiently, "to work among the Indians of Oregon, whither we are going. Captain Thing, I would like to purchase four horses from you and a month's supply of flour, sugar and tea."

It was Governor Simpson who replied. "I'm sorry, Dr. Whitman, but unless you agree to turn south to California, the Hudson's Bay Company can not sell you anything."

THE doctor flushed angrily. "After this evening's conversation I'm not surprised."

"I am astonished," went on Governor Simpson blandly, "that a well-established institution like the American Board of Commissioners should send an ill equipped expedition to set itself against the Hudson's Bay Company."

"But the American Board," returned Narcissa, "sent us out for the sole purpose of doing missionary work among the Indians. It did not dream but what you would be glad to receive us."

"Pray do not misunderstand me!" said the governor hastily. "To receive you, socially, Madame Whitman,I would consider a privilege. But the American Board has sent you to us to undermine us."

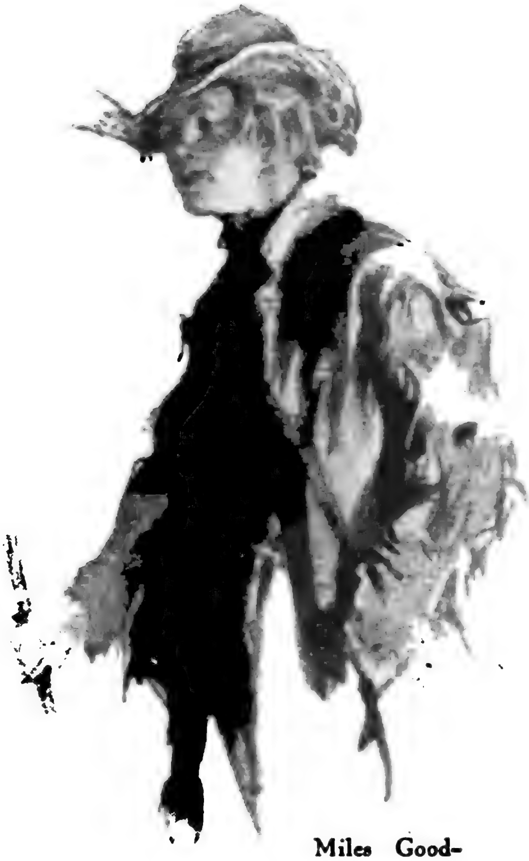
"Nothing of the sort!" growled the doctor. "This idea of the wagon and all it signifies is mine and my wife's. The board has nothing to do with it. We are sincere missionaries, but we are Americans, before we are missionaries."

Narcissa rose. "Well, Marcus, since we are to travel without food supplies, it behooves us to get to sleep early and conserve our strength."

To the surprise of Captain Thing and John Leslie, Governor Simpson made no objection to their departure. But when he had finished bowing Narcissa out the door, he said abruptly to Thing.

"What are their supplies?"

"Practically nothing, sir. They lived on jerked buffalo meat and tea all the way from the Rendezvous."



Miles Goodyear came in slowly, as if he feared a trap.

"And their horses?"

"In frightful condition, sir," replied the captain.

Governor Simpson dropped wearily into his chair and for a long time stared at the fire. Finally, he looked up to say, with apparent irrelevance, "That's a beautiful woman, and a fine one too." He sighed, then went on. "She may have influence enough over the other two missionaries, particularly over the man, Spalding, who's obviously in love with her and consumed with jealousy of her, to get them to start off without supplies. So even their scarecrow horses must be lost for a day or so. It's a scurvy trick, I know, but—I must have time to work on her."

Young John Leslie spoke for the first time. "Dr. and Mrs. Whitman are not the sort of people one can intimidate. Mrs. Whitman will enjoy a war of wits and the doctor is a bulldog for tenacity. They are not my idea of missionaries. The Spaldings are the accepted type. What sort of a doctor is Whitman, Captain Thing?"

"He's an accredited physician. Left a good practice, I understand, for this missionary work," replied the captain.

"Well, we have them safely delayed for a day or so, at any rate," sighed the governor. "I'd like to retire, Thing, and give a night's sleep to the problem."

At dawn, the following morning, Marcus squatted before a little fire of buffalo chips, watching with an air of comic dismay the unsavory balls of flour and water which he was frying in buffalo tallow. Narcissa, setting out battered tin plates and cups on an oilcloth which she had spread near the fire, caught his expression and laughed softly.

"Has Miles brought the cows up yet, so's I can milk?" demanded Spalding. "Or is he already working for Captain Thing?"

"He started after the herd, both horses and cows, a half hour ago," said Narcissa. "He should be here any minute now, especially as breakfast is ready!"

And certainly Miles's nose made a punctual timepiece, for at that moment he raced into camp. "Breakfast ready?" he cried. "Say, I can't find one of our beasts, hair, hoof or hide. The Indians sure have drove them off."

"Indians?" Narcissa and Marcus stared at each other, consternation in their eyes.

"Could you get no trace of them, Miles?" asked the doctor. "Who attended to hobbling them, last night?"

"I did," answered Spalding. "They would not have wandered by themselves, for I left them in a patch of grass down by the river that they went for ravenously, and there was more than enough to keep them busy all night."

"This will bear looking into," murmured Marcus. "Miles, when you've finished your breakfast, borrow a horse and scour the valley. I'm going into the fort to make inquiries."

BUT inquiries were futile. The employees of the Hudson's Bay Company were polite but astoundingly ignorant. Baffled in the fort, Marcus went off to call on the Indian encampment, a few hundred feet beyond the stockade. But the Indians knew nothing nor did they have horses to sell to the Bostons. Marcus, greatly discomfited, started off to the north to search the valley.

In the meantime, Spalding, having joined Miles and Gray in the search and Mrs. Spalding being asleep in the tent, Narcissa seated herself on a great rock that overlooked the valley and gave herself to thought. And it was here that Governor Simpson found her.

Immaculately groomed, his white ruffles fluttering in the breeze, he doffed his high hat and made a bow.

"Good morning, Madam Whitman!"

"Good morning, Governor Simpson!"

"May I join you in your contemplation of this wonderful scene?"

Narcissa swept her riding skirt aside, and smiled, as she said, "It's fitting that we should contemplate it jointly!"

The governor seated himself, not so closely but what he could easily observe the classic perfection of Narcissa's profile.

"You did not start at dawn, I see," observed Simpson.

"You are extremely discerning, being a Scotchman!" Narcissa raised her eyebrows. "Our cattle seem to have grown impatient. They have disappeared and my surmise is that they're gone on into the Columbia valley to await our coming."

"That would be a pity, indeed!" murmured Simpson, eying her blond braids and feeling a sudden aversion to all the red-skinned beauties that graced the various Hudson's Bay posts.

Narcissa's eyes twinkled. "I am lost in admiration of your sympathetic nature!" she exclaimed.

"And I," retorted the governor, "am lost in admiration of your valor in undertaking this adventure."

"One needs very little personal valor when taking the trip with a man like Dr. Whitman," observed Narcissa. "He thinks of everything. He does everything."

"You're a bride, so your enthusiasm is excusable," smiled Simpson.

"My enthusiasm needs no excuse!" cried Narcissa, her face flushing.

"I know precisely what you are thinking," he went on, gently. "That I am impertinent. That I presume on my position. That you would annihilate me with a glance, were it not so important for your party to maintain terms of friendship with me. Dear Madam Whitman, I acknowledge all that. But be patient with me, and let me explain myself!"

Governor Simpson looked across the valley to the burning ranges in the west.

"The life one leads in the wilderness would mean, as far as personal gain is concerned, nothing but sacrifice, were it not for certain subtle qualities of mind one accumulates. For my soul's sake, I have kept to physical pomp and formality. You have seen to what degeneracy careless habits lead one on the plains? But also, for my soul's sake, I have cast aside those formalities of personal intercourse which clog and hold back men's understanding of each other. You and I will never, in all probability, see each other again. I feel drawn toward you by all that could be fine in an enduring and noble friendship. That we must be hostile to each other is another sample of nature's amazing wastefulness. It must be so. Yet, I ask you, how can you consider me impertinent when I, seeing you immersed in an impossible situation, utter a word of comprehension?"

"My situation is in no sense impossible," said Narcissa. "I look forward with keenest intellectual relish to attacking its problems. You must waste no sympathy on me, Governor Simpson."

"Then you do not share that strong feeling of friendliness that was born last night?" asked Simpson, his clear eyes intent on hers.

"Yes, I do!" said Narcissa suddenly. "But that doesn't mean that I can permit you to criticize my marriage."

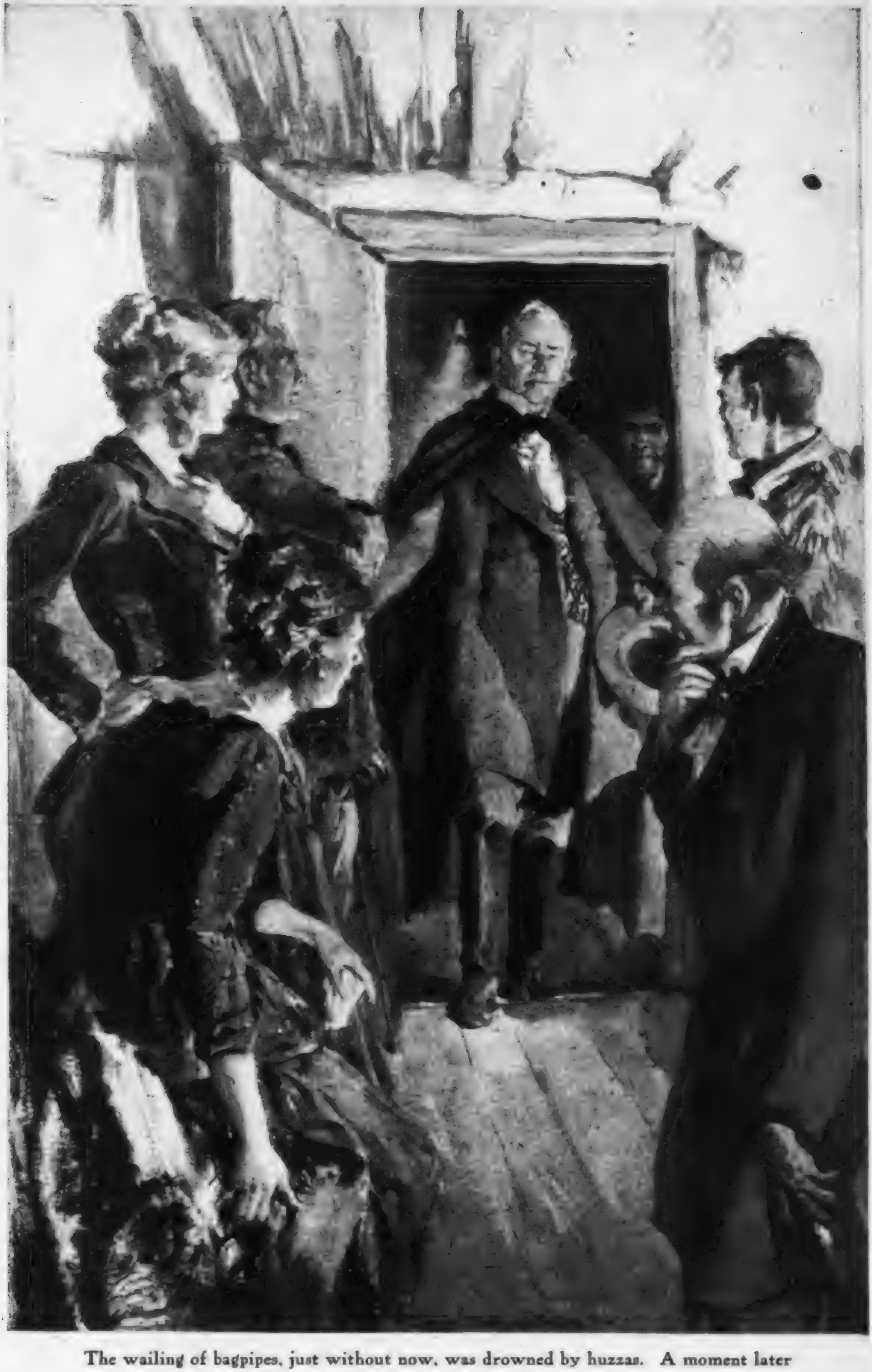
"It merely permits us to be enemies, then?" exclaimed the governor, with a smile.

"So long as you persist in opposing us, yes," retorted Narcissa. "Supposing, Governor, that we would give you a solemn pledge not to try to help the American cause, but to stick strictly to our endeavor to Christianize the Indians. What would be your attitude?"

SIMPSON shook his head. "Once white women have settled on farms in the Columbia valley, a terrific blow has been struck at the supremacy of our company. But why discuss it? You'd never make such a promise, eh?"

"Marcus and I were wondering if our duty to the American Board did not demand it," replied Narcissa simply.

"'Twould not be enough!" the governor's voice was brusque. "Come, Madam Whitman, why not accept my offer of last night? You and your confreres could found a wonderful school, and who knows what it might mean to the Pacific coast and Rupert's Land in the dim future? What could be a more fitting work for you? McLeod was telling me this morning that you have a glorious singing voice that has



The wailing of bagpipes, just without now, was drowned by huzzas. A moment later Governor Simpson appeared in the doorway.

received the finest of training. Then, be Gad, we could establish a conservatoire—music and the arts." The Scotchman's gray eyes burned with the sincerity of his dream. "I have welded the Nor'west Company and the Hudson's Bay Company so that, commercially, we are impregnable. But why should the corporation be purely commercial? Why should we not foster British culture as well as British trade? Madam Whitman, join me in this!"

Had he a full conception of how violent a temptation his offer was to Narcissa?

Staring at the threatening ranges, Narcissa suddenly faced, from a new angle, the life to which, in a moment of profound emotionalism, she had committed herself. Where now, suddenly looking at herself and her undertaking from the point of view of the man beside her, was that soul-stirring emotion? With a deep sinking of the heart, she realized that it was with her no longer. She closed her eyes for a moment. And instantly, she saw the parlor of her Aunt Hetty's house in Bleecker Street in New York City, and herself standing beside the piano, singing, and looking down on the long strong fingers of the man who was playing her accompaniment.

Even after two years of contemplation, she could not believe that her father could have been so blindly obdurate. She always had thought of the judge as tolerant and ambitious. Yet it had meant nothing to him that the man his daughter wanted to marry was a great composer. To Jude Prentiss, he was merely a foreigner who wanted to carry his daughter to Paris, where she would lead her life among opera goers! To the deeply religious household in Angelica there was something blasphemous in the very name, Paris. And such was his hold in Narcissa's heart, such was the influence of the narrow home training, that Narcissa gave in to the old judge.

The violence of her reaction the judge had not anticipated.

Not that Narcissa moaned audibly. She gave up her dreams of a musical career and threw herself into church work with an abandon that threatened her very health. The judge had saved her to America but not to her old nest in his heart—the heart that yearned over her perpetually.

Narcissa had the intensity of temperament that marks the true artist. All the passion that she had poured into the pursuit of her music, she now poured into the revival work to which her church was dedicated. For months she lived in a madness of soul-saving, a madness that she cultivated, to keep herself from dwelling in the blissful days in Bleecker Street. When Marcus Whitman, fresh from his marvelous trip to the Indians of the West, had come to the little church and had told, with his peculiar eloquence, of the needs of the savages, the whole country had been stirred. For two months he had kept Angelica at fever pitch. And Narcissa, whose love of adventure had helped her to urge her father to send her to New York to study, who had longed for France, felt suddenly an overwhelming desire to help in some way to lead those thousands of savage souls to God.

When Marcus, buoyant, virile, on fire with his dreams of carrying Christianity across the Rockies, after a whirlwind wooing, had pleaded with her to marry him and help him to establish the mission for which the American Board had destined him, she assented eagerly. Eagerly! Oh, how eager to leave behind all the poignant reminders of the happy days of music and of that music master who had lifted her soul to the very heights.

The excitement of this greatest of adventures had buoyed her consistently until their arrival at Fort Hall; until this man of her own world, the world to which Marcus could not belong, had turned her eyes inward. All night she had lain awake among her sleeping comrades in the community tent, appalled by a sudden realization of the coarseness, the deprivation, the loneliness, the futility to which she had dedicated her life. Her courage and truth-loving instincts told her that Captain Thing had been neither lying nor exaggerating when he told them that the Indians could not be Christianized, that she would be dwelling in the midst of alarms and horrors. She was not physically afraid, but now, as she for the first time realized that never again would she see men and women of Simpson's type, that Indians—from whom already she turned away, sickened by their filth—that Indians and blasphemous trappers were to be her portion, nostalgia clutched her inmost soul.

To establish a school at Fort Vancouver! What a way out! She had heard much of Dr. McLoughlin at the Rendezvous, of his brilliancy, and of the elaborate manner of life carried on at the fort. And Narcissa knew temptation.

Governor Simpson waited patiently, white ruffles fluttering below his stock, his fingers holding firmly on his cane. It was long before Narcissa turned to him. She was a little white about the lips, a little strained about the eyes.

"You must let me think about this thing alone," she said.

SHE turned from him abruptly and walked slowly past the stockade toward the Indian tents that clustered south of the fort. The governor watched her for a moment, then he returned to the fort where the company's accounts were awaiting him. Narcissa, after gazing unseeingly at the gaily decorated tepees, moved on down the valley. She would walk

[*Continued on page 176*]

Of a boy in love who "knew nothin' about trottuhs"

The Three-Laigged Hoss

by Jonathan Brooks

Illustrated by Louis G. Schroeder

"THREE-LAIGGED hoss," was the final verdict of Hy Jackson, best known horseman in Thomaston and the immediately surrounding part of Kentucky, trainer of all the trotters and pacers old Breckinridge Thomas owned. "If he had anothuh laig an' it was as good as these three, when they ah at thei' best, Jay Clay could outtrot anybody's trottuh as fah as a fa'muh boy c'n throw a walnut. But he's a three-laigged hoss, suh."

"Well, if that's the case," said fat old Breckinridge, reluctantly, as they sat on his front porch one July evening, "we might as well turn him over to the plow, and quit wasting our money and time on him. He's a son of old General Jason Clay. The daddy could trot, and so could his mother. And this hoss is suhtnly a likely-lookin' trottuh when he's good."

"Nevuh saw a trottuh with mo' promise," conceded Hy Jackson.

"And I do hate to give him up. Cost me ovuh two thousand dolluhs. Suhtnly hate to give him up, and—"

He was proceeding laboriously to explain why he hated to give up the horse. The price he had paid was one reason, but a more vital one was his unwillingness to admit he had been mistaken in his judgment of horseflesh. Of course there are those in Thomaston who declare that, far from being the best, old Breckinridge is probably the worst judge of a trotter, not merely in the town, but in all the blue-grass country. But that is neither here nor there. What matters, since the occasion for this story should be set forth, is the fact that, in the midst of his bemoaning, old Breckinridge suffered interruption by young Jim Preston. Jim earned his living as city editor, city staff and city everything else on the *Democrat*.

Jim should have known enough to keep his mouth shut. Failing that, he certainly ought not to have said what he did say.

"Seems to me there's a chance for this horse, Mr. Thomas," he spoke up briskly. "Don't give him up. Have another try."

"What's that?" old Breckinridge exploded. He knew, in a dim way, that young Jim was sitting on the porch with him and Jackson. He remembered having made mental note it was the third time that week young Jim had come to call in on Virginia Lou. But beyond noting this fact and jotting it down with recommendations for early action in the direction of heading the boy off, old Breckinridge was only vaguely aware that young Jim had sat down with him and Jackson to await the girl's appearance. He had been wrapped up in discussion of his trotting horse plans, and Jim Preston's interruption startled him, so that he rather barked than said, "What's that?"

"I was merely saying," repeated young Jim, "that you ought to give Jay Clay another chance. Seems a shame to throw out a two thousand dollar investment—"

"What do *you* know about trottuhs?" demanded old Breckinridge.

"Three-laigged ones," added Hy Jackson, pulling his walrus type mustache.

"Oh, not a great deal," replied Jim Preston, easily, not sensing the sacredness of the ground on which he was treading. "I'd never bought this horse in the first place, he being a General Jason Clay. Nearly all of them are bloomers. And he's a roan. Never saw a roan with any bottom to him. Quit, they do. Now, if I was to buy a trotter—"

"What with?" muttered old Breckinridge, under his breath, but unable to stop young Jim's flow of words.

"I'd go up to Indiana and get some of those Great Alexander colts, out of the Pilot Medium family. They are the latest thing in trotters. Making all the records nowadays. Winning all the races. You look down the Grand Circuit—"

But, while old Breckinridge Thomas smothered in his inability to find words with which to silence this young upstart, Hy Jackson was not so completely spellbound.

"Young fellow," he said, sarcastically, "General Jason Clay was a great trottuh himself, and a son of Geo'ge Wilkes. Evuh heah of Geo'ge Wilkes?"

"Sure, sure," replied Jim Preston, unabashed.

"When I was a kid, but not lately. Old fashioned stuff. 'Son of George Wilkes, he by Hambletonian 10.' That's the way they used to say it. Out of date now, but even so, I think old Jay Clay ought to have another chance."

"Would you pay the feed bills, and the training costs?" inquired old Breckinridge, in sarcasm far keener than Hy Jackson's.

"Why, certainly," agreed Jim Preston.

"Then you can have Jay Clay," exclaimed old Breckinridge. "Take him. He's yours. And keep him just as far away from me as your opinions. I don't know that I need them, either. Let's go down the street, Hy, as soon as I can get my hat. We can't talk around here, it seems."

Whereupon he left his chair and stalked into the house for his hat, leaving Jim Preston wondering what had caused the explosion, and Hy Jackson chuckling all the way from his Adam's apple up to his walrus type mustache, which dated back to the days and style popular when George Wilkes was making Hambletonian famous. The old man was gone three or four minutes, but neither Jim Preston nor Hy Jackson reopened the collapsed conversation, and presently Jackson went off down the street with Breckinridge, the latter still muttering and mumbling in his wrath.

"WHAT the dickens did I do to your dad?" Jim asked, when the smiling Virginia Lou, a quiet little dark-eyed, dark-skinned girl, had appeared. She did not take the trouble, on greeting him, to explain that part of her delay had been due to her father's insistence while in the house that she send him about his business.

"He did seem put out about something," she said. "What happened?"

"Put out? *Put* out?" echoed Jim Preston. "Gosh, he *blew* out. He and Jackson were talking horse, and I said—"

"Mistake number one," interrupted Virginia Lou, smiling again.

"Well, I must have criticized what they were doing with Jay Clay, because—"

"Mistake number two, three, four and all the other numbers up to and including fifty," laughed Virginia Lou. "That's a sore spot with dad. He's spent a lot of money on that horse, and everybody in Kentucky's been laughing at him."

"Well, the laugh's on me now," vouchsafed Jim. "He gave me the horse."

Jim Preston stayed late that evening, accomplishing this feat by going for a stroll with the girl about the time she expected her father home, and stayed out until he had gone to bed. It was so late that he overslept next morning. When he got down to the office of the *Democrat*, of which he was the city editor, city staff and city everything else, he found bad news awaiting him. He got out no extra, for the news was purely personal. Boone Whitcomb, the editor of the paper, without telling him that old Breckinridge Thomas held a sheaf of notes against the *Democrat*, advised him he would not be needed any longer. He was nice about it, and sorry. He was nice to everybody. Boone wanted to run for Congress, but could not afford it. Debts anchored him heavily.

"Sorry," said Boone Whitcomb. "Anything in mind you can do?"

"No," replied Jim Preston, dazed. "No warning, no reason—"

Boone Whitcomb liked Jim Preston, as did everybody else in Thomaston except old Breckinridge Thomas and Hy Jackson. When Jim came back, later in the day, and asked Boone to help him out with a little loan until he could get Jay Clay on a paying basis—but that is getting ahead of the story.

Jim called up Virginia Lou and told her the bad news, accepted her honest sympathy, and then went home and took a nap. On the way he told several friends, who asked him why he was not working, that he had bought Jay Clay of old Breckinridge Thomas. Ignoring their chaff, he declared he intended to race the horse. By the time he woke from his nap everybody in Thomaston knew he had bought Jay Clay. The news even reached the inner confines of the national bank, where Jim went in search of a job.

"Sorry, but I don't know a thing you could do for us," said Webb Appleby, president of the bank. Webb did not trouble to tell Jim that old Breckinridge, a director of the bank, had called in to drop the suggestion that he regarded such a fellow as Jim Preston a poor risk for loans. Nor did he explain that he looked upon it as a poor business to give jobs to men whom his directors, especially his bigger stockholders, like old Breckinridge Thomas, considered poor lending risks. Jim might have deduced such things, but how could he have known that half a dozen people had told old Breckinridge they'd heard he had sold Jay Clay to Jim Preston? Or that the old man was even angrier than he would have been had Jim reported his acquisition of Jay Clay as a gift.

Here was Jim Preston, bankrupt. If he had been haled into court in the clutches of a receiver he could have paid nothing at all on the dollar, and less than that on the dime. His only fixed asset was a big-chinned determination to marry Virginia Lou Thomas. But this asset was canceled as definitely as a bank cancels a note, by the fact that it constituted also his chief fixed liability. Old Breckinridge Thomas vowed social, political and commercial extinction as the fate of any young buck who had the nerve to think of taking his child away from the family hearthstone. Look at young Ed Olsberry, who had to move to Cincinnati and locate. Breckinridge had him thrown out of the bank, because he hung around the Thomas place too much. Look at Winton Schmidt, who was transferred as district telephone manager largely because he conceived the idea he looked better than anybody else dancing with Virginia Lou. Look at—but take the word of this chronicle, and look no further.

Jim exhausted all the possibilities in the way of jobs, and was on the verge of going up to Louisville to look for work on one of the papers there. But Hy Jackson called him up by telephone to ask when he intended calling at the stables at the fair grounds to get his trotter. He had almost forgotten Jay Clay, in the midst of his own troubles.

"Mistuh Thomas says I'm to cha'ge you boa'd and room fo' the hoss until he's called fo'," explained Jackson, relieved at the prospect of losing the roan Jay Clay.

"I'll be out in the morning," declared Jim Preston, suddenly resolute. By George, he'd show old Breckinridge Thomas that he, for one, was not going to be run out of the town, even if the old man did own the place. He'd take the old trotter, and he'd make a sucker out of the old man and Hy Jackson, to boot. He'd—but when he called up Virginia Lou to tell her of his decision, and ask if he could call, old Breckinridge Thomas answered the 'phone himself. He said, very curtly, that Virginia Lou could not come to the 'phone just then. He said the same thing fifteen minutes later, and half an hour later, as well. Also, an hour later, this time adding that he was tired being bothered by telephone calls.

Whereupon young Jim Preston gave it up as a bad job and drifted downtown. He saw Boone Whitcomb, Webb Appleby, and Harry Reed, who ran the gas and light plant, and half a dozen other friends. To each of them he told his story, and to each of them confided his plan. Every man to whom he talked liked Jim Preston. And each of them had a Kentucky fondness for a long chance. Wherefore, each and all of them advanced ten dollars to the cause of Jim and his three-laigged Jay Clay.

"Six dollars and a half, for two days and three nights board, with feed and water? High, isn't it?" queried Jim at the fair grounds next morning. "But never mind. Here's the money. And, have a cigar, Hy?"

"Thanks," said Hy Jackson, accepting the money and the cigar. "If I was you, with this old Jay Clay trottuh, I'd—"

"Much obliged, just the same, Hy," said Jim Preston, and led Jay Clay away from the Thomas stalls, leaving Hy Jackson biting his walrus mustache and swallowing his Adam's apple in dire anger.

YOUNG Jim Preston, for all that he was cocksure to the point of exasperating old Breckinridge Thomas, merely voiced the confidence of his blue-grass type. Almost any of his friends, although most of them might have been more diplomatic, would have been as positive as he that there was an answer to Jay Clay's three-laiggedness. Nothing, therefore, in Kentucky was more natural than the picture of young Jim Preston leading Jay Clay away from Hy Jackson's stables that morning in mid-July. Near the exit from the grounds, Jim led the horse to the fence, climbed up and slid to the horse's back as easily and naturally as a hillbilly mounts his mule. And then again, like the hillbilly, he rode the restless Jay Clay without saddle or bridle through the outskirts of the town and out into the country.

Jay Clay, a fiery red roan, had been eased up in his training by Hy Jackson, with the result that on this particular morning he was full of life. He wanted to run, but young Jim managed to restrain him by means of the halter, at the cost of aching arms and shoulders. He refused to let the horse trot. Jay Clay's gingerly walk told him that common belief in the trotter's three-laiggedness must be justified. He rode two hours and put all the time he could spare from management of the animal into an effort to determine which of Jay Clay's four legs was minus.

"If he's sorer in any one leg than he is in any other, I don't know which it is," Jim told himself as he dismounted. Jay Clay, having walked ten miles with a rider, was not as sore at the end of his journey as the rider himself. Jim stretched himself as gingerly as Jay Clay had walked at the beginning of the trip, and then led the horse to the barn and tied him. That done, he went out into the fields and greeted Berry Taylor, an old friend.

"You told me one time, Berry," he said, after shaking hands with his friend, "that whenever I wanted to spend a vacation out here, I should just come out."

"Yes, sir, and I still feel that way," said Taylor, a middle-aged man tanned by his outdoor farm work. "When can you come?"

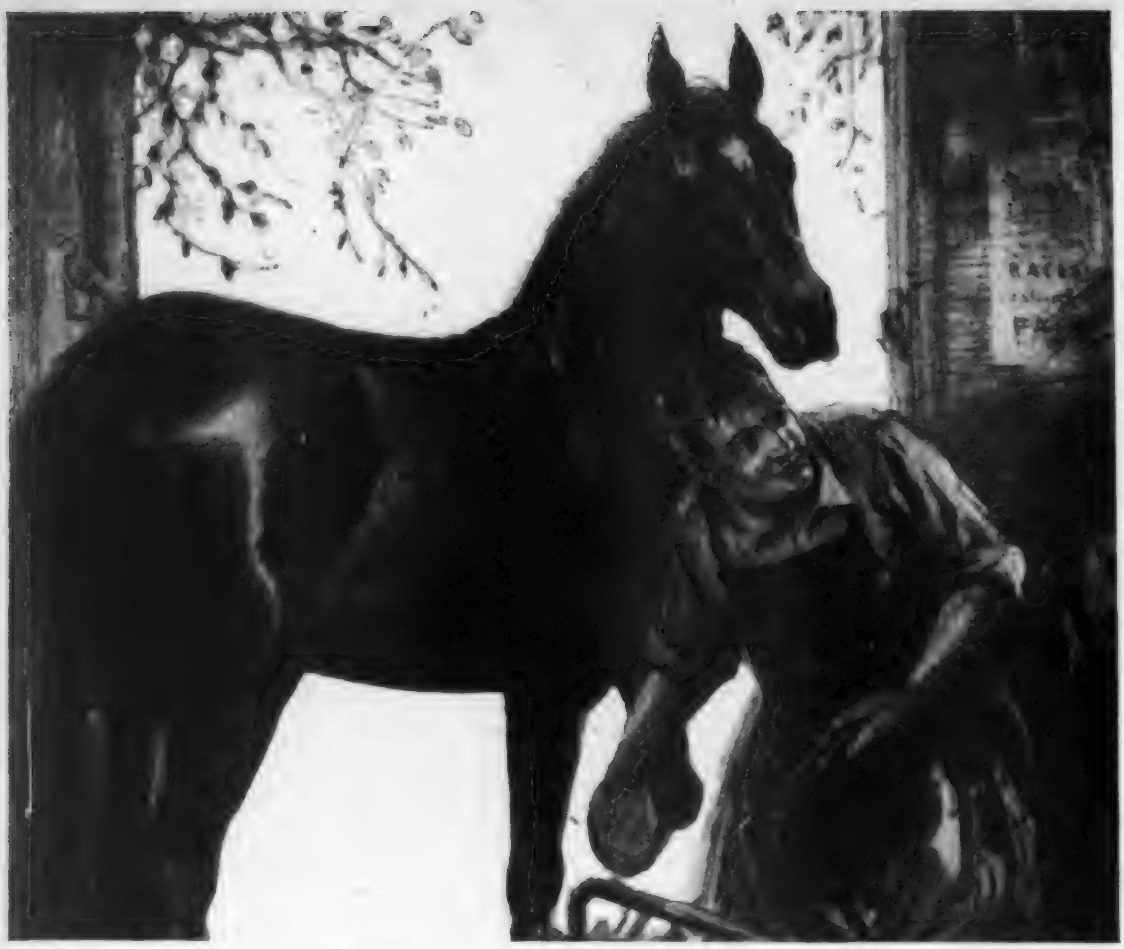
"I have," laughed young Jim Preston.

"Then I'd better go up to the house with you-all, and have Mrs. Taylor put you on the dining room list," Taylor replied. "Bring your things with you?"

"Nothing but a horse," said Jim. Taylor looked at him wonderingly, and then whistled softly while Jim told him the story. As Jim finished, Taylor left his horse standing and walked to the barn with the boy. Together they looked Jay Clay over very carefully.

"Well, I don't know but what mebbe you've got a chance," was his verdict.

"Knew you'd say that," Jim said, gratefully. "I walked him all the way out here. When we started, he was sore all around. When we got here, he was going pretty sound on all four feet. If he's only got three legs, I can't tell which one it is that's missing."



**He had the roan shod. . . . And instead of fancy lightweight racing shoes,
"Yes, that's what that**

"Sounds good," commented Berry Taylor. "Let's go up to the house and tell the Missus you'll be with us."

"All right," said Jim. "But first help me take his shoes off, will you? Old Jay Clay is going barefooted for a few weeks. I think Hy Jackson and his vets have shod him to death. Help me take his shoes off, then we'll go up to the house, and after that I'll take off my coat, put on some old duds, if you've got any, and go to work."

"Why, now, there's no use—"

"Wouldn't come out unless I could earn my board and keep," insisted Jim.

They pried off Jay Clay's smartly-fashioned racing shoes, breaking one of the delicate pieces in the process. Then, as Berry Taylor started toward the house, Jim paused to study the horse, which seemed to be breathing relief at the loss of his iron soles. Jay Clay, pawing the ground with his bare hoofs, flung his head from side to side, and shook himself vigorously.

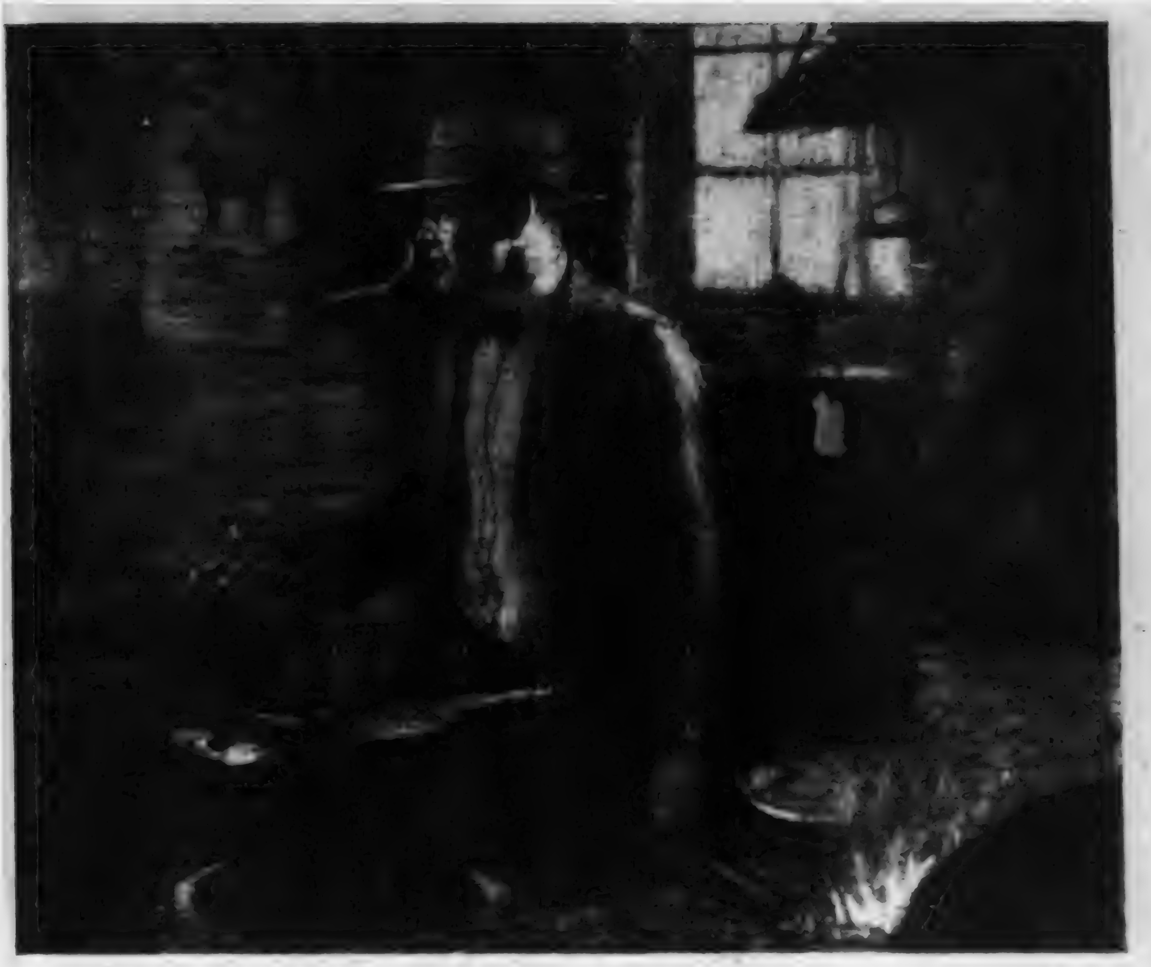
"If that's not gratitude, I never saw it," said Jim Preston to himself. To the horse he said, "Whoa, boy," and grasped the halter firmly. He studied Jay Clay's long, hammer-like head with disapproval until he noticed that the eyes, while set close together, were steady and straight forward. No white, sign of tricky temper, showed when Jay Clay shook his head.

"Anyway, the horse is honest," said Jim Preston. "If he's got anything, he won't lie about it."

He led the restless roan out into the barn lot, took off the halter, slapped the horse's flanks with it, and Jay Clay went off on a snorting gallop, glad of his freedom. Jim Preston put in the rest of the day helping Berry Taylor in the fields. Next morning, aching and sore, and dead for more sleep, young Jim dragged himself out of bed early and went down to the barn lot. With the aid of a tempting ear of corn, he coaxed Jay Clay into the halter and tied him to a fence. Then, while the horse munched the corn, Jim examined all four feet carefully and massaged the legs and ankles firmly with his bare hands.

"No more liniments and scientific treatments for you, old boy," he said, patting the horse's shoulder and rubbing his nose, as he took off the halter.

Late that afternoon he left the fields, mounted the horse and rode him through five miles of dusty dirt roads and lanes. That evening he gave Jay Clay twice as much corn as the



Jim asked for medium-weight shoes suitable for an ordinary driving horse. horse needs," he said.

man had ever seen at one time in all his life.

Pretty Virginia Lou Thomas was the single exception. She knew what was going on. Old Breckinridge Thomas wondered why she so suddenly developed an interest in horseback riding, but approved her new enthusiasm substantially by sending over to Frankfort to buy a smart saddle-horse for her. He did not notice that, invariably her horse was dusty and dirty each evening when she brought him home.

With the first of September, old Breckinridge went up to Cleveland and Columbus to watch Hy Jackson handle his trotters and pacers against the select company of the Grand Circuit. He let fall a few hints, before taking the train, to the effect that Hy was now running a public stable, handling horses other than his own. Friends asked whether this new trotter, Early Alexander, with which Hy had been burning up the Grand Circuit, belonged to him, but old Breckinridge merely allowed that he would like to own the horse.

The day after Breckinridge departed, young Jim Preston rode old Jay Clay into town. He knew Breckinridge had gone, for he not only saw Virginia Lou daily, but read the *Democrat* as carefully as he had done when he was city editor, city staff and city everything else.

"GUESS I'll just leave you here, old timer," he said to Jay Clay as they reached the edge of town. "Tie you under this tree here by the road. If Boone Whitcomb, Harry Reed, Webb Appleby and the rest of 'em saw you with your long fetlocks, wild mane and rough, bare feet, they'd laugh me to death for saying I've got a trotter."

He talked with these friends and others, during the afternoon, and they took him seriously. Only Harry Reed made light of his program to save the three-laigged trotter. "I'm in an extra five to buy him a peg leg if the bum one won't work," laughed Harry. And he did add five to the five Jim requested of him as of the others, thus proving that, although he was an outlander from New York State instead of a native Kentuckian, his heart beat in the right place.

Virginia Lou Thomas invited him to stay for dinner at the house. As it grew dark, Jim went out and rode Jay Clay back to the Thomas place, and stayed late. On the swing, out on the front porch, they talked of many things, including Jay Clay's tender feet, the daily

Democrat and Boone Whitcomb, and Boone's political ambition, old Breckinridge's pride in his horsemanship and his horses, which rated far beyond any pride in other possessions up to but not including his daughter.

"Virginia Lou," he said, late in the evening, with her hand in his own and an arm about her shoulders, "Virginia Lou, I love you. I cannot make you fine speeches, nor write you songs or verse. I'm broke. But that don't worry me, because I'm not a coward. I'm decent, Virginia Lou, though it's not my place to say so. Are these things enough? Have I any right to love you?"

He waited long for an answer, but the girl only shuddered in that ecstasy of wonderment and fear that is the heritage of youth, and permitted herself to lean a thousandth of an inch closer against him. Now, Jim Preston, with all his youthful cocksureness and all his aged downrightness, turned diplomat. He did not press his question, nor ask another. Instead, he remembered the secret of success in all human endeavor, and returned to direct simplicity in his attack.

"I love you, girl," he said, after a time.

An age, a sweet, delicious, trembly age, passed.

"But there's Dad," began Virginia Lou.

"I'm not afraid of him," said Jim Preston, stanchly.

"That's the reason he's going to like you," exclaimed the girl, intuitively, "Dad's way is to despise anybody he can bluff. Lots of times there have been fellows—not that they mattered, Jim. They *didn't* matter. And Dad would chase them out, and then laugh because they ran."

"He can't chase me," Jim declared, wondering at his own brashness. It was no light thing to fly in the face, bulk and bank account of old Breckinridge Thomas, even for such a prize as Virginia Lou.

"But you'll have to beat him, some way," she said, earnestly. "Make him understand that you have to be taken into account."

"I'll do that," exclaimed Jim Preston. "I'll show him, with this horse, Jay Clay. Ride the old roan to victory," he laughed, exuberantly. "And you'll be waiting for me, and rooting for me to win, won't you, Virginia Lou?"

Force of habit woke him at five o'clock, with only a very short hour of sound sleep behind him, and Jim rose to breakfast with the Taylors for the last time. He tried to pay Berry Taylor, but Berry refused to take any money, saying Jim had more than earned his board. Mrs. Taylor grew angry when he tried to pay her. As he departed, once more astride old Jay Clay, Berry Taylor thrust a ten-dollar bill upon him.

"Don't very often bet," said Berry Taylor. "But blamed if I don't believe you can win with 'at old hoss. Put 'er down for me when *you* bet, will you?"

Following the dirt roads, and carefully avoiding the gravel and hard surface thoroughfares, Jim rode the roan to Boonsboro, the next county seat. This was on a Saturday. That night he put Jay Clay in a stall at the fair grounds. Sunday, they both rested. Monday, he had the roan shod, cautioning the blacksmith to pare and trim Jay Clay's hoofs only as much as absolutely necessary. And instead of fancy lightweight racing shoes, Jim asked for medium-weight shoes suitable for an ordinary driving horse.

"Yes, that's what that horse needs," he said.

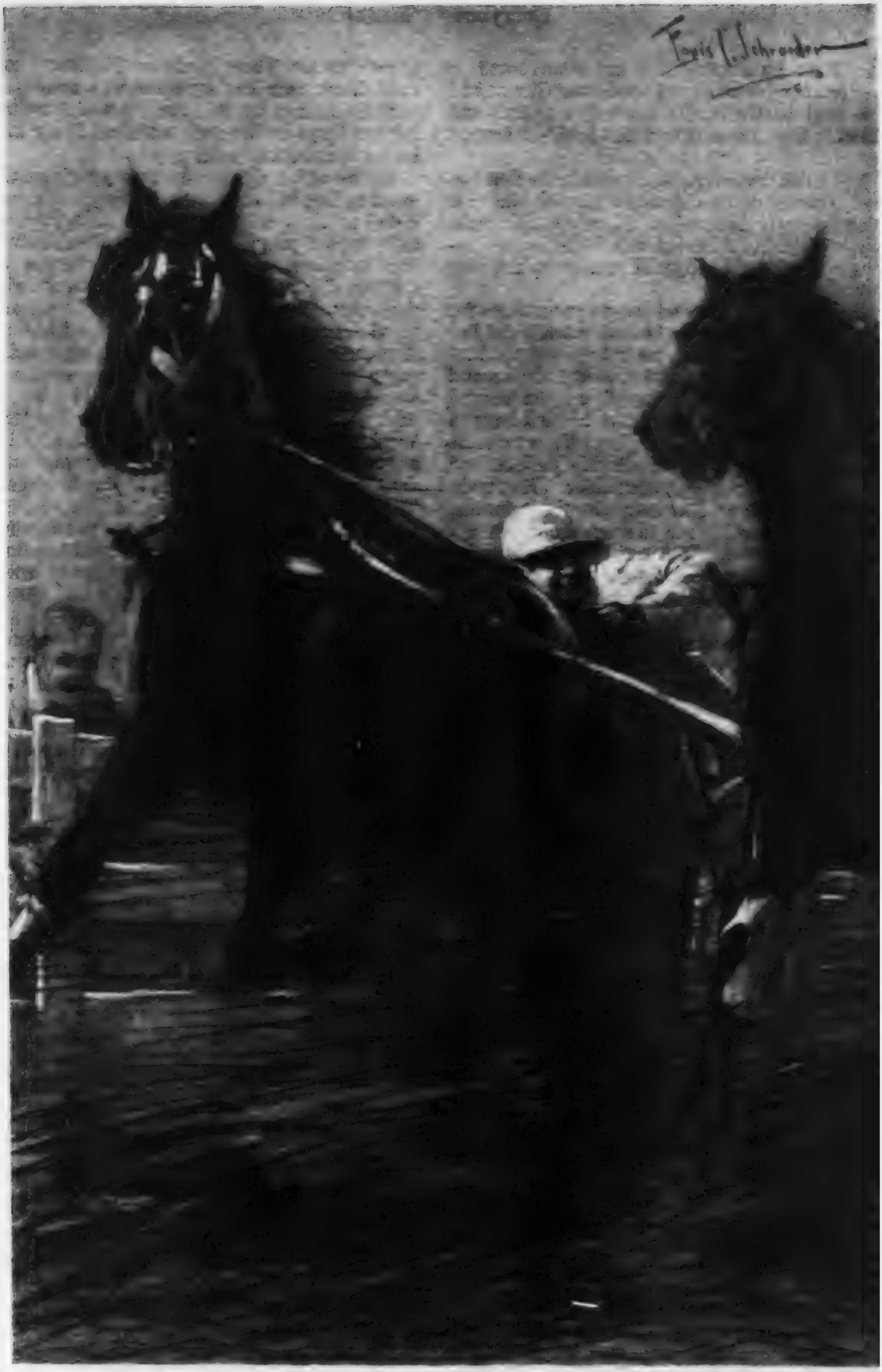
He then hunted out a hard-up horseman who had an old low exercise bike, of the phaeton type, and bought it for nine dollars. Next he pieced out a set of harness, buying a bridle here, pair of lines there, and so on.

Tuesday he sought the racing secretary and prevailed on him to accept Jay Clay as a starter in the free-for-all trot. Then, with the race scheduled for Friday, he started Jay Clay on a series of daily workouts. The roan buckled into his work, after the long and welcomed vacation on dirt and grass with a will. Friday, before a great crowd, Jim took the old horse through the free-for-all trot on a track still hard fast, in the most careful manner he knew. In each heat he got away slowly, pulled in behind the field, followed the pace, and finished strong with the lively old roan fighting for his head. A second and two thirds gave him second money in the race. Jim got up early next morning and took the horse out on the track to see whether the three pounding miles had left any soreness in Jay Clay's feet.

"IF THIS horse has only three legs, I'm a centipede," Jim declared, to himself. Only the very lightest trace of soreness was evident, and Jay Clay worked it off in the course of a half-mile jog. "He's been doctored, shod, trained and theoried to death," said Jim. "Three-legged? Huh!"

The next week, having read in the meantime of an impressive victory by the sensational Early Alexander in the Grand Circuit's first week at Columbus, Jim started old Jay Clay in another free-for-all trot. This time, in answer to his prayer, the track was soft by reason of a night thunder shower. Again he took Jay Clay off slowly in each heat, to let him come as fast as he would at the finish. Each time he came on to the wire full of fight and trot, to win the race in straight heats, with the best mile a fraction better than two minutes and ten seconds. Only a game fish swims upstream, and only a fighting thoroughbred comes from behind to win.

Jim had old Jay Clay's shaggy mane and forelock trimmed, and his ragged fetlocks clipped. He oiled up the old low-down sulky, and painted


Louis C. Schroeder

"We're going," shouted Jim Preston, jubilant, with Jay Clay sprinting soundly and brilliantly. "C'mon, Hy," he yelled over his shoulder, "we'll show you the rest of the way."

it. Then he shipped the old roan horse to Lex'ton for the windup of the Grand Circuit and the final battle in the campaign against old Breckinridge Thomas and the world at large.

ON THE train *en route*, he read in the *Courier-Journal* of another victory by Hy Jackson with his Early Alexander. He noted that Jackson, with Early Alexander and the horses belonging to Breckinridge Thomas, was shipping down to Lex'nton.

Once more he scanned the entrance rules for Lex'nton, to make sure he had entered old Jay Clay as he intended, for the 2:09 trot on the first Wednesday, for the 2:06 trot on the second Tuesday, and the free-for-all on the second Friday. Positive on this point, he sank back in his seat, and hoped that in one of these races he would meet and do battle with Hy Jackson and the redoubtable Early Alexander. His train stopped *en route* at Thomaston for five minutes, and he hopped off to run to a telephone and call up Virginia Lou. But on the platform he bumped into Harry Reed.

"How's the old three-legged horse?" Reed inquired, jocosely.

"Got plenty of legs," retorted Jim. "All of 'em full of speed. And he's a fighting old son-of-a-gun. Got him entered in three races at Lex'nton, and I'll telephone you from there when I'm going to start him. You tell the boys, will you? I'll give you the word whether to bet on him."

"Can he trot fast enough for those races? What's his record?" queried Reed.

"Sure. He's got a tin cup of 2:06," began Jim, hurriedly.

"A what?" Reed demanded. He knew more of runners than of harness horses.

"Tin cup—an exhibition record. Never trotted that fast in a race," Jim explained, "but he's got the speed to do it. And the fight."

Reed promised to spread the word, and Jim, reluctant, but forced to give up his telephone call to Virginia Lou, climbed back aboard the train just as it was pulling out for Lex'nton. He knew the girl would be at Lex'nton with her father, as much for the races that attracted him as for the social events that appealed to her. For Lex'nton is the capital of Kentucky's social world in October.

Came the horses, the horsemen, the hangers-on, and the crowds, bringing with them their own excitement to match the annually aroused thrill of the old town in the blue-grass. Jim Preston, a lone figure among the great characters of the turf, kept his feet on the ground. Keeping his own counsel, and ministering himself to the needs of his roan friend, Jay Clay, Jim studied conditions. Entries in the 2:09 trot did not daunt him but the track was dry, hard and fast. He withdrew Jay Clay. Jay Clay's feet and legs seemed sound, but he waited for a softer track. Three, four or five heats on a hard track tear the soundest legs apart, and hurt the firmest hoofs. Jim Preston, his three-laigged horse in the stall, watched Early Alexander win the 2:09 trot.

He heard of a big dinner party given that evening by old Breckinridge Thomas, and wondered at the celebration. The next Tuesday, after days of praying for rain to soften the track and mornings of gingerly workouts for Jay Clay on the hard track, Jim Preston again withdrew the old roan. He saw Hy Jackson sweep to victory over the 2:06 trotters with Early Alexander. Once more he heard of a dinner party given by old Breckinridge, and once more wondered what it meant. But while he was wishing he had been present, to get a glimpse of Virginia Lou, he heard old Breckrinridge had announced his ownership of Early Alexander.

"I knew it, I knew it," said Jim to himself. "He's gone and done what I told him. Bought one of these Great Alexanders, a Pilot Medium horse. Didn't want to own up until the horse had made good. Bought the horse whose family he knocked, and gave me the horse I knocked."

He looked at the entries for the free-for-all trot to be raced Friday for a purse of five thousand dollars and a great gold cup and, although he knew it was there, found new excitement on reading Early Alexander's name.

"Old Boy," he whispered to Jay Clay in his stall on Thursday, "we'll give them a run for their money."

THE air certainly seemed softer and balmier than it had been, although just as warm as an October Kentucky sun can make it. Would it rain before Friday? If it didn't rain, would Jay Clay's feet and legs hold up under the strain of a fast race on a hard track? Thursday afternoon he thrust his hope for rain to the background and caution to one side, to stalk into the Thomas box in the great grandstand whether he was welcome by old Breckinridge or not. The fat old man, intent on the races, did not notice him until Virginia Lou appeared in close imitation of a ray of sunlight.

"Where've you been, Jim?" she asked, reproachfully. "I thought you'd forgotten me entirely."

"Virginia Lou," he said abjectly, "I've been so busy, doing my own training, and driving, and swiping, and exercising, and feeding—"

"Yeah, and your own entering and scratching, I notice," snapped old Breckinridge Thomas. "Are you made of money, to be throwing away entrance fees on that old three-laigged trotter?"

"Been saving him for a soft spot, sir," said Jim Preston, thinking of the hope for rain.

"What? The free-for-all, with Early Alexander, and all the other good ones entered? Soft spot?" exploded old Breckinridge. "You'll find this free-for-all is no county fair race, young fellow."

"No, sir," replied Jim Preston evenly, finding opportunity for a brief glance at the girl, and holding his temper in the face of the old man's wrath. "No, sir, but the county fair free-for-alls were so easy for old Jay Clay—"

"Three-laigged horse, a quitter," sneered old Breckinridge.

"But—" protested Jim, in vain.

"If you can come into this race with that old crippled coward and win," said the old man, in deliberate sarcasm, "the rest of us ought to give you our horses. I'll make you a present of Early Alexander if you can beat him with old Jay Clay."

IF HE had hoped to wither young Jim Preston with this burning scorn, he made a sad mistake, for young Jim merely grinned good naturedly and impudently winked at Virginia Lou.

"That's fair enough, sir," he said. "And if you can beat Jay Clay with Early Alexander, I'll make you a present of Jay Clay."

Old Breckinridge Thomas snorted and turned a bright scarlet, the while his guests and Virginia Lou smiled, and then faced about to give his attention to the track and the current race.

At daybreak Friday morning, Jim was awakened by a mild rolling of thunder. He leaped from his cot in the stall beside old Jay Clay, and thrust his head out through the stable doors. It was raining! A mild, soft October shower, true, but still, it was rain. In his excitement, Jim woke the dozing old Jay Clay to whisper the news to him. He went back to sleep to dream of victory, and woke again at six o'clock to feed the roan, and then hurry out in search of a telephone to call Harry Reed, back home in Thomaston. He told Reed he intended starting old Jay Clay, his three-laigged roan idol, in the free-for-all trot that afternoon, and asked him to tell all the fellows, Boone Whitcomb, Webb Appleby and the rest, to bet if they cared to do so. After hanging up the receiver, Jim hurried out to the track to see what condition the rain had produced. Satisfied that the morning sun, now coming out through receding clouds, would not bake the course too dry by afternoon, Jim hurried downtown.

"They say a man ought not gamble," he said to himself, "but if horse racing is any more of a gamble than the rest of my life, I'm a hardshell preacher."

He found a bookmaker and placed a bet consisting of all his loose change, and the money he had saved and won through the preceding few weeks. The bookmaker did not bat an eye as Jim questioned his thirty to one on old Jay Clay. Accepting a memorandum on that wager, Jim offered the bookmaker Berry Taylor's ten dollars on the basis of the afternoon's pari-mutuel prices. The bookmaker accepted the money. Jim found a restaurant, bolted his breakfast and, all excitement, hastened back to the track. He rubbed down old Jay Clay, the friendly roan enjoying his morning massage thoroughly, and then hitched the horse and took him out for a jog over the roads through the grounds. Another rubdown, a drink of water, a blanket, bandages for Jay Clay's famous weak underpinning, and Jim sought out the office of the track officials.

"I'd like to ask a favor," he said. "I'm not as experienced as these other drivers who will be in the free-for-all this afternoon, and—"

"What y'all got in the free-fo'-all?" asked one of the officials, abruptly.

"Jay Clay, sir," said Jim, and blushed at the guffaw that followed.

"That old bloomuh? Three-laigged hoss?"

"Yes, sir," Jim replied. "Besides being green at the game, I've got a long, low, old-fashioned sulky, and my horse might act bad."

"What y'all drivin' at?" queried a judge.

"Why, this, sir," Jim explained. "I'm green, my sulky's long, and my horse might act up—"

"That's what y'all said befo', suh," snapped a judge.

"Yes, sir, and I'd like the privilege of starting in behind the field, regardless of my draw for position," said Jim.

"All right with us," said one of the men "providin' the drivuhs agree. But young man, it's a handicap, not a privilege."

"And if I should win a heat," Jim pursued "I'd rather start in behind the next time out, instead of taking the pole. If I had the pole, the next horse in behind would be half a block back of my horse's nose, and that wouldn't be fair. So if I win a heat—"

"All right, all right, young fellow," he was told, the while the entire group exchanged winks. "If'n y'll win a heat, yuh can staht anywheah yuh like."

Satisfied to suffer the derision to gain his point, Jim went back to the barns and communed with roan old Jay Clay, son of General Jason Clay. He rubbed and petted the horse. He examined the harness. He fussed at the sulky axles, and felt the tires to see if they were hard. He lay down on the cot and tried a futile nap.

A TREMENDOUS crowd turned out to see the getaway day program of the Lex'nton trots. After four more races, only recollections would afford subject for conversation through nine long months. Old Breckinridge Thomas, glorifying in the performances of his crack trotter, Early Alexander, appeared with a party of friends in his box. Jim Preston wanted to go up to see Virginia Lou, but could not take the time.

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First Citizen of Arkansas

The inspiration of a teacher softened the early struggles of Harvey Couch. Now the promise of his youth is fulfilled by the Remmel Dam and other gigantic hydroelectric projects in his native state.

by Ruby Erwin Livingston

WHEN Pat Neff, ex-Governor of Texas, was working his way through college as a teacher, Harvey Couch was one of his pupils. "I saw in him the makings of a real man," says the ex-Governor. "He made good at every task I assigned him. I was proud of the way he held his own against adversity. It was pluck and courage as a boy that helped him ripen into Arkansas' first citizen."

A LEAN, gawky farmer's boy from one of the red gumbo counties of southern Arkansas came clumping into the little primary schoolhouse of the county seat one day back in the late nineties. His sturdy, red wrists stuck far out of the sleeves of his threadbare home-made coat. His baggy pant legs scarcely came below his knees. In all the bashful agony of seventeen years, he threaded the aisles of six and eight year old youngsters, while the schoolroom tittered. It was his first day of school. The things that were going to happen to him were plenty, as shall be told in the proper place.

Between that acutely embarrassed, green, country boy and the head of a great water-power project involving some twenty million dollars, lies a career that is beginning to attract national attention. It is Dick Whittington all over again, without even the famous cat. It involves terrifically hard beginnings, a jump into local fame with a rural telephone line, a rapid combination of other lines that later sold out for a million and a half, a branching out into the field of electric light and power and other public utilities, and then a swiftly accelerating campaign to harness the water power of a state. It is a story of faith in his own state, Arkansas, and her magnificent future.

Last December, the great nine-hundred-foot Remmel dam across the turbulent Ouachita River was formally put in operation. Thousands of Arkansans had gathered to see it. To them it meant the dawn of a new era. It meant not merely control of the annual river floods. The twenty-four thousand horsepower it is to generate makes possible an industrial expansion Arkansas has only dreamt of in the past years. The crowds marveled at the towering structure thrusting its fifty feet sheer from the river bed, and at the three thousand acres of reservoir held back by its giant bulk. But most of all they marveled at the sturdy, pleasant-voiced, quiet man who had made it possible.

He was Harvey Couch of Pine Bluff, the farm boy who had tramped into that Magnolia schoolroom some thirty years before. It was he who had seen the possibilities for hydro-electric power in the tricky Ouachita River. He had seen the opportunities for industrial development, picked the site for the dam, planned it, and raised the million and a half dollars necessary to put it through. To do this it was necessary to convince skeptical eastern engineers that the scheme was possible, and then meet bankers and capitalists in far-off New York on their own ground, and show them that the development would pay.

This great Remmel dam, which almost equals the Keokuk dam on the Mississippi in power and importance, is just a beginning for Harvey Couch. Work is already proceeding on a second dam, a few miles above the Remmel. When the third and greatest, to be constructed above Hot Springs, is completed the aggregate developed by them all will be 125,000 horsepower. This is all the project of Harvey Couch. No wonder the governor of a neighboring state calls him "The first citizen of Arkansas."

One sultry night in summer, some time past midnight, a special train pulled into the little city of Pine Bluff, Arkansas. We were a weary lot, this party of the State Press Association. It was the end of a pleasant week's journey together touring the southern portion of the state and we were loath to part. I was half asleep when a man's persuasive voice said, "Won't you have some sandwiches? I'm glad to give them to you, and sorry your train isn't stopping

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Harvey Couch and the great $1,500,000 Remmel Dam which embodies his faith in Arkansas. Its nine-hundred-foot span of the Ouachita River, impounding three thousand acres of reservoir, will generate 24,000 horse power. Comparable to the Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals, it is only the first of three such Couch projects, totaling 125,000 horse power, which are to revolutionize Arkansas industrially.

Mother Sarah Nelson "cracks the whip" over the seven Nelson children, who perform with her some of the most difficult acrobatic feats ever attempted.

Jennie Rooney (above), most daring of all the aerialists, is a well-known circus mother who daily tosses dice with death.

Doing triple somersaults high in the air is the spectacular circus specialty of Mayme Ward, mother of three children.

Where Mother Cracks the Whip

Some one must direct every circus act. Often it is the mother of a family of performers. Many of the most famous ones tell you here of the rewards and hazards of their profession

by Stella Burke May

FOR an hour the matinée audience had been crowding into the sun-warmed tent. Mothers with babies in arms followed by an ascending scale of progeny had been sifting through the red-striped marquee at the front door, circling about the menagerie, feeding peanuts to the elephants, making faces at the monkeys, and at last, wearily scrambling over the blue seats and reserves. Here and there a father or uncle towed a troupe of young enthusiasts along the hippodrome track of the big show, but most of the 15,000 circus patrons were women and children.

"THE bringing up of the circus family is the most important job of the circus mother," says one of them whose counterpart is to be found wherever circuses have pitched their tents. "To keep the act going" at any cost is her first duty—a task often attended by amazing difficulties quite aside from the perils of ring and track and trapeze that are all in the day's work.

Lion tamers in steel arenas put their jungle pets through their paces. Clowns cavorted for the delectation of childhood. Elephants stood uncertainly on their hind legs. Daring aërialists did their death-defying leaps and somersaults. The meticulously tailored Lew Graham, circus orator of the day, made one of his stentorian official announcements. Then the Nelson Family came onto the center stage.

They came in single file, did the Nelsons. Father Arthur Nelson came first, in evening garb. Mother—a little woman in full length dinner gown—was second in line. Behind her were six stalwart girls and one small boy. The girls were in turquoise blue bodices, ballet skirts and satin slippers and were bare legged. One was blonde, another brunette, another had dark red hair—and still they resembled each other.

The audience fell to watching the three-high stands. The foot-to-foot risley work, the somersaults from shoulder to shoulder, the flip-flaps, handsprings and other feats of ground and lofty tumbling the Nelsons accomplished with rapidity and precision.

Beside us on the blue seats, mothers, trying to herd their excited or incorrigible offspring, marveled at the little woman in dinner gown who by simple word or gesture directed the Nelson Family performance. A small boy, under stress of great excitement, missed his foothold and slipped through the blue seats to the consternation of parents and spectators. But—there was no breach of discipline, no missing of footholds on the circus stage.

Amid the plaudits of the multitude, the panting Nelson Family retired. Scores of other circus stars took their places. In three rings, on three stages, along the hippodrome track and in the air above, an army of performers amazed the attentive public.

Once more Equestrian Director Frederick Bradna blew his commanding whistle. Once more Official Announcer Lew Graham, hat in hand, bade all eyes behold the incoming star. "May Wirth, Peerless Equestrienne!" Once more the circus band blared forth, and forth came May—accompanied by Mother Wirth.

All over this rolling globe, wherever circuses have pitched their tents, I have beheld the counterpart of Mother Wirth. Arrayed in a smart dinner gown or perhaps a long ball gown cut low, she is an imposing figure. In toque or hair done high waves an aigret or bunch of paradise feathers. Her feet are shod in high heeled satin slippers but in her hand she holds a long-lashed whip, with a cracker at its tip. She is the feminine ringmaster, the woman who cracks the whip. She is an impressive type of the circus mother. With cracking whip she directed her daughter, her daughter's horses, the horses' grooms, the attendant clowns and other minor luminaries, while the dashing May did her jump-ups, flip-flaps, forward and backward somersaults, roundoffs and handsprings, to, on and from the broad back of her milk-white horse.

THE Wirths withdrew. Other artists carried on. The performance in three rings, on three stages, on the hippodrome track and in the air above continued in its smooth, perfected way.

We clambered down from our lofty seats. Out through the performers' entrance into the circus backyards, out through a maze of horses, actors, animals awaiting their turns to go on. From the moment I came on the lot, I could see that women were an important factor in the circus business. Not women alone, but mothers. All that talk about men and and their supremacy! Where would the big show be today were it not for the mothers? The hand that rocks the cradle! That's a mere man's viewpoint.

Because hers was the biggest family, I first sought Sarah Nelson, seated before her private family dressing tent, sewing silver sequins on a lavender ring costume for one of the Nelson girls. I dodged between a herd of elephants and a wagon load of tigers and breathlessly took the canvas chair offered by the gentle, motherly little woman with smiling eyes and a mouth that turned up at the corners.

The French gown of black lace over emerald green which she wore in the ring had been exchanged for a simple dress of dark brown crêpe. There was no whip in sight but she had a certain air of authority as she called: "Rosina, Oneida, Hilda, Estrella, Carmencita."

One by one they came.

"Theol," Mrs. Nelson called and from the inside of the tent came the muffled reply: "I'm dressing for that riding act, mother. I'll be out in a minute." And in a minute she was. Theol made the sixth. Six fine, robust friendly girls, very dignified, very sure of themselves, yet without self-consciousness and without swank. Then came Paul, the youngest, and the only boy.

"Of course they are all my children," Sarah Nelson said with pride. "The records of our home town, Mt. Clemens, Michigan, show it. Our old family physician knows it—and I know it. Rosina, the eldest, is twenty-six; Oneida, twenty-five; Hilda, the married daughter is twenty-four; Theol is twenty; Estrella, eighteen; Carmencita, seventeen, and Paul, our only boy, is sixteen."

No, she did not think it a problem to rear seven children in the circus. Some mothers in private life might think so, but Sarah Nelson, the circus mother, did not. She told me why.

"SOMETIMES I wonder if the problems are not made complex by the mothers. No, not in granting too many privileges to the girls. On the contrary, in denying girls some of the privileges to which their youth entitles them. Take clothes, for example. It is natural that girls like bright colors. Well, if the mother wears all the bright colors, what is left for the daughter? If the mother of today dresses and acts like an eighteen year old girl, what is left for the eighteen year old girl but to effect something extreme, something radical in order to set her apart from her mother?

"Do you suppose I like to wear that dark green gown I wore into the ring today? Not at all. I should have much preferred a turquoise blue. But the girls like turquoise blue, so I take the dark green. I have had my day of turquoise blue, now let my daughters have it.

"All my children came into the world during the tenting or circus season. I worked in the act, doing three-high stands, usually as a top-mounter (the one at the peak of the human pyramid), flip-flaps, handsprings and somersaults until three or four months before each child was born. Three weeks after each baby came I was back in the act. Even when laying off I kept up my exercises. It is not over-exercising that makes child-bearing difficult for mothers, but over-eating, idleness, chocolate creams, the porch chair and the hammock. You can judge for yourself if I have a healthy family. Before I was thirty-five years old I had given birth to these seven children. I am forty-six now and still in the act."

A SHIFTING-CAGE loaded with lions drew up in the road and halted en route to the arena. One shaggy-maned beast poked his face against the bars and roared his disapproval of me—an outlander—straight in my face. Sarah Nelson waited until the roaring ceased, then continued.

"Until two years ago, when I substituted a long-skirt for tights, the public could not tell which was mother and which were daughters in the Nelson Family Act. In the early days as we entered the tent, my husband, Arthur Nelson went first, and we followed according to size. As the girls grew older I found myself dropping back to second place, to third, to fourth, because for years I have weighed just 110 pounds and my height is only five feet two inches, while the girls grew larger and taller than I. My chief distinction lay in the fact that I was their mother. So I discarded the tights. I donned long skirts and once more took up my place beside my husband at the head of the procession."

"As the mother who cracks the whip?" I queried.

"Figuratively, yes, though my whip-cracking is done with a raised forefinger."

"In and out of the ring?"

"Yes, but with reservations. For girls today do not accept the same sort of discipline I had in my girlhood days. They demand more freedom of action and opinion. I am still a young woman but I realize there is a difference between this age and my own girlhood."

A young man from the home town—a nonprofessional—appeared before the tent, calling upon Estrella. She was inside dressing for one of the statuary or posing acts. In a few minutes she came out, in whitened face, powdered wig and silver costume. She greeted the caller cordially, but without effusion, offered him a chair and went her way to the tent and her part in the big show performance. Her mother and I resumed our conversation. She said:

"Girls in the circus are about like girls out of the circus, except that the circus girl leads a busier, more active life. To my way of thinking there is too much freedom, too much mingling of the sexes, everywhere—on the circus lot as in private life. When I say that to my girls, they say: 'Why, Mother, you're old fashioned.' But they are good girls.

"Not long ago a newspaper reporter came to me and asked me among other foolish questions if my girls smoked cigarets and drank cocktails. That question hurt me, hurt my mother pride more than I cared to let the reporter know. Yet I only said: 'Do my girls look as if they would do such things?' Not at all. My girls dance and swim and skate and enjoy life in a healthy, normal way, but they are accustomed to discipline, physically and morally. The physical discipline helps the moral.

"As for my boy, Paul, why he is just like other boys, except perhaps that he has his energy better directed. Sometimes I think it would have been easier for him to keep his poise if the motion pictures and the comic supplements were planned for children. The motion pictures and the cartoons are all right for grown-ups but there are few of them that benefit a child. Why should the motion pictures and the comic supplements be permitted to use words that I do not permit my boy to use, words that do not belong in the vocabulary of any self-respecting adult, much less a growing boy?"

Yet Sarah Nelson insisted that rearing a family of seven is not a problem but a privilege.

"It all comes with practice—just like acrobatics; all a matter of poise, of watchfulness, of confidence—eternal confidence—and I think the confidence is most important."

I SOUGHT out Mother Wirth of the famous family of Australian circus riders, she whom I had seen actually cracking a whip under the white top.

I found her on the front porch of her dressing tent, surrounded by her family. With her was her youngest daughter, May Wirth, the world famous equestrienne, attired in snow-white tights and a fluffy white ballet skirt with a white tulle bow in her hair. She was the same May Wirth who, at the crack of her mother's whip, had turned somersaults on the back of a loping milk-white horse. Stella Wirth, also a rider, was there and Stella's husband, Phil Wirth, who clowns the family act and who took his wife's name when he married her.

It was a happy family circle in a happy environment. The tents flapped about us in the springtime breeze. The sun cast a golden light over the shifting, highly colored picture of the circus "back yard." The band under the big top played a dreamy waltz for some trapeze act. In and out of the main dressing tent acrobats, riders, equilibrists, attired in the gorgeous conceptions of the circus costume designer drifted in a rainbow panorama.

Mother Wirth, still dressed in the black and white confection she had worn in the ring, with a gorgeous golden bird of paradise in her hair, welcomed me with a smile. Dainty little May Wirth extended a small but firm hand and smiled. Stella, her older sister, also smiled cordially and speaking with the broad British accent of Australia, invited me to join them. Phil Wirth, still in his clown make-up, grinned grotesquely. The smiles were partly for me and partly for the first day's sunshine they had known in weeks.

"It is true," admitted Mother Wirth, "that mothers do crack the whip on the circus lots, literally and figuratively. The literal part is for the show—it is part of our professional performance. One cannot have a circus-riding act without some one in the ring to crack the whip. In the figurative sense I crack the whip as other circus mothers do, because ours is a tribal, nomadic life and the bringing up of a circus family is the most important job given to the circus mother. But no one is hurt by my whip cracking." May Wirth and Stella Wirth smiled again.

"The bearing and rearing of children," continued Mother Wirth, "is the circus woman's great compensation. For the family is the basic unit of circus life and our profession permits, almost compels us to be together always. I think I was a born mother. Before I married I reared my brother's three children after their own mother died.

"ALTHOUGH we are of English stock and England is home to us, my grandfather and father were famous Australian showmen. The Wirth Brothers Circus is the Ringling Brothers of the Antipodes. Stella and May were in the business as infants. May has always been a performer."

She produced a faded photograph of May, aged six, sitting on her chin, her arms stretched to the right and left along a table top, her legs

May Wirth, billed as "the greatest bareback rider of all time," is the third generation of circus riders. Her mother directs her daughter, the horses, the grooms and the attendant clowns.

bent backward in a perfect arch, her little feet resting on her forehead, her elfin face wearing an expression of supreme self-satisfaction. Then Mrs. Wirth went on:

"May was a contortionist and ground acrobat before she became a rider. Nearly all circus children go through that foundation training. But they must have other kinds of schooling, also. While the girls were still in pinafores I carried a tutor, George Anderson, whose duty it was to keep them up to our Australian public school standards. There is no law in Australia compelling public school attendance.

"But once a year, at Easter time, a government inspector examines children not in attendance at some accredited school and if they are below the prescribed standard, into school those children must go. My education was given me on the circus lots and so was May's, although she took more pleasure in riding than in studying, I regret to say."

May smiled a little sheepishly at this.

"Stella developed an early talent for music and I thought best to send her to St. Joseph's College, a convent school, in North Sidney. She studied piano in St. Joseph's and later was given a seven-year course in London, during which she passed seven examinations and took seven diplomas. I have those diplomas yet," said Mother Wirth with pride.

"And then?" I asked.

"And then," the mother of the reigning Wirths replied, "Stella came back to the circus. Why? Because she was born in it and married into it. She and Phil St. Leon had been brought up on the same show, our show, back in Australia. In fact, I was present when Phil was born. When I used to help nurse baby Phil I never thought he would be my son-in-law. But when Stella came back to the show she married Phil—Phil took our family name—and we have been a happy circus family ever since. That's the nicest part of the circus business, it does keep families together. We have traveled in the Antipodes, in Europe and America, during summers under canvas and during winters in vaudeville, and we are always together.

"THE rearing of girls, or boys for that matter, is no problem in the circus business. Love and a certain amount of discipline—not too much—are the only essentials. We divide the love and I monopolize the discipline. My girls are always busy but none of us work hard. We have always been companions. When they were tiny tots and I made pies I gave each a piece of dough and they, too, made pies. When they grew older and saw me sewing they wanted to sew, and they learned to sew and embroider as well as I."

Something was said about young girls going before the public in tights.

"May has always been in tights," Mother Wirth answered. "Stella made her first public appearance in her third year, before I knew she was going into the ring. She had begged my brother for a ride on his ring horse. That was perfectly natural. Most children love to ride horses. My girls were with horses from babyhood.

"At first Stella bobbed around on horseback rather awkwardly but she soon became accustomed to it. Then my brother put her on his shoulders, made her stand up and said to her: 'Clap your hands.' When she learned she could stand on another rider's shoulders while the horse was going around the ring she became a rider. But you may imagine my surprise when one afternoon as I was entering the ring, I saw my baby standing on her uncle's shoulders while he rode on the back of a horse. She was clapping her hands and laughing at the audience. I made her a pair of tights and she wore them for awhile, but after she came out of the convent and the London music school she was self-conscious about tights, insisting on wearing bloomers beneath a clinging silk skirt while doing a butterfly act. It took her a few years to learn that bunchy bloomers are not especially graceful when worn beneath a clinging silk skirt, and at last she donned tights again. As for May, she is more at home attired in tights doing somersaults from the back of a horse than she is in a tailored suit in a taxi.

"Yes, I think the circus mother is a very important person. She bears the same relation to the circus that she does to the home, for the mother in the circus is the same as the mother in the home, and the circus is home to us. If anything, the circus mother has fewer problems in rearing the family than does the home mother, for she does not have to combat the moonlight."

"The moonlight!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, the moonlight. Both of my daughters are married. Like most mothers I stood on the sidelines and looked on during the courtships. But circus people do most of their courting in daylight, between the hours of 4.30 and 7.30—the hours between the afternoon and the night performance. At the close of the night performance they are tired and ready for bed, and home or the Pullman berth on the circus train is far more attractive than the cabarets or the dance floor. The circus train usually leaves town shortly after midnight. Their playtime is in the daytime when the lure and the temptation of the moonlight is minimized.

"Our romance is here on the circus lot, the music of the band and the calliope, the color of the grand entrée, the warmth of the sun. And our disillusionments are here, too, in rain and mud and wet lots. Look at these shoes—ruined in one day on a wet lot! But it's all in a day's work."

A DAINTY little doll of a woman with fair hair, blue eyes and a tip-tilted nose—a woman in orange tights, embroidered in white, ran fleetfooted over the grass. I had seen her in the double trapeze act of Ed and Jennie Rooney, most daring of all the aërialists—had seen her as she swung, high above the heads of a breathless audience. At the appointed moment she had dropped, head downward, until, held only by her insteps which clung to the arched feet of the man above her, she swayed back and forth in the most dangerous part of the dangerous act known as the foot-to-foot swing!

And she too was a circus mother. Her eyes beamed with mother love as she told me about John, aged eight. She threw a soft chiffon wrap over her tights and sat with me outside the main dressing tent and talked of John.

"He comes on the show for a few weeks every summer," she said. "But really he seems to care very little for circus life. Perhaps he may, later on, but just now he is more interested in baseball than in the circus. He seems happy to be with his father and me, but always glad to get back to his school and his studies."

She produced his picture, a handsome laddie with deep blue eyes and his mother's tip-tilted nose.

"John was born in Baraboo, Wisconsin. I quit work that year, though I kept up my exercises. He lives with his grandparents Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Rooney and goes to the boy's school in Baraboo. He's in the third grade now and, naturally, we think him a bright boy. Whether he will be a circus performer rests with himself. Most likely he will. His father and I come from old circus families. But before he decides on a profession he must complete his high school education. He is getting all the circus training necessary in his uncle's ring barn, in the form of ground tumbling and dancing which are essential to make a good performer in any line—from riding to aërial acts. A boy must learn when young to handle his body gracefully. It is what we, in the business, call 'having control.' No performer is finished without it.

"We should like to have John with us. He could keep up his studies through the correspondence course of the schools for professional children. They are very satisfactory. But his grandparents want him with them for these few years.

"Oh, yes. A circus mother is a good disciplinarian. I know because I had a circus mother. As a matter of fact, circus mothers have more time to devote to their children than do mothers in most homes. We have no cooking, no housework, nothing but our personal washing and our wardrobes to take up our time. We do not have much to do. I ride in the Cinderella wagon for ten minutes each performance in the 'spec'—the grand entry. My cloud swing

Mrs. Adele Nelson and her sons, Theodore, nineteen, and Robert, eighteen, are a branch of a family renowned in the circus world for generations.

keeps me in the ring or air for another five minutes twice each day. All told I doubt if I am actually at work more than an hour a day, exclusive of the time it takes me to change my costume—six changes—but what woman ever objected to time spent changing her costume?" She laughed and added:

"Yes, they tell me I toss dice with death whenever I do the foot-to-foot free swing. Eddie and I work without a net, and if I fall, I fall forty feet to the ground. But I am not afraid. I have not been hurt yet. At least not much. Have I, Eddie?"

Eddie Rooney, her husband, smiled with affection into her eyes, as he replied: "Not if I can help it."

What I had learned of the circus mother on the Ringling Show, made me eager to know more of other mothers on other shows, until the circus back yard became as familiar ground to me—almost—as it was to the Mere Man of my family who first introduced me to it.

ONE warm sunshiny day in April I sat in the dressing room of the Sells-Floto show at Paterson, New Jersey. It was the hour before the afternoon performance. Around me in the tent were circus women, bathing, dressing, sewing on costumes, washing out silk stockings or silk tights.

Before me sat Mayme Ward of the Flying Wards—a young looking, sturdy mother, twenty-eight years old. In front of Mayme Ward, and every other circus performer in that tent, was a professional trunk, in the upturned lid of which was a mirror. Beside her on the sod was a galvanized iron pail of water. From time to time as we talked, Mayme Ward dipped a side comb into the water, drew the comb through her thick blonde hair, and adjusted a water wave in quite the proper place. Then she took from her trunk a square of new cotton cloth, snipped off a length of it, folded it and bound it securely around her head—thus holding the water wave combs in place.

In twenty minutes clad in white silk tights and with a wired illusion bow in her correctly waved hair, she would take her place on an aërial platform and swing by hands and heels from an aërial trapeze. In a forty-foot throw between pedestal and catch she would do a double, perhaps a triple somersault and on the split-second catch the finger tips of her husband, Eddie Ward, on the opposite swinging bar, far above the heads of the applauding crowds.

And no one in that crowd, except perhaps myself, would know that Mayme Ward had been doing that sort of thing for nineteen years; that during those nineteen years she had married Eddie Ward and borne three children.

Two of those children, she told me, were born in winter. Edward, aged ten, was born in February while Mayme Ward and her husband was appearing in Germany. Harold, aged six, was born in Bloomington, Illinois. Both children, being thoughtful for their future, managed to arrive in the winter time when their mother did not have to give up any time from her summer season circus act. But Genevieve, the third child, being a girl and therefore, less mindful of the future, came into the world in June, which meant that her mother could not start out with the circus that season, although she had worked on the aërial trapeze until April and returned to the circus in August.

"Of course it is right for the prospective mother to exercise," Mayme Ward assured me. "That's the very thing she should do. It is no more difficult for me to do trapeze work five months before a baby is expected than it is for the ordinary housewife to stand on her feet and do dishes. I did not do any somersaulting that season but I did catching, which requires the use of arm and torsal muscles."

THE equestrian director's whistle blew for the grand entrée before I had time to finish the conversation, or to talk with Elinor Hodgini, wife of Albert Hodgini of the Hodgini Comedy Riding Act. I had watched Madame Hodgini as she stooped over the galvanized pail of water, washing out small brown stockings for Harriet, her pretty brown-eyed daughter who came into the dressing room. Harriet, aged eight, had her school books with her, for her lesson time was just finished. But it was not Harriet or her books that attracted my attention half so much as the straight back of Madame Hodgini, a back that stooped from the waist and not from the shoulders as she scrubbed stockings up and down on a board in a pail of foaming suds.

When next I saw Madame Hodgini she was riding a horse in the ring, her slender shoulders and beautiful straight back shown to best advantage in the decolleté dress she wore. It was a dainty dress that a sub-deb might have envied, all shimmering, flesh-pink taffeta, with wired blue forget-me-nots on the hips and a Frenchy red rose at the shoulder. She was French and full of the vivacity of the French, as she kissed her hand to the admiring crowd, and I had difficulty in making myself believe that she was the same domestic person I had seen a few moments before, with arms immersed in soap suds, scrubbing soiled play stockings for her little daughter. But after the performance I met her again, and was sure.

"The circus mother?" she said, with a delicious French accent. "Ah! She is just a mother, that is all. She does her work—work a little different perhaps from the mother in the home—brings her babies into the world, gives them the best education and the best training she knows how—and so she goes." She made a light motion with her expressive hands, a motion that might mean the flitting away of a gay little spirit that had served her time in this world. Then she chatted on.

"Harriet was born in December. I rode a horse until the season closed in late October. That time I was lucky. Is it not so? But when Bertie was born, it was July. I had to lay off part of that season. Bertie is in school—a boy's school near Chicago and is a fine, bright boy. Harriet is learning to be a rider. If she is ever to be a rider, now is the time to begin. Is it not so, my little one?" And Harriet, nodded her head, like the adorably dutiful child that she is.

Then there was Mrs. Homer Hobson, another whip-cracker, directing the Hobson Family's riding act. During one part of the performance she had danced and pirouetted in peacock-blue tights with a gold lace ruffle and a gold lace headdress. But as directress of the riding act she was very dignified in a long silver gown with the essential white aigret in her hair. She, too, is a circus mother. Her two boys, Homer, Jr., aged twenty-two, and Herbert, sixteen, are riders. Both boys are healthy and both are up to required school grade although they have spent but five months each winter in the public schools of Austin, Illinois. They are the third generation of the Hobson Family, famous in circus history.

When the Sparks Show reached Staten Island, I was there ahead of them. The name of Nelson intrigued me—the Nelson troupe, related to the Nelson Family of the Ringling Show.

"Another Nelson," I told myself. "She ought to be a good circus mother." And she was.

The show was late in reaching Stapleton. It had been fighting mud and rain for weeks. At one o'clock the roughnecks and negro workmen were just putting up the blue seatplanks. A flock of small boys eager to see the show, and the most willing workers I have ever seen, were following the boss canvassman around the circus lot, getting under each other's feet, so numerous were they.

Along the cinder path, for the tents were pitched on rough and newly made ground, came a dainty blue-eyed girl, wearing a pink dress and a straw hat with a pink ribbon.

"I want to talk to circus mothers," I began. "But you are no mother, you're a baby!"

She smiled. She was Mrs. Adele Nelson of the Nelson Troupe. "Wait until you see my two big boys," she said. I did not have to wait long, for soon they came.

Theodore, the eldest, aged nineteen, came first, a fine, big strapping lad, followed by Robert.

"Robert is the baby," his mother said, and Robert, eighteen years old and half a head taller than his mother, blushed. But motherlike she gave no heed and continued to smooth his rumpled hair.

Little Bertie Hodgini, son of the comedy riders, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Hodgini, clowns it in summer and goes to school in winter.

"I suppose you would call it whip-cracking," she replied to my question. "Every mother has to do a certain amount of it. But the bark of my whip-cracker is worse than its bite, and my boys know it.

"Why of course, one can be a circus performer and a good mother! I have the two best boys in the world. I have had them with me ever since they finished school. They are up with the boys in their class and they are more sophisticated. My boys don't seem to care about going out with girls much. They have girl friends, of course, but most of their pleasure is taken on the circus lot.

"I don't know what it is about the white tops that seems to give boys a more serious outlook on life. Perhaps it is the poise necessary in their work. Physical balance makes for mental balance. When the school friends of my boys come to visit us, they seem so much less mature than my boys, not in school work, but in the sense of responsibility. I think my boys feel a sort of responsibility over me. I married out of the profession," she concluded, as if she were confessing a fault—an error in judgment, "and I worked alone in circus and vaudeville to educate my boys."

As an example of the love and affection which surrounds the circus mother who cracks the whip, let me tell a little story of Mrs. Elizabeth Hannaford, mother of "Poodles" Hannaford, the English riding clown.

One night about a year ago Mrs. Hannaford fell from an upper berth in the circus Pullman at Nashua, New Hampshire, breaking her hip and wrist. She was taken to a local hospital while the rest of the family "went on with the show." That is the most important feature of circus life. Whatever happens, performers must "go on with the show."

The mother who cracked the whip in the big act lay in a plaster cast, but the act had to go on just the same. Yet that did not prevent "Poodles," and his sisters, Elizabeth and Grace, from reaching the mother's bedside each day or night for a week.

Sometimes they motored from nearby cities where the circus was exhibiting. At other times within a hundred miles of Nashua the children managed to get to the mother's bedside every day while still "keeping the act going."

It was months before Mother Hannaford was "back in the act" but she began to crack the whip as soon as she was on her feet.

It must have been maddening to a circus mother, who could bring a child into the world and, except for a few weeks immediately prior to and after the birth of the child, carry on her circus life, to have a simple thing like a broken hip and wrist put her out of the business.

I asked Dr. W. J. Shields, for seven years medical director of the Ringling Show, about this and his reply was:

"Child bearing is natural to a woman. An accident is—an accident.

"Because she lives an out-of-door life, because she has never worn corsets to constrict her body, because she has developed muscles which give strength to child-bearing, the circus mother brings children into the world just as nature intended she should. Her nerves are steadier. What would be considered violent exercise by non-professional mothers, is no more to the circus woman than peeling potatoes would be to the mother in private life.

"It is perfectly safe for a prospective mother to remain at any work in the circus until the fifth month. After that I do not advise it, although many of them do work after the fifth month. The time for returning to work depends upon the strength of the mother and the kind of work she is doing. Usually three weeks are sufficient. If horse-back riding is daily routine to the woman, it does her no harm to return to horse back in three weeks, after her child is born, because her muscles are trained to it.

"You will notice on the circus that whether it be a case of sickness, accident, nerves or child-bearing, recovery is far quicker than in private life.

"The circus mother is stronger in physical and moral muscle than most mothers in private life, hence she bears stronger children." That was Dr. Shields' opinion.

And there you have the story of the circus mother who cracks the whip.

Swans

by Faith Baldwin

THIS day has passed as other days before,
It blew no trumpets, challenging and clear,
It opened no amazing, secret door
On strange delight, on sorrow or on fear.

This day has been as some unstirring lake,
Its shallows clouded with the roots of things
Habitual and small—yet there would break
From clogging reeds the suddenness of wings.

For thoughts of you are white swans dreaming slow
Upon the waters' dark, familiar breast,
And no day ebbs wherein I do not know
The hidden magic of the wild swans' nest.

One man learns that love is not always blind and that success is a fickle lure

The Little Foxes

by Ben Ames Williams

Illustrated by S. George Phillips

HE WOKE at the first hint of dawn in the east, and turned on his back, fingers intertwined beneath his head, to watch the gay light in his windows. There was no drowsiness upon him; he had awakened instantly and completely, like a healthy animal. To wake at the first approach of day was an ancient habit with Malcolm Otis; there was a freshness in the air as it began to be warmed by the approaching sun which invigorated and intoxicated him. His breast now rose and fell steadily as he took great inhalations; but he did not do this consciously. The action, like his awakening, was habit; his thoughts were concerned, as they always were, with the business of the day that was ahead of him. The new line of credit applied for by the Forbush plant; Tom Morgan's overdue note; Jim Dunn's request for six thousand dollars on a mortgage on his house on South Street. The house had cost Jim eleven thousand to build, Otis knew, but he also knew that it was built to please Mrs. Dunn, and another woman might not like it. Five thousand, he decided, was all they had better let Jim have.

He rose presently, in an unhurried way, and went through the hall to the bathroom. He had waited till after seven o'clock, to be sure his mother was awake. There were no rigors about his morning routine; the water in his tub was cool but not cold; he took no setting-up exercises. He had a robust strength produced by years of hard manual work; and this combined with a certain austerity of appetite to give him perfect health. While he dressed he planned a letter to the Forbush people asking for more data to support their application for a loan; a dozen other details of his day's work ran through his thoughts. He was dressed at a quarter of eight; and since breakfast would not be ready till eight o'clock, he took a book from the table at the foot of his bed and sat down by the window. The book was called "A Theory of Credit." Otis found it absorbing.

When he went downstairs, his mother was already in the dining-room, the percolator bubbling beside her. His dish of oatmeal was steaming on his plate. He kissed her with a pleasant affection in his bearing, before he sat down.

She asked: "You slept well?"

Her son nodded laughingly. "You've asked me that question every morning for years, mother."

"And you've always laughed at me for asking," she reminded him.

He ate slowly, talking with her in the light tone he always adopted toward her. His thoughts were concerned with the matter he had just read. He decided the writer was probably mistaken in his reasonings; nevertheless, the man had ideas of his own, and was not afraid to state them. But would they check up in practice?

His mother asked, as he began on the bacon and eggs, whether he meant to go to the dance at the Masonic Hall that night. He shook his head, and she commented:

"I declare, I don't see why you joined, anyway. You never go to their things!"

"I joined for business reasons, mother," he explained cheerfully. "You know I don't go in for dancing and the like. I'm too busy. Always have been."

"You're not too busy now," she insisted.

He shook his head. "It's too late for me to form the habit, now."

Yet he was only thirty-two or three years old; but he felt older. Perhaps this was because his childhood had ended when he was fourteen, when his father died. Since then he had supported his mother and himself. And eight years ago he had decided to gamble his savings by going to college. Six or eight years older than his class mates, he had little in common with them; he had sought not the social side of college life, but its less familiar, less valued scholastic opportunities. He might have done well at athletics, but the organized effort of the teams implied too heavy a drain upon his time, and he had fought shy of them. He emerged—having compressed a four year course into three years and a half—with all that he had gone after, but with none of the less tangible fruits he might have gathered along the way. His old place in the bank was waiting for him when he came back to Hamilton, and in the intervening years he had poured himself into his tasks so lavishly and so intelligently that he was in danger of making a name for himself.

ON THE way downtown this morning he encountered—this was an accident that often happened—Margaret Ross. She had a share in the management of Patterson's dry-goods store, the largest establishment of its kind in Hamilton. Her routine was as orderly as his, and since each planned to get to work at nine o'clock, they often walked downtown together. They had been good friends for a number of years, and he was always glad to see her, always felt somehow defrauded when he failed to encounter her on his way to the bank. His evenings were occupied; he read a great deal strictly in line with his work, and his habit of waking early connotated an early retiring hour, so that it had never occurred to him to go to call on her. But at sight of her ahead of him this morning, he quickened his step a little, and greeted her familiarly.

"Morning, Margot!"

She turned, smiling a little, and said, "Hello, Malcolm!"

"Ahead of time?" he asked; and she glanced at her wrist watch and said she didn't think so, as they fell into step together.

They talked of business matters. She had recently returned from a buying trip to New York. He asked her questions, listened acutely.

"What do they think of business over there?" he inquired.

She said the general opinion seemed to be that the turn had come; that the slow upward trend had begun. He nodded, quoting one or two phenomena which had come under his own observation to confirm his opinion. He became absorbed in the topic, spoke earnestly, striding more swiftly so that she had to hurry to keep pace with him. The girl watched him while he talked, watched the swift play of his features, marked the eager interest in his eyes. There may have been something a little wistful in her own.

When the morning was half gone, Jevons, a tall, black-haired, stout-framed man with a pleasant face, the directing head of the bank, sent for Otis, and when he went into his office, bade him sit down. Sliding a sheet of stiff letter paper across the top of his desk, "They're going to draft you, son," he said.

Otis read the letter with a leap of his pulses which he tried to control. It was a thing he had been hoping for; the substance of his dreams. His reputation, he knew, had extended beyond the confines of his own state; he did not know it had gone this far. When he handed the letter back to Jevons, his face was expressionless, but his eyes were dancing.

"It was bound to come," Jevons told him. "You can't keep a fast horse in a poor man's stable. I've seen this ahead. And I've boosted you all I could."

"They haven't written me," Otis suggested.

"There's a sort of professional courtesy in such matters. Bankers are a little old-fashioned, perhaps. Dates from the day when, before a fellow proposed to a girl, he asked her father's permission to pay his addresses."

Both men smiled. "It's hardly like that today," Otis commented.

"It's the first step up for you, son," Jevons told him. "Hamilton's going to be proud of you some day. You've a fine combination of daring and prudence—I suppose 'vision' is as good a name for it as another. And these—" he tapped the open letter, "these are the biggest people in Boston. But I'll be surprised if you're not running their business for them in twenty years."

"I'll be fifty-three, then," the younger man said thoughtfully, and for a moment his eyes were shadowed.

Jevons was stirred by a sudden enthusiasm. "By God, you'll do it in fifteen," he cried.

TEN days later, Otis took a train for the East. He had decided to leave his mother in Hamilton for the present; she was happy here, had her old familiar friends, had the pleasant routine of existence to solace her. She accepted his decision so easily he thought she had agreed to it. He had told Margaret Ross his plans, and she was interested, listened eagerly, asked a question or two. He had a momentary impression that something which needed saying hovered on her lips—and was not said. She wished him luck, and they shook hands and said good-by.

"In case I don't see you again," she explained.

This was two or three days before his departure, and, as it chanced, they did not again encounter one another. He was too much engrossed in that which lay ahead of him to wonder at this, to wonder what it was that kept her from her accustomed routine during these last days in Hamilton.

Jevons and the staff of men and girls with whom he had worked in the bank gave the young man a leather traveling bag, elaborately fitted. Such bags are made for the gift trade. The sort of thing a man covets, yet has no use for; the sort of thing a group of men inevitably choose as a gift for one of their number. Jevons also gave Otis a friendly word at parting. He bade the young man keep his feet on the ground.

"And you know, son, you can always come back here and hang up your hat on the old hook, any time you want."

Malcolm laughed cheerfully and said, "That's mighty reassuring, sir. I know as well as anybody that this is just a try-out for me."

"Don't worry, boy," Jevons told him, and slapped him on the shoulder. "You'll burn 'em up. Go to it, old man!" The train began to move. . . .

He emerged from the South Station in Boston at noon the next day, the new traveling bag in his hand, and bade the taxi driver take him to the Parker House. Jevons having once stayed at that hostelry, had recommended it. That afternoon Otis walked about the narrow, crowded streets. Columbus he had seen, and Cleveland; but there was an openness, a looseness of texture about these cities. Boston seemed to him packed and compressed as though it were an essence distilled from some thinner liquid. He asked the way to the bank that had summoned him, and arriving before it, surveyed its exterior curiously. His appointment was for the following morning.

AFTER dinner that night he went to his room, intending to read one of the three books he had brought with him, but for the first time in his life he was unable to concentrate upon the massed figures, the tables of statistics.

His room opened upon an alleyway. Across and below him there was an Italian restaurant, from which through open windows arose a smell of strange foods, arose the sound of voices, arose now and then the notes of song from a woman who stood by the clanging piano. Taxicabs in second gear roared along the alley beneath the window, and down the street in front of the hotel moved a persistent procession of cars and people. His eye caught the figure of a woman in the restaurant across the way. She had entered from the door at the head of the stairs and approached a table where a man and another woman sat drinking from glasses which the man surreptitiously replenished. There was something menacing in her movements. Abruptly she struck the man from behind; struck him in the face as he was about to drink; caught the glass which he held and struck him with it so that his cheek was cut and bleeding. Their voices rose; the other woman at the table fought to preserve a trembling, pitiful dignity.

Otis heard the newcomer say to the man, "If I had a revolver I'd blow your head off!"

By the time the waiters had quieted the disturbance and ejected the disturbers, the young man's pulses were pounding; he was prey to an overwhelming and delicious excitement. He had seen for the first time somewhat below the surface of life, and the sight intoxicated him. He threw his book aside and went out into the streets, studying the faces of those he met. In the end he went to a moving picture show; and it was near midnight before he was in bed.

In the great office of the president of the bank next morning, with a thick rug beneath his feet and paneled walls about him, facing the small, calm, neatly mustached man who had sent for him, he was on familiar ground once more. He plunged into his new tasks with an eager zeal. A day or two later he gave up his hotel room and took a lodging upon Beacon Hill. The city still allured him; there were so many things to see—to do. But there were also many things for him to learn, in connection with his work. He fell into the habits which had been his at home; woke early, his thoughts at once absorbed by the problems of the coming day; worked hard; went early to bed. It was the third week of his life in Boston before he went to another moving picture show.

He had made friends in the bank. His work brought him occasionally in contact with Hard, the president; he met, more casually and more frequently, several others. Jacobs, an assistant to the cashier, Parlow, in the trust department, Harrod, a teller. It was Jacobs, a bachelor and only a year or two older than himself, who asked him one day where he was living. Otis told him.

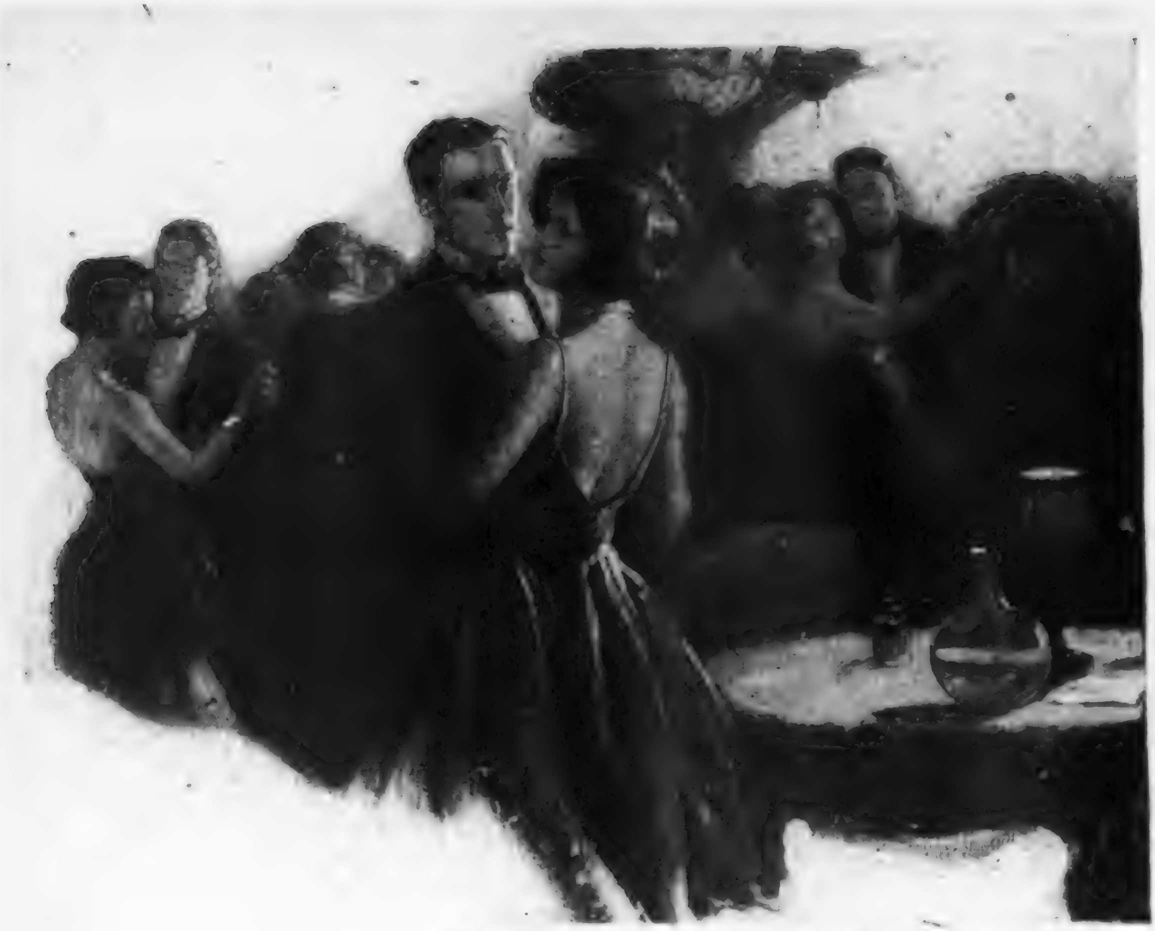
"Why don't you come in with me?" Jacobs inquired. "My buddy has gone to New York. Merchant's National. They're sending him to Paris, I expect. That leaves me with a little apartment on my hands, and I think we'd get along."

"That sounds attractive," Otis said.

"I'll tell you what," Jacobs continued. "Have dinner with me tonight and see how you like it."

THE dinner was served by a man; and Otis laughed to himself in gleeful enjoyment of this phenomenon. Jacob's apartment was small, but it was comfortable. A living-room with a fireplace, a small dining-room, and two bedchambers. The engravings upon the wall interested Otis; the books on the shelves appealed to him. There was some discussion of financial arrangements, which he found within his means. The next day he transferred his belongings, paying a week's rent of his old room in lieu of notice to the landlady, who grieved at his going.

Jacobs was a type new to Otis. His function in the bank was to a considerable extent social; he frequently dressed for dinner, so that Otis acquired this habit. Jacobs knew European cities, knew New York, San Francisco and Hongkong. He could talk interestingly



The young man's blood was stirring; this was adventure. . . . She successes, so skillfully did

on many subjects, and Otis probed into the other's experiences with insistent questions, tasting second-handedly the colorful life Jacobs had lead. On the rare occasions when Jacobs had no evening engagement, the two men were apt to talk far into the night.

At about this time, Otis had mastered the routine of his new work; he had years of practical banking experience behind him, and his present responsibilities were less than they had been in Hamilton. With no set tasks before him to occupy his energies, his attention wandered to more interesting fields. Once or twice he was included with Jacobs in invitations to homes where the other was on an intimate footing. He began to meet people. . . .

A letter from his mother one day said: "I met Margaret Ross downtown this morning, and she asked for you. I think she'd like it if you wrote to her some time."

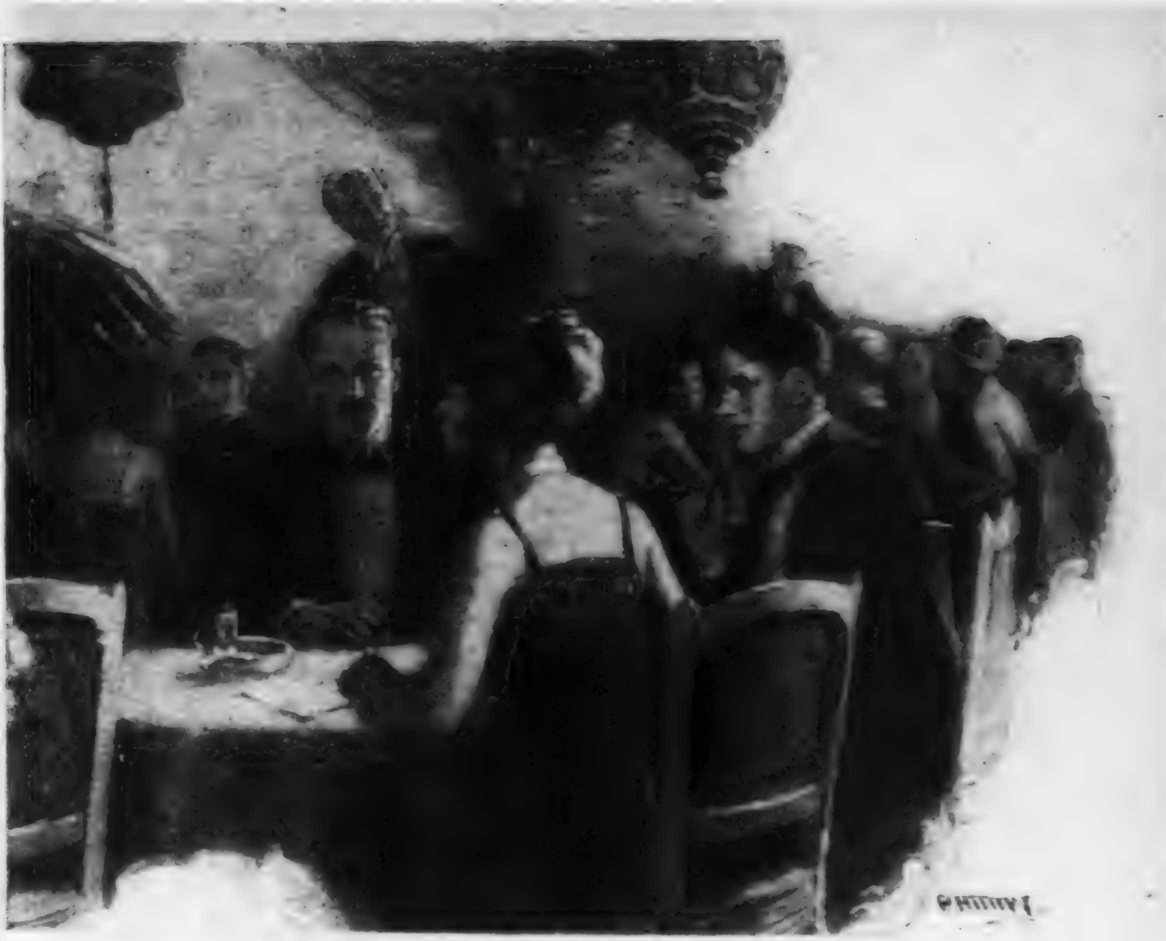
He welcomed the suggestion. He would have enjoyed talking over many things with Margaret. At his desk next morning, when other correspondence was cleared up, he dictated a brief letter to her. Her answer came a week later. As brief as his, yet packed with glimpses of the people and the life in his home town. At the end she wrote: "You have, a good stenographer."

In Hamilton, he would have accepted this encomium at its face value, but his understanding was somewhat broadened now. He understood that she had disliked his dictating a letter designed for her. He made a mental note that next time he would write himself. But next time was delayed.

One night Jacobs had two other men in to dinner and afterward they played what was for the others a desultory game of poker, with a twenty-five cent limit. Otis had never played poker before; the mathematical posssibilities of the game appealed to him, and the fact that he won ten or twelve dollars, with the luck that so frequently attends the efforts of a beginner, pleasantly thrummed some thrifty chord in him.

Jacobs discovered that Otis had never learned to dance, and suggested he take lessons. "You'll want to know how," he explained. "There'll be lots of dancing this winter."

Otis accepted this advice, and went to the teacher Jacobs recommended. A gay little woman with pretty ankles and only a line beneath her chin to betray her forty years. She used a faint and fragrant perfume which Otis found intoxicating, and her gowns appealed to him as harmonious and beautiful. Her name was Frances North, and when he told Jacobs that he liked her, Jacobs nodded good-naturedly.



became a corporeal part of him; his occasional awkward failures became
she adapt herself to them.

"Frankie's a good sport," he said. "And a liberal education. You ought to take her out to dinner."

When he had had a dozen lessons, Otis suggested this excursion to the woman and she accepted with delight. He called for her with a taxicab, and her evening gown astonished and somewhat disturbed him. He had tickets for a theater, where they arrived late. Afterward at his uncertain suggestion—Jacobs had coached him—they went to a hotel for supper and dancing. The young man's blood was stirring; this was adventure. He danced with her half a dozen times, to the music of a colored orchestra which was very different from the mechanical strains of the graphophone that she used in her classes. She seemed to become a corporeal part of him, as he danced; his occasional awkward failures became successes, so skilfully did she adapt herself to them. Her hand within his elbow as they returned to their table after each dance had a caressing quality. When he left her at her door, it was reluctantly. Her gay "good night!" had seemed to lack finality.

He told Jacobs a detailed story of the evening. "She's certainly a wonder," he said.

Jacobs nodded in amusement. "Frankie's a good sport," he agreed, "but don't make any mistake, Mac. She's strictly on the level, you know."

Otis flushed hotly, as though he had been accused of a shameful thing. There had been nothing shameful in his thoughts, he had been swept by the sweet breath of romance. A wonderful adventure, it had seemed to him; an entirely commonplace experience, Jacob's attitude declared.

He was so interested in these experiences that he did not perceive they were pilfering time from his work. In Hamilton, the bank's affairs had been his, from waking till he went to bed again. Here he forgot the bank from four or five o'clock in the afternoon, till nine in the morning. He had recently bought an alarm clock, since he no longer waked, as in the past in Hamilton, at dawn.

As the winter set in, he graduated from Frankie North's dancing class, and began to put his new found abilities into practice. Men who could dance, he discovered, were in demand. He had an increasing number of invitations. Also, he joined the club where Jacobs put him up, and learned to play bridge. He applied himself to the game with a thoroughness that made him a sound though never brilliant player. The stakes were small; half a cent was the regular figure. He occasionally sat into a poker game with a twenty-five cent limit. His winnings and losses were inconsiderable; it did not occur to him that his intangible losses were beginning to bulk large.

HE MET Enid Day at a dance in December; met her again at another ten days later; saw her more frequently thereafter. One night she told him that she usually served tea on Sunday afternoons, suggested that he drop in. He found a circle of gay young people at her home, herself its center. She was a tall, fair girl with serene eyes and a laughing mouth, and he liked her enormously. Their acquaintance ripened swiftly into what was, on his part at least, a tender intimacy.

In January, he and Jacobs went with a group in which Enid was included, to try the toboggan slide at one of the suburban country clubs. There was a moon, the night was clear and sparkingly cold. The brisk exertion of the climb after each slide made his blood run faster. He and Enid went down the slide together, and near the bottom had one of those rolling spills which are a part of the game. His arms, half around her as he gripped the sides of the toboggan, encircled her when they left the track and they rolled over and over, closely embraced. When they came to rest, her face was close to his, and it was dusted with snow. She wiped off the biting crystals and laughed up at him. Intoxicated, he kissed her; he met no effort at avoidance.

"Wasn't that fun?" she cried.

He muttered her name, chokingly, and kissed her again. Her eyes widened a little then, and she pushed him away.

"Now, now, Mac dear," she chided gently.

Otis helped her to her feet, holding both her hands.

She laughed at him, softly again.

"I'm afraid you're getting serious, Mac," she told him.

He said swiftly: "I am! Deadly serious!"

She wagged a finger at him. "Mustn't!" she warned. "It isn't done!"

Another toboggan whistled past them and a girl's voice called tauntingly: "Spoo-o-o-oning!" Otis dropped her hands.

"But I—"

She shook her head. "No! I like to play with you, Mac. But you mustn't stop playing."

"You kissed me!" he cried accusingly.

" 'Course I did," she agreed. "Look!" She kissed him again. "You're a nice boy; and I like to kiss nice boys. Now let's go back up the hill. Come along."

"But I want you to . . . "

"No you don't, Mac. It's just the moon." She had retrieved the toboggan; the other coasters were approaching. "Help me pull!"

He took hold of the cord with her, and they went back up the hill. He thought her charming.

He always thought Enid charming when he was with her, he found. She was like strong drink; very pleasant in the taking, but not always so pleasant next day. There were times when he remembered his moments with her with stale disgust. Nevertheless, he saw her often, found that when the moment was propitious he could always kiss her. He had always thought of a kiss as rather a serious matter; he found that in Enid's world it was only a more or less harmless form of play.

Play! Play! Play! This seemed to be the whole preoccupation of those among whom his life now was cast. The pleasant ways of life enchanted him. He enjoyed dancing, enjoyed the skating parties, enjoyed all the new contacts which the winter brought him. Found other girls as charmingly friendly as Enid. Spring came in as a breath of warm wind and the grass began to green.

Hard, the head of the bank, sent for him one morning in May and said without preamble, "Well, Otis, you've fallen down!"

Otis was profoundly surprised, profoundly shocked. He had done his work as it was given to him to do; he had made no conspicuous mistakes. He found difficulty in believing what he heard. After an amazed silence, he found breath to say:

"Why, what's wrong, sir? What have I done?"

"Nothing," said Hard. "Nothing! And we rather expected you to do a good deal. You've filled your job. We expected you to be too big for it. We looked you up before you came here, and I understood you were a thoughtful, hard-working young fellow, with a lot of common sense. It seems you're more inclined to social diversions than we had understood."

"Why, I've only knocked about a bit with Jacobs."

"Jacobs has his uses, to the bank," Hard replied quietly. "But we don't need two like him. You've tried to play another man's specialty. We're letting you go."

"Letting me go?"

"I've written to Jevons," Hard explained. "He'll be glad to have you back again." He lifted a letter from his desk with a gesture of dismissal. "You can adjust details with Mr. Moore," he added. "Good afternoon."

Otis, going back to his desk, found an old bit of doggerel running over and over in his mind:

"London bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,
London bridge is falling down."

He remembered, abruptly, and with a shock of real contrition, that he had never written again to Margaret Ross.

Otis went home to Hamilton without attempting to deceive himself or others about what had happened to him. There was no need to tell Jevons, for Hard had written him. To his mother he told as much as she would hear, but she rallied to his defense.

"They didn't give you any work to do," she cried, "how could they tell whether you were able to do it or not? They weren't fair to you, Malcolm."

He did not contest the point with her. Mothers are mothers, and their faith is like an anchor. He was himself confused and bewildered by his overthrow; he had been so confident of his abilities, so sure that he had found his place in that new scheme of things. When he resumed his own familiar duties it was automatically; there was no heart in him. He was profoundly discouraged because he had been tried and found wanting.

"It came as a surprise to me, sir," he confessed to Jevons. "I thought I was getting along all right."

Jevons hesitated, a curious constraint apparent in his bearing. "Tough luck," he agreed. Otis did not mark this constraint; he did not press Jevons for an answer to the reiterated questionings with which he tormented himself. He was hurt and bemuddled as a chastened child.

He met Margaret Ross one morning when he had been at home less than a week.

"Your mother told me you were coming back," she told him.

He tried to laugh. "Yes, I failed to measure up. Not good enough for the big league, I guess."

She made no comment—asked no questions. He was disappointed. He had become of a sudden hungrily desirous of telling her all that had happened to him. There was no one else he could tell; he would not wound his mother.

A DAY or two later he saw Margaret again. She asked whether it seemed good to be back in the old harness once more. He shook his head. "I don't seem to get anywhere; I don't seem to have the punch I had," he confessed. . . . "I can't get to sleep, sometimes," he added wearily after a moment.

She hesitated, then looked at him with steady, friendly eyes. "Why don't you come over some evening, Malcolm?" she suggested. "I'd like to hear all about things."

He found himself remembering that Enid Day had asked him to come and see her. . . . He felt his cheeks burn. He saw, of a sudden, many things through Margaret's steady eyes. "I'd like to come," he told her honestly.

When he went to her house on the appointed evening, she asked him many questions about his work; how it differed from his tasks in Hamilton; how he had handled it; what results he had achieved. He found surprisingly little to tell her in response to these questions.

"Did you do much studying?"

"Why—not very much," he admitted. "It was really a restricted job, not much to do."

She nodded slowly. "Where did you live?" she asked. "In a hotel?"

So he told her of Jacobs, of their pleasant apartment, of the congenial club surroundings.

"I learned to dance, too," he explained, laughing a little. "Oh, I blossomed out, Margaret. You wouldn't have known me."

With a faint hesitation he told her of some of the people he had come to know. Of Enid Day. . . . "They're an irresponsible lot," he explained. "Just having a good time, and enjoying themselves. A little younger than I am, most of them. But they taught me to play!"

She murmured, half to herself: " 'The little foxes.' "

"What did you say?" he asked.

" 'The little foxes, that spoil the vines,' " she repeated, and at his look of bewilderment, she leaned a little forward. "Don't you see?"

He shook his head. "See what?"

"That all these things—dancing, and playing cards, and long, idle evenings, and flirting a little perhaps—" She smiled at him teasingly. "They were stealing your time, and your strength, and your—" She hesitated, suddenly confused. "You forgot your work when you left the bank, didn't you? And sat up late—and slept late."

"But there wasn't any harm in any of it," he protested in bewilderment.

She nodded. "Just playmates! Little foxes, pilfering . . . ."

They talked for long; he found a wisdom and a friendliness in her which he had not suspected before. When he had risen to take leave and they were standing in the hallway: "By God! I'd like another chance at them! With clearer eyes!" he exclaimed.

Margaret answered steadily. "I should think that was what you would work for. I should think you'd work terribly hard to—win that chance again. You can, you know!"

He laughed, excitedly. "Watch me!" he challenged. "I know what I'm doing, now. It's going to be a case of nose to the grindstone—every minute of the day, for me."

She smiled up at him, cheeks warm with faint color.

"Every minute?" she asked.

Otis caught both her hands. "I want to see you more," he told her stammeringly. "I want to see a lot of you." He had not fully known until that moment, how much he wanted this. And Margaret, studying him serously, saw that in his eyes which she had wished to see.

"I want you to, Malcolm," she replied.

Do You Speak English?

An American actor's speech has been selected as a standard of excellence for self-cultivation. With the aid of a few fundamental rules any one can learn to detect his own speech faults

by Vida Ravenscroft Sutton

HOW do you pronounce *not, got, due, happy, news, tune?* These are a few of the test words given in this article. Your speech reveals what you are. It is a measure of attainment. It is an index of your background, training and cultivation. The ability to express yourself easily and well is not only a proof of culture but is often the most effective means of influencing others.

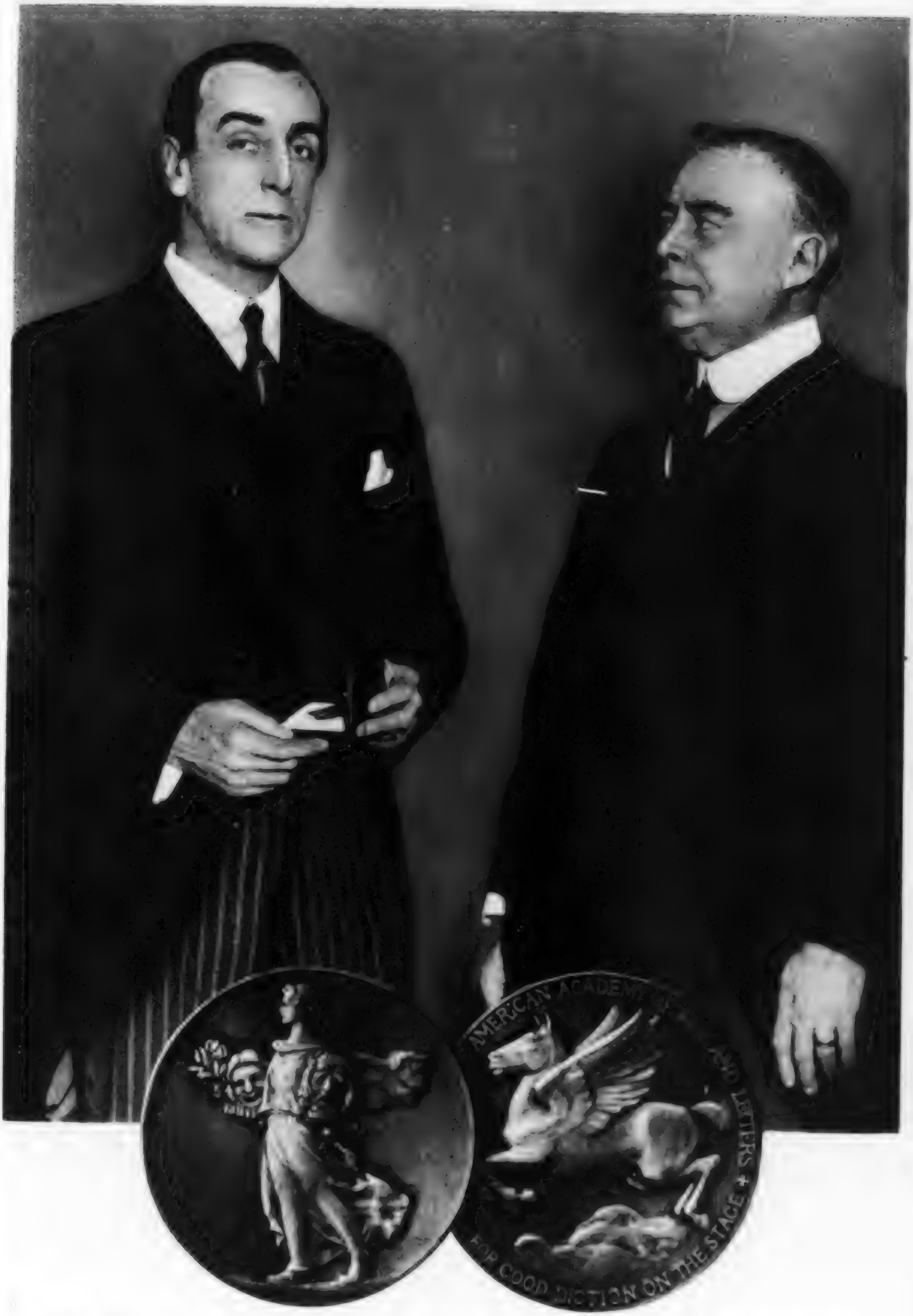
A GREAT star assumed a new and unaccustomed rôle when Walter Hampden appeared before a distinguished gathering of the American Academy of Arts and Letters at its last annual meeting. For once, in a long career of hard work and unflinching perseverance, costume and make-up were laid aside. No brilliant spotlight picked out of the darkness the enormous-nosed *Cyrano*, with tragedy showing through the comic mask, or the desert-hawk features of his vital *Othello*, or the wan visage of a melancholy *Hamlet*. Instead there was Hampden himself in the rôle of Hampden receiving a unique distinction at the hands of the most brilliant leaders in American arts and letters. Because of his superb mastery of his mother tongue he was receiving from the hands of Augustus Thomas, the Will Hays of the American theater, the Academy's gold medal for good diction. Only two other such medals have ever been awarded by this discriminating jury in the quarter of a century of its existence. One was for sculpture and one for literature. It is significant that this is the first time an actor's speech has been held up before the American public as a standard of excellence. And it was done by a council comprising fifty of the most distinguished playrights, novelists, literary and dramatic critics, artists and teachers in America.

It is encouraging to know that Walter Dougherty Hampden learned English at his mother's knee in Brooklyn, where, as in New York, such barbarisms as "woid" and "boid" and "earl" (for oil) commonly distress even the least sensitive ear. He was born there in 1879, was educated at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute and Harvard, and went at once on the stage. Paul Dougherty, the painter, is his brother.

A long and arduous apprenticeship preceded the success of this actor who is now acclaimed the standard bearer of the art of good speech. Years ago, in another connection, he wrote, "The great artist will win his way through to self-control in order to achieve mastery of his material." And no one more diligently sought the means of acquiring such mastery. At a critical period in the history of the American stage, when producers were becoming more and more given to the practise of selecting "types" and developing a cast about one brilliant central star instead of forming a company of competent actors all thoroughly trained for a variety of rôles in repertory, young Hampden, at the age of 22, went to England. There he joined the famous classic repertory company of F. R. Benson. In three years of valuable experience with the Benson players he appeared in over one hundred parts. For three seasons he was leading man at the Adelphi Theater in London, where he closed his career abroad playing *Hamlet* in succession to the younger Irving. In 1907, after six years of strenuous schooling in all sorts of rôles, he returned to America.

He first won recognition in New York and other American cities by his remarkable performance of *Manson* in "The Servant in the House," by Charles Rann Kennedy, in which the Oriental servant as an embodiment of Christ himself brings peace and harmony into a discordant household. Following this success, which played several seasons in New York and on tour, Mr. Hampden began his Shakespearean ventures. With a persistence in his art, he has carried his repertory of Shakespearean and classic plays to the larger American and Canadian cities. He was known East, West, South, and North as *Shylock*, *Petruchio*, *Benedict*, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet* long before New York began to talk about him. *Hamlet* is, perhaps, his most sympathetic rôle.

[*Continued on page 178*]


AMERICAN ACADEMY
AND LETTERS +
FOR GOOD DICTION ON THE STAGE

Walter Hampden, the great tragedian, was recently crowned master of good English by the fifty "immortals" of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. At the right Augustus Thomas, arbiter of the American stage, is seen presenting him with the Academy's first gold medal for good diction. The medal by Herbert Adams is the third ever awarded by the Academy.

Oris Paxton Van Sweringen, forty-six, is the elder of the two Cleveland men who are making railroad history. In twenty years the astonishing drive of these brothers has led them from a newspaper route to suburban real estate, to wholesale township development, to the organization of traction lines, to a traction terminus, to a huge hotel, to a railway line, to a railroad merger, and to the threshold of a transcontinental system.

Mantis James Van Sweringen, forty-four, is, like his elder brother, a bachelor, and shares with him a home presided over by their two sisters. In business relations the Van Sweringens share their authority equally, and have the extraordinary faculty of being interchangeable. Either can step into the other's place on short notice and carry out any of the carefully prepared plans they have perfected together. All their lives they have been virtually inseparable in and out of business.

Two Vans Who Took to the Rails

Still in their forties, these two modest young Cleveland men have become railroad magnates of national importance. Yet they are scarcely recognized when they appear outside the city that is so proud of their success

by Joseph H. McMullen

ONE day last summer Wall Street learned that the Van Sweringen brothers were to visit the Pere Marquette Railway offices at three o'clock. Railroad specialists, representing practically every newspaper and financial journal in New York City, were congregated in the hall outside the office at least half an hour before the "Twin Harrimans" were scheduled to arrive. Through the group passed a quiet unassuming man whom none recognized. Several minutes later an office boy informed them that O. P. Van Sweringen had just entered the board room and already was in session with the representatives of the Pere Marquette.

ONE thing sticks out all through the story of the Van Sweringens — every enterprise they undertook led to something bigger requiring more capital, more responsibility, more courage. At any time for years past they could have retired and been accounted unusually successful men. Instead, they have always been prepared to take the next step and have never been dismayed by the magnitude or the difficulty of the task just in front of them.

Although gradually broadening the scope of their operations from a newsboy's paper route near Cleveland to a railroad covering much of the eastern portion of the United States, the Van Sweringens have stuck pretty closely to Ohio, where they were born and brought up. In twenty years the astonishing drive of these brothers has led them from a news route to suburban real estate, to wholesale township development, to the organization of traction lines, to a traction terminus, to a huge hotel, to a railway line, to a railroad merger, and almost to the threshold of a transcontinental system. And still they belong to Cleveland, not Wall Street. So infrequently have they appeared in New York that, though their name is familiar and their financial standing properly respected there, the Van Sweringens themselves often pass unrecognized. Until recently even those whose business it is to know financiers by sight had difficulty in identifying them, just as happened in that incident of the Pere Marquette conference.

Many men in the financial district stood at attention, several weeks ago, when within the space of a few days the Van Sweringen brothers announced a series of large-scale undertakings. Outsiders were still discussing their application to the Interstate Commerce Commission for permission to construct a sixty-mile addition to the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway when it was learned that they had formally submitted their plan for the unification of the Greater Nickel Plate Railroad, including such lines as the Erie, the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Hocking Valley, the Pere Marquette and the Nickel Plate. This aggregated more than 9,100 miles of main line and involved assets approximating a billion and a half dollars.

Before this news had been digested, a report came from Toledo that the Van Sweringens had purchased a large tract of land for an industrial and terminal development. As if these undertakings were not sufficient to engage the attention of two already very busy men, they made public the plans for a skyscraper above their Cleveland Union Station, to be second in height only to the Woolworth Building.

Their varied achievements are of such size and importance that subconsciously the layman associates the name Van Sweringen with big business. Even sophisticated Wall Street now keeps one eye on Cleveland for the next move of these young men of the Middle West.

A New Yorker from the financial district could hardly fail to be impressed with a sight of the Van Sweringens in their home town. Their offices in the Marshall Building on the Cleveland Public Square seem to be the hub of a vast system of unseen activities. From the people who surround them one gets the feeling at once that they are real personages. Beginning with the man at the door and on through the various offices that guard them loyally from unnecessary intrusion, there is an accelerating impression of their vital personality.

Yet to the insistent visitor with anything of importance they are not difficult of access. And the atmosphere of their offices is plain—almost informal. Once inside the office of O. P. Van Sweringen, for instance, the visitor is impressed with its tasteful simplicity. There are few ornaments in the room. The outstanding one on a desk is a striking bronze of a large bull, which the eye could scarcely miss. In all likelihood the door of the next room will pop open suddenly before the waiting visitor and M. J. Van Sweringen will flash in unceremoniously from his adjoining office to consult "O. P."

This would be the observer's opportunity to compare the brothers at close range. They are of average height, "O. P." being slightly taller than his younger brother. Both of them are stocky in build, an indication of constitutions strong enough to stand up under hard work. At the same time their full boyish faces fail to show any traces of the cares so frequently associated with big business. Both brothers look physically fit, though Oris Paxton, forty-six years of age, finds no time for sports or exercise, and even Mantis James, forty-four, takes only an occasional horseback ride.

At a glance, one picks "M. J." as the younger. To all appearances he is the more jovial, the more cordial. Both are very human. Each is especially apt at remembering names, a quality even their office boys have acquired in imitation of the "big bosses."

From these offices one may see the Cleveland Hotel, Van Sweringen owned and operated, or watch the clearing away of more than one hundred and eighty buildings in the heart of the city to make room for their union station. Within a few blocks of the office is the terminus of the Cleveland Rapid Transit line, conceived, financed and operated by these men.

All indications point to their making Cleveland the base of their operations for years to come. Many of their interests are tied up with those of the city. Apparently they prefer to work in Cleveland. Recently, when they had returned from a hurried trip to New York, they remarked on the tiresome tensions they experienced throughout their stay in the metropolis. Although New York City appears to work harder and faster, it is their opinion that more can be accomplished in a given period in their own city.

Cleveland, on its side, does not fail to appreciate "the Vans," as they are popularly known. For years they have been regarded as the Fifth City's "big men." Every Cleveland mother who has surrendered the hope that some day her son will be President, holds before her boy the Van Sweringens for emulation in the business sphere.

"These brothers started just a few years ago without pull or capital," say mothers. "William, George, or Edward may do the same."

Those who argue thus do not single out one or the other of the brothers, because every one who knows them has long since come to think of the two collectively. The plans, ideas and methods of operation of O. P. Van Sweringen are so closely knit with those of M. J. Van Sweringen that the public cannot distinguish those of the one from those of the other.

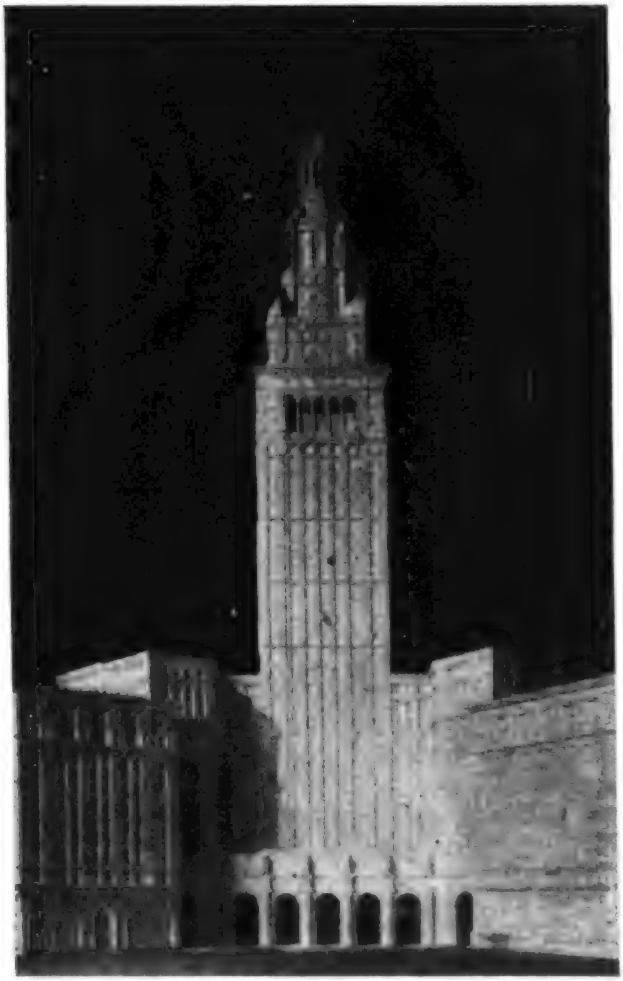
FOR the obvious reason that only one may be chairman of the board of the Nickel Plate, O. P. was so designated. For the same reason M. J. became head of the Cleveland Hotel. But M. J. is just as familiar with the Nickel Plate Railroad in all its phases as his brother, and O. P. could step in today and pass judgment on operating details of the Cleveland Hotel. In business relations their interchangeability invariably impresses men of affairs. Innumerable instances have occurred where one brother left a conference unfinished and the other resumed it a few days later without loss of time.

To the uninitiated this smacks of mystery. To friends of the Cleveland brothers it is simply a Van Sweringen characteristic, explainable by their method of working and living. For forty-two years they have been practically inseparable. In working hours they are always at each other's beck and call. At lunch time they go together to their suite of rooms in the Cleveland Hotel, where their midday meal is well seasoned with discussions on ideas and propositions under consideration. At night they have the same destination in Shaker Heights, now the outstanding suburban development of Cleveland. Here their two spinster sisters make a home for the bachelor brothers.

When the keys have been turned in their office doors, it does not necessarily mean that the Van Sweringens' work is done for the day. In lieu of cross-word puzzles or bridge, far more fascinating and profitable games fill many of their evenings—those of piecing together small railroads into a united system, evolving a traction line, or overcoming difficulties in the construction of a 708-foot skyscraper. With problems that require intensive study they frequently seek the seclusion of their Daisy Hill farm for the week-end. They seldom take time off there, even for golf.

The now famous Van Sweringen partnership began at Wooster, Ohio, on July 8, 1881, when the younger brother was born. Defying the tradition that brothers should fight, they spent their early childhood establishing a friendship and understanding that has proved invaluable in manhood. The boys were drawn even closer together by the death of their father, James Tower Van Sweringen, a Civil War veteran. This occurred when Oris was fourteen years old and had just finished the eighth grade in the public schools of Geneva, Ohio, where the family had moved.

When their mother established a home in Cleveland shortly after this, "O. P" made his début in the business world as an office boy. Upon completing his common-school education Mantis J., too, turned his attention toward making a living. They were serious-minded boys, just as they grew up into serious-minded men. They worked in the daytime and continued their education as best they could in the evening through wide, though unsystematic, reading.


Cleveland's projected million-dollar union terminal is a Van Sweringen project favored by voters. Citizens will no longer have to ask visitors "not to judge Cleveland by its station."

When next heard from, the Van Sweringens were newsboys, delivering papers to the farmers in Shaker Village. On this tract of plateau land, east of Cleveland, covered with woods and intersected with ravines, once lived a group of religious ascetics, Shakers. Much of this territory the Van Sweringens boys covered daily on foot.

Like hundreds of other newsboys before and since, they allowed their imaginations full play while covering their routes. In fancy, Shaker Village was transformed. This was the first germ of the real estate fever that attacked the Van Sweringens later and eventually led them into the railroad industry. Every crooked path became a boulevard. Wide streets were cut through the midst of farms. Meadows were dotted with palaces and even the duck ponds were remodeled into quiet little lakes. In their imagination, the Van Sweringen brothers were effecting these changes.

Other people foresaw these possibilities, as was true in most of the Van Sweringens' later ventures, but it remained for the brothers to convert them into reality. Their ability to do difficult tasks simply has been the keystone of their success. In less than a decade after they delivered newspapers they were making their dreams of a transformed Shaker Village come true.

SUCCESS, as they saw it, depended upon going into business for themselves, and so, despite the youthfulness of their appearance, they branched out into real estate operations as soon as "O. P." had reached the age of twenty-one and could sign a binding contract. Their capacity for work offset their lack of capital, and fortune favored the venture. The Van Sweringens got under way at a period when Cleveland was undergoing a tremendous expansion. New steel works and automobile factories were locating there in large numbers. Every development was accompanied by a greater demand for home sites, and the newsboys' faith in their dream city redoubled.

As free-lance real estate operators, they became more and more convinced that one day Cleveland would reach out and take in Shaker Village. This thought was not new. A syndicate of Buffalo men, eighteen years earlier, had purchased 1,500 acres of this property, hoping to develop a suburb for Cleveland. Having accomplished little, they gladly gave the Van Sweringens, now five years in the real estate business, options on parts of the tract.

With these options the Van Sweringens entered upon the more important phase of their career. As soon as part of the property was disposed of, more options were taken out. Almost all profits were put back into Shaker Village property. Starting with the old Shaker stone quarry, they gradually added farm after farm. Farmers of the section who recognized their former "paper boys" in these rising young realtors, now watched their operations closely with mingled amazement and pride.

Their holdings increased to such size and their obligations became so great that other real estate operators referred to them as "pyramiders," openly expressing wonder as to how they could carry on. Although it has never been recorded, the chances are that the two budding real estate dealers spent many sleepless nights at this period wondering about that very same thing and trying to figure a way out. But still, as in future years, they fearlessly launched new ventures to assure the success of the one in hand. Two innovations in the real estate field were undertaken. One was the incorporation of Shaker Heights Village, including all the property controlled by the Van Sweringen brothers. This move made possible bond issues to pay for those public improvements that usually go to make up a model residential section.

Simultaneously the property was put on the wholesale as well as the retail market, in sizable tracts, and sold to groups of prominent Cleveland citizens. As an inducement, the operators promised to buy the property back at higher prices if the purchasers were dissatisfied at the end of a year. The result was obvious. The Van Sweringens' credit improved and the men in these syndicates took an active interest in the new suburb. Before long all Cleveland was discussing Shaker Heights and the boy real estate operators who were "putting it over."

Their troubles and successes, however, were only commencing. Frequently in their business deals they have been confronted with apparently insurmountable obstacles.

"This will be the end of the Van Sweringens," their critics have declared at such times. But each instance has proved, not the end, but the beginning of bigger things for the versatile "Vans." Their difficulty now was the lack of a transit system connecting Shaker Heights with the city. The ambitious young brothers suggested to traction officials that if the company would build a line there would be passengers enough to make it pay. They were promptly informed "the line will be built when the passengers are in evidence." Undaunted, the Van Sweringens submitted counter-proposals. Finally, as a compromise, they furnished the right of way and the payment of five years' interest on the cost of the extension, and the company built the line.

Always on the lookout for future possibilities, they seized an opportunity about this time to add to their holdings in Shaker Heights, so that the first street-car extension became inadequate. A second time they approached the street-car officials, who flatly informed them that branch lines were "bleeders, not feeders." The company could not be induced to make further improvements. This refusal led the brothers to appreciate the value of submitting their propositions in a form that "sells the idea on sight," a lesson that has been profited by in subsequent undertakings.

Whatever the street-car officials said, transportation to outlying sections of Shaker Heights was an urgent necessity. If they could not supply it, a new line was imperative. Of such a new line the Van Sweringers now became sponsors.

Cleveland had talked rapid transit for years. The accepted procedure of real estate men was to carry on the talk and wait for others to construct. "The Vans" broke this precedent when they found themselves carrying the load of a choice real estate development removed by more than an hour's travel from the Cleveland Public Square. While trying to move Shaker Heights into the half-hour zone, they encountered, partly by accident, a United States topographical map, showing a ravine extending from Shaker Heights toward the center of the city.

"Why not a rapid-transit line in this ravine with all grade crossings eliminated," the Van Sweringens thought, and set to work on the idea. In spite of engineering obstacles and the general opinion that the plan was preposterous, the new undertaking was successfully financed. After years of effort the line was put into operation, bringing Shaker Heights within fifteen or twenty minutes of the downtown section of Cleveland.

The result was another tremendous boom in Shaker Heights real estate. More prominent citizens erected costly new homes in the district. Rival real estate operators who a few years before had considered the Van Sweringens merely as boys and interlopers and had laughed at the waste of hundreds of acres of their valuable land given for parks, golf links, private schools and extensive roadways were still alive to marvel at the vision of two unmarried young men who could plan and put into effect such an ideal home community.

Characteristic Van Sweringen aversion to the plaudits of the crowd was emphasized in the opening of their transit line. Instead of making this occasion an event in the history of Cleveland, the Van Sweringens looked on it merely as part of the day's work and handled it accordingly. A committee of officials inspected the line one morning, declared it was fit for operation, and immediately the first car was put into service. Several hours later the newspapers of Cleveland discovered that the much-talked-of rapid-transit line had arrived

NEW and more difficult problems now lay ahead. In order to make the rapid-transit line all that might be desired, entrance must be had onto the Public Square. This could be accomplished through a union station. As with preceding projects, there was nothing new about the union-station idea. It had been uppermost in the mind and discussions of politicians, members of business organizations and the like for many years. At one time, across from the New York Central station in Cleveland, a signboard expressly requested transient guests "not to judge Cleveland by its station."

When Clevelanders were allowed a chance to express themselves by a referendum vote, they favored the Van Sweringen plan. Thus the brothers obtained an entrance into the heart of the city and at the same time were confronted with the construction of a new sixty-million-dollar union terminal improvement.

A. H. Smith, then president of the New York Central lines, admired the earnestness, the untiring enthusiasm, the straight thinking of the pair as he saw them at work on the Union Terminal project. The late head of the New York Central, widely reputed as a keen judge of men, at no time showed this ability to better advantage than when he sold the Nickel Plate Railroad to "the Vans" on the instalment plan—two million dollars down and six and a half millions in notes.

First thought of purchasing the Nickel Plate came to the brothers while acquiring the right of way for this new station. Officials of the Nickel Plate were trying to buy some of the property wanted for the site. About this time the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered the New York Central to dispose of its Nickel Plate holdings, since the latter was a "paralleling and competing line." Thus it happened that the Van Sweringens purchased this property in 1916 and officially entered the transportation industry.

Study of maps revealed the possibility of using the Nickel Plate as the nucleus for a new system. Taking advantage of this, they acquired the Lake Erie & Western and its subsidiaries and, later, the Toledo, St. Louis & Western (Clover Leaf). In this way the ground was prepared for the first Nickel Plate merger—a system of 1,696 miles connecting up with gateways at Peoria and St. Louis.

The financial world got its first real close-up of the Van Sweringen methods when the brothers appeared before the Interstate Commerce Commission at a hearing on this unification. Concisely these Cleveland railroad men outlined for the Commission their plans for combining these roads, some of which were not making money, into a system that would pay its own way. At the same time they proposed to reduce the capitalization of the properties, in conformity with the ideas of the Commission, and to get financial credit for improving the system. Their straightforward assurance prompted the Commission to grant the petition without delay.

Interest, at this time, centered more in the Van Sweringens than in their undertakings, which were not considered particularly difficult. Announcement in the early part of 1923 of their purchase of the controlling interest in the Chesapeake & Ohio and the Hocking Valley added to this interest and at the same time made the Van Sweringens important figures in the transportation industry. The proposed unification of the Erie, the Nickel Plate, the Hocking Valley, the Pere Marquette and the Chesapeake & Ohio into the third largest system east of the Mississippi established them among the leaders of the railroad world. Whether it cares to or not, the financial district must take notice of every billion-dollar development, for even in the Wall Street habitat of millionaires a billion dollars is still a lot of money.

The railroad system the Van Sweringens proposed included 9,100 miles of main line and total assets of almost a billion and a half dollars. From peddling papers to running such a railroad system is a far cry, but the Van Sweringens approached the railroad project with the same simple, serious, direct manner that made their newspaper vending successful.

The main lines of their new system will extend from the ports of New York and Newport News to connections with the principal Western, Northwestern and Southwestern roads at the gateways of Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis; also to the gateways of Louisville, Cincinnati and Indianapolis.

ITS lines will reach such important cities as Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Columbus and Fort Wayne. Through Toledo and Detroit it will serve industrial Michigan. It will reach the great Mahoning Valley steel district, particularly the mills and plants at Sharon and Youngstown, and also the rubber industry at Akron and vicinity. It will serve the extensive bituminous and anthracite coal fields of northern Pennsylvania and the bituminous fields of Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky and afford outlets from them to tidewater, to the Great Lakes, and to the North and West.

Notwithstanding these achievements, the Van Sweringens remain modest and shy. Although members of several clubs, they rarely find time to use them. They are rarely seen in social gatherings.

A party of Cleveland business men once decided to have a luncheon with O. P. Van Sweringen as the principal speaker—he is generally the spokesman of the pair. He declined, but his friends insisted and went ahead with their plans. They did not realize how deadly in earnest he was until a few days before the meeting, when he closed his desk and went out of the city "on business."

At the close of 1924 almost every financial publication in the country wrote to the Van Sweringens for an interview on the outlook for 1925. Most railroad men, even with broader experience, would have been flattered into a reply. They at least would have deemed the publicity value worth while. But, so far as can be learned, the Van Sweringens did not give any estimates, except to one publication and that on the expressed understanding that their name was not to be used.

One of "O. P.'s" favorite remininscences of his boyhood throws some light on his attitude toward publicity. He frequently quotes a village character to whom a "kid team" once applied for the loan of a baseball diamond. The old man greeted their request with a stare. Finally one of the boys took it upon himself to prod him a bit.

"Well, why don't you say something?" he asked.

The old man slowly drawled, "I've said a lot of things in my time that cost me money. But I never yet saw the time that it cost me anything when I kept my mouth shut."

Nevertheless, the Van Sweringens are not altogether close-mouthed. Filled to overflowing with their plans and ideas, they are willing to talk on them hour after hour. One business man of Cleveland remarked that several years ago they disclosed to him their plans for the future.

"They are so candid," he remarked, "that they are disarming. I would not dare trust my business secrets to any one as they do, even if I knew the man very well. Evidently, they take such chances as this often and succeed in getting away with it."

Nor are "the Vans" hard to approach. Recently a class in journalism in one of the Cleveland high schools was sent to interview the brothers. The secretary tried to head them off, but when they stood their ground, agreed to "tell Mr. Van Sweringen." This is how it happened that a high-school class was the luncheon guest of the Van Sweringens at the Cleveland Hotel. "O. P." and "M. J." did more than that. They appeared at the luncheon and answered questions on Cleveland developments and the railroad situation.

Upon one occasion one of the brothers was asked if his railroad would sell common stock to its employees, as had been done by several other lines. He replied, "Our first thought is what might happen in case there was a downward movement of that stock. Wouldn't the men believe that we had loaded them up at high prices? And in that case wouldn't it hurt rather than help the morale of our organization?"

This apparently had not occurred to many who had adopted the practice. But "the Vans" are not in the habit of jumping in beyond their depth on a chance that they will be able to swim out.

How quickly they can dispose of a question before them is illustrated by the fate of an attempt made some time ago to "sell them" on the idea of using airplane passenger service. After listening to arguments for and against the proposition, the conference came to a sudden close when one of the brothers remarked, "Gentlemen, under present conditions, I think we had better keep our feet on the ground."

The Van Sweringens are thorough students of every situation with which they come into contact. Charts and graphs are their favorite tools. As a result, they are unusually well informed, a fact readily grasped by all with whom they confer. Although they are usually reticent about a plan in the course of development, they do not hesitate to tell the whole story when the time is ripe for an announcement. This frank, open method of dealing has won them innumerable friends in business conferences. Even a banker who was provoked at the interference of one of their undertakings with his own brought himself to admit, "Personally, the Van Sweringens are good fellows."

When their latest unification plans were announced and there was grave doubt in the minds of many railroad men as to their feasibility, one of the ablest bankers in the country declared his belief in the success of the undertaking. He expressed unlimited confidence in the ability of the Cleveland brothers. Almost any other railroad executive in the country would have been proud to have received such commendation from this man. The fact that the Van Sweringens are backed by the large banks of Cleveland and New York is pointed to as evidence of the high rating of their business capacity.

Though comparative newcomers in railroading, the Van Sweringens sat in conference with the leading railway executives of the East a short time ago, when these men met to apportion into four great systems the railroads in the northern section of the country. Daniel Willard, president of the Baltimore & Ohio, and Samuel Rea, president of the Pennsylvania, were there with Patrick E. Crowley and A. H. Harris, president and chairman of the finance committee, respectively, of the New York Central. The future of all these lines depended upon the outcome of the conferences, yet those seasoned railroad men accepted plans advanced by the Van Sweringens as the basis of many of their discussions. The reason for this was the care and thoroughness with which the Van Sweringens had prepared their suggestions.

Out of these conferences came the Interstate Commerce Commission proposals for a partial regrouping of the Northeastern railroads. This is known as the Four Power Plan.

[*Continued on page 182*]

A Fiction Feature Extraordinary

The OLD or the NEW

Here are two great short stories of love and revenge, Prosper Mérimée's "Carmen" and O. Henry's "The Caballero's Way." Which is better?

ENDLESS is the discussion of the question which are better, old tales or new? Old writers or modern? In this busy world most of us have little time to dip into the treasure chest of old tales—not much more to hunt down the best of today. So EVERYBODY'S is creating this department to bring you each month two stories on the same general theme, one from an old master and one from an established modern author. You may find in this new department a great old story which has escaped you and a more recent one, judged to be its peer, which you also missed.

This month's offerings are Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen* and O. Henry's *The Caballero's Way*. Mérimée's story, written in 1847, later inspired the opera and more recently has been adapted to motion pictures. The O. Henry story was first published in 1907 and has since been included in collected editions of the author's works.

We have been so fortunate as to secure the aid of a Selection Committee comprising Dr. Blanche Colton Williams, author of "A Handbook of Short Story Writing," associate professor of English at Hunter College and instructor in story writing, Columbia University; Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, editor of *The Saturday Review of Literature* and author of several books on the short story; and Mr. Harry Esty Dounce, author, reviewer and critic. Write them frankly, in our care, your judgment of the stories as they appear, together with any suggestions regarding future stories for the "Old and New" series.

The Authors

PROSPER MÉRIMÉE (1803-1870) is now almost exclusively remembered for his fiction, although in his lifetime he held several offices in the civil service of his native France and had been elected a member of the Academy years before the appearance of *Carmen*. His work as an inspector of ancient monuments led to the preparation of several books of no permanent importance. His most popular novel was *Colomba*, a story of Corsica, but the success with which he turned to the writing of fiction is even better exemplified by three volumes of short stories, all on unusual themes and told with finished artistry. In fact, before the advent of de Maupassant, Mérimée was the unexcelled master of the short story told with effective restraint and economy. For the most part he preferred exotic scenes and unfamiliar situations. To the French readers of his time he constantly presented people, manners and customs wholly foreign to their experience.

Spanish studies had interested Mérimée at one time or another and undoubtedly influenced the selection of his fiction theme when he wrote *Carmen*, a dramatic and picturesque romance of Gipsy life that presents a happy combination of the author's best talents. This story of a magnetic, wayward and fatalistic girl whose heartlessness drives her lover to despair is probably the most famous of all modern short romances, owing to the fame of the opera, which was first produced in March 1875 in Paris, and was a failure. Bizet, the composer, did not live to see musicians of all schools and tastes concur with his own opinion that it was a masterpiece. It has since become one of the half-dozen most popular operas of the lyric stage. The operatic story of *Carmen*, based on Mérimée's, differs from it mainly in the addition of *Micaela*, a village girl in love with *Don José*, who twice comes to him as a messenger from his mother, and in the development of Mérimée's rather non-descript bullfighter, *Lucas* into that swaggering singer of the famous "Toreador Song," *Escamillo*.

Prosper Mérimée

O. Henry

"THE hero of the story will be a man born and 'raised' in a somnolent little Southern town. His education is about a common school, but he learns afterward from reading and life." The words are O. Henry's own and briefly summarize the biography of the author who was our most typically American short-story teller. In real life he was William Sydney Porter (1867-1910). "The somnolent little Southern town" of his birth was Greensboro, N. C., where he lived until he was eighteen. He then moved to Texas, where he had the opportunity to observe the kind of characters and incidents that later played a prominent part in his fiction, notably in "The Caballero's Way," here republished. An attempt to earn a living as a bank clerk in Austin having proved distasteful, he welcomed the chance to do newspaper work on the Houston *Post* and a year later purchased a nearly defunct weekly, which he rechristened *The Rolling Stone*. Into this personal organ—he was editor, contributor and illustrator—he injected much of the characteristic whimsicality, quaint humorous bits and flair for odd types of character that were later to distinguish his short stories. As a business venture the paper was less successful. After a year of it the publisher accompanied a friend on a rambling journey through Central America. His next objective was New Orleans, where he settled down with the determination to become a writer, an ambition that bore fruit in his recognition by New York editors. During his New Orleans sojourn he adopted the pen-name that was to make him famous and that eventually appeared on an output of short stories sufficient to fill fifteen volumes. The name Henry he selected from a newspaper list of notables who had attended some social function and to it he added the initial *O* because it was the easiest letter to write. In one of his stories a character remarks that "life is made up of sobs, sniffles and smiles, with sniffles predominating"—a sentiment that is reflected in most O. Henry stories.

CARMEN

by Prosper Mérimée

Illustrated from photographs

NOTE: Although the story that follows stands by itself and needs no explanation, "Carmen," as originally published, has an introductory portion, here omitted. An archæologist, making investigations in Andalusia, falls in with a brigand (the Don José of the story) whom, on impulse, he warns of the coming of soldiers to capture him. The brigand escapes, and the archæologist goes on to the city of Cordova, where he strikes up an acquaintance with a Gipsy girl (Carmen). She, on pretext of telling his fortune, steals his watch. They are violently interrupted by a man whose face is hidden, but who recognizes the archæologist and reveals himself as the grateful Don José. The archæologist, returning from his travels by way of Çordova, finds that his watch has been recovered and that the brigand supposed to have stolen it is in prison awaiting execution. He visits Don José in his cell and hears from him the story that follows.

I WAS born at Elizondo, in the valley of Baztan. My name is Don José Lizzarrabengoa, and you are familiar enough with Spain, *señor*, to know at once from my name that I am a Basque and a Christian of the ancient type. I use the title *Don* because I am entitled to it; and if I were at Elizondo, I would show you my genealogy on a sheet of parchment. My family wished me to be a churchman, and they forced me to study, but I profited little by it. I was too fond of playing tennis—that was my ruin. When we Navarrese play tennis, we forget everything. One day, when I had won, a young man from Alava picked a quarrel with me; we took our cudgels, and again I had the advantage; but that incident compelled me to leave the country. I fell in with some dragoons, and I enlisted in the cavalry regiment of Almanza. The men from our mountains learn the military profession quickly. I soon became a corporal, with the promise of being promoted to quartermaster, when, to my undoing, I was placed on duty at the tobacco factory in Seville. If you have ever been to Seville, you must have seen that great building, outside of the fortifications, close to the Guadalquivir. It seems to me that I can see the doorway and the guard-house beside it at this moment. When on duty Spanish troops either gamble or sleep; I, like an honest Navarrese, always tried to find something to do. I was making a chain of brass wire, to hold my primer.

Suddenly my comrades said: "There goes the bell; the girls will be going back to work."

You must know, *señor*, that there are four or five hundred girls employed in the factory. They roll the cigars in a large room which no man can enter without a permit from the Twenty-four, because they are in the habit of making themselves comfortable, the young ones especially, when it is warm. At the hour when the women return to work, after their dinner, many young men assemble to see them pass, and they make remarks of all colors to them. There are very few of those damsels who will refuse a silk mantilla and the experts in that fishery have only to stoop to pick up their fish. While the others stared, I remained on my bench, near the door. I was young then; I was always thinking of the old province, and I did not believe that there were any pretty girls without blue petticoats and long plaited tresses falling over their shoulders. Moreover, the Andalusian girls frightened me; I was not accustomed as yet to their manners: always jesting, never a serious word. So I had my nose over my chain, when I heard some civilians say:

"Here comes the little Gipsy!"

I raised my eyes and I saw her. It was a Friday, and I shall never forget it. I saw that Carmen whom you know, at whose house I met you several months ago.

She wore a very short red skirt, which revealed white silk stockings with more than one hole, and tiny shoes of red morocco, tied with flame-colored ribbons. She put her mantilla aside, to show her shoulders and a huge bunch of cassia, which protruded from her chemise. She had a cassia flower in the corner of her mouth, too, and as she walked she swung her hips like a filly in the stud at Cordova. In my province a woman in that costume would have

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Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's, Publishers, New York and London.

compelled everybody to cross themselves. At Seville every one paid her some equivocal compliment on her appearance, and she had a reply for every one casting sly glances here and there, with her hand on her hip, as impudent as the genuine Gipsy that she was. At first sight she did not attract me, and I returned to my work; but she, according to the habit of women and cats, who do not come when you call them, but come when you refrain from calling them—she halted in front of me and spoke to me.

"*Compadre,*" she said in Andalusian fashion, "will you give me your chain to hold the keys of my strong-box?"

"It is to hold my primer" [épinglette], I replied.

"Your *épinglette!*" she exclaimed, with a laugh. "Ah, the *señor* makes lace, since he needs pins!" [*épingles*].

Everybody present began to laugh, and I felt the blood rise to my cheeks, nor could I think of any answer to make.

"Well, my heart," she continued, "make me seven ells of black lace for a mantilla, pincushion of my soul!"

And, taking the flower from her mouth she threw it at me with a jerk of her thumb, and struck me between the eyes. *Señor*, that produced on me the effect of a bullet. I did not know which way to turn, so I sat as still as a post. When she had gone into the factory, I saw the cassia blossom lying on the ground between my feet; I do not know what made me do it, but I picked it up, unseen by my comrades, and stowed it carefully away in my pocket—the first folly!

TWO or three hours later, I was still thinking of her, when a porter rushed into the guard-house, gasping for breath and with a horrified countenance. He told us that a woman had been murdered in the large room where the cigars were made, and that we must send the guard there. The quartermaster told me to take two men and investigate. I took my two men and I went upstairs. Imagine, *señor*, that on entering the room I found, first of all, three hundred women in their chemises, or practically that, all shouting and yelling and gesticulating, making such an infernal uproar that you could not have heard God's thunder. On one side a woman lay on the floor, covered with blood, with an X carved on her face by two blows of a knife. On the opposite side from the wounded woman, whom the best of her comrades were assisting, I saw Carmen in the grasp of five or six women.

"Confession! Confession! I am killed!" shrieked the wounded woman.

Carmen said nothing; she clenched her teeth and rolled her eyes about like a chameleon.

"What is all this?" I demanded. I had great difficulty in learning what had taken place, for all the work-girls talked at once. It seemed that the wounded one had boasted of having money enough in her pocket to buy an ass at the fair at Triana.

"I say," said Carmen, who had a tongue of her own, "isn't a broomstick good enough for you?" The other, offended by the insult, perhaps because she was conscious that she was rather an old hag, replied that she was not a connoisseur in broomsticks, as she had not the honor to be a Gipsy or a god-child of Satan, but that the Señorita Carmencita would soon make the acquaintance of her ass, when the corregidor took her out to ride, with two servants behind to keep the flies away.

"Well!" said Carmen, "I'll make watering-troughs for flies on your cheek, and I'll paint a checker-board on it." And with that, *vli, vlan!!* she began to draw St. Andrew's crosses on the other's face with the knife with which she cut off the ends of the cigars.

The case was clear enough; I took Carmen by the arm. "You must come with me, my sister," I said to her courteously. She darted a glance at me, as if she recognized me; but she said, with a resigned air:

"Let us go. Where's my mantilla?"

She put it over her head in such wise as to show only one of her great eyes, and followed my two men, as mild as a sheep. When we reached the guard-house, the quartermaster said that it was a serious matter, and that she must be taken to prison. It fell to my lot again to escort her there. I placed her between two dragoons, and marched behind, as a corporal should do under such circumstances. We started for the town. At first the Gipsy kept silent; but on Rue di Serpent—you know that street; it well deserves its name because of the detours it makes—she began operations by letting her mantilla fall over her shoulders, in order to show me her bewitching face, and turning toward me as far as she could, she said:

"Where are you taking me, my officer?"

"To prison, my poor child," I replied, as gently as possible, as a good soldier should speak to a prisoner, especially to a woman.

"Alas! what will become of me? *Señor* officer, take pity on me. You are so young, so good looking!" Then she added, in a lower tone: "Let me escape, and I'll give you a piece of the *bar lachi*, which will make all women love you."

The *bar lachi*, *señor*, is the lodestone, with which the Gipsies claim that all sorts of spells may be cast when one knows how to use it. Give a woman a pinch of ground lodestone in a glass of white wine, and she ceases to resist.

I replied with as much gravity as I could command:

"We are not here to talk nonsense; you must go to prison—that is the order and there is no way to avoid it."

WE NATIVES of the Basque country have an accent which makes it easy for the Spaniards to identify us; on the other hand, there is not one of them who can learn to say a word of Basque. So that Carmen had no difficulty in guessing that I came from the provinces. You must know, *señor*, that the Gipsies, being of no country, are always traveling, and speak all languages, and that most of them are perfectly at home in Portugal, in France, in the Basque provinces, in Catalonia, everywhere; they even make themselves understood by the Moors and the English. Carmen knew Basque very well.

"*Laguna ene bihotsarena*, comrade of my heart," she said to me abruptly, "are you from the provinces?"

Our language, *señor*, is so beautiful, that, when we hear it in a foreign land, it makes us tremble.

"I would like to have a confessor from the provinces," added the bandit in a lower tone.

"I am from Elizondo," I replied in Basque, deeply moved to hear my native tongue spoken.

"And I am from Etchalar," said she. That is a place about four hours journey from us. "I was brought to Seville by Gipsies. I have been working in the factory to earn money to return to Navarre, to my poor mother, who has no one but me to support her, and a little place with twenty cider-apple trees! Ah! if I was at home, by the white mountain! They insulted me because I don't belong in this land of thieves and dealers in rotten oranges; and those hussies all leagued against me, because I told them that all their Seville johnnies, with their knives wouldn't frighten one of our boys with his blue cap and his *maquila*. Comrade, my friend, won't you do anything for a countrywoman?"

She lied, *señor*, she always lied. I doubt whether that girl ever said a true word in her life; but when she spoke, I believed her: it was too much for me. She murdered the Basque language, yet I believed that she was a Navarrese. Her eyes alone, to say nothing of her mouth and her color, proclaimed her a Gipsy. I was mad, I paid no heed to anything. I thought that if Spaniards had dared to speak slightingly to me of the provinces, I would have slashed their faces as she had slashed her comrade's. In short, I was like a drunken man; I began to say foolish things, I was on the verge of doing them.

"If I should push you and you should fall, my countryman," she continued in Basque, "it would take more than these two Castillian recruits to hold me."

Faith, I forgot orders and everything, and said to her:

"Well, my dear, my countrywoman, try it, and may Our Lady of the Mountain be with you!"

At that moment we were passing one of the narrow lanes of which there are so many in Seville. All of a sudden Carmen turned and struck me with her fist in the breast. I purposely fell backward. With one spring she

"Don't you see," she said, "that I am doing the business of Egypt at this moment, and in a most brilliant fashion, too?"

leaped over me and began to run, showing us a fleet pair of legs! Basque legs are famous; hers were quite equal to them—as swift and as well moulded. I sprang up instantly; but I held my lance horizontally so as to block the street, so that my men were delayed for a moment when they attempted to pursue her. Then I began to run myself, and they at my heels. But overtake her! There was no danger of that, with our spurs and sabres and lances! In less time than it takes to tell it, the prisoner had disappeared. Indeed, all the women in the quarter favored her flight, laughed at us, and sent us in the wrong direction. After much marching and countermarching, we were obliged to return to the guard-house without a receipt from the governor of the prison.

My men, to avoid being punished, said that Carmen had talked Basque with me: and to tell the truth, it did not seem any too natural that a blow with the fist of so diminutive a girl should upset a fellow of my build so easily. It all seemed decidedly suspicious, or rather it seemed only too clear. When I went off duty I was reduced to the ranks and sent to prison for a month. That was my first punishment since I had been in the service. Farewell to the uniform of a quartermaster, which I fancied that I had already won!

My first days in prison passed dismally enough. When I enlisted I had imagined that I should at least become an officer. Longa and Mina, countrymen of mine, are captains-general; Chapalangarra, who, like Mina, is a negro and is a refugee in your country—Chapalangarra was a colonel, and I have played tennis twenty times with his brother, who was a poor devil like myself. Now I said to myself: "All the time that you have served without punishment is time thrown away. Here you are black-listed, and to regain the good graces of your superiors, you will have to work ten times harder than when you first enlisted! And why did you receive punishment? For a Gipsy hussy, who made a fool of you, and who is doubtless stealing at this moment in some corner of the city."

But I could not help thinking of her. Would you believe it, *señor?* I had always before my eyes her silk stockings, full of holes, which she had shown me from top to bottom when she ran away. I looked through the bars into the street, and among all the women who passed I did not see a single one who could be compared with that devil of a girl! And then, too, in spite of myself, I smelt of the cassia flower she had thrown at me, which, although it had withered, still retained its sweet odor. If there are such things as witches, that girl was one!

One day the jailer came in and gave me a loaf of bread.

"Here," said he, "your cousin sends you this."

I took the loaf, greatly surprised, for I had no cousin in Seville. "It may be a mistake," I thought as I glanced at the loaf; but it was so appetizing, it smelt so good, that, without disturbing myself as to whence it came or for whom it was intended, I determined to eat it. On attempting to cut it my knife came in contact with something hard. I investigated and found a small English file, which had been slipped into the dough before baking. There was also in the loaf a gold piece of two piastres. There was no more doubt in my mind; it was a gift from Carmen. To people of her race freedom is everything, and they would set fire to a city to save themselves from a day in prison. However, she was a shrewd minx, and with that loaf one could snap one's fingers at jailers. In an hour's time the stoutest bar could be sawed through with the little file; and with the two piastres I could exchange my uniform for a civilian's coat at the first old clo'-man's. You may imagine that a man who had many a time taken young eaglets from their nests on our cliffs would not have been at a loss to climb down into the street from a window less than thirty feet high. But I did not wish to escape. I still possessed my honor as a soldier and to desert seemed to me a heinous crime. However, I was touched by that token of remembrance. When you are in prison you like to think that you have a friend outside who is interested in you. The gold piece disturbed me a little, and I would have liked to return it; but where was I to find my creditor? That did not seem to me a simple matter.

AFTER the ceremony of reduction to the ranks, I thought that I could not suffer any more; but I had still another humiliation to undergo: when, on my release from prison, I was restored to duty and made to take my turn at sentry-go like any private. You cannot conceive what a man of spirit feels at such a time. I believe that I would as lief have been shot. Then, at all events, you walk alone, in front of the platoon; you feel that you are somebody; people look at you.

I was stationed at the colonel's door. He was a wealthy young man, a good fellow who liked to enjoy himself. All the young officers were at his house, and many civilians—women, too, actresses, so it was said. For my own part, it seemed to me as if the whole city had arranged to meet at his door, in order to stare at me. Finally, the colonel's carriage drives up, with his valet on the box. Whom do I see alight from it?—the Gipsy! She was arrayed like a shrine this time, bedizened and bedecked, all gold and ribbons. A spangled dress, blue slippers, also with spangles, and flowers and lace everywhere. She had a tambourine in her hand. There were two other Gipsy women with her, one young and one old. There always is an old one to go about with them. Then there was an old man, also a Gipsy, with a guitar, to play for them to dance. You know that it is the fashion to hire Gipsies to go about parties, to dance the *romalis*—that is their national dance—and oftentimes for something else.

Carmen recognized me and we exchanged a glance. I do not know why, but at that moment I would have liked to be a hundred feet underground.

"Good day, there," she said; "you seem to be mounting guard, like a raw recruit, my officer!"

And before I had thought of a word to say in reply, she was inside the house.

The whole company was in the patio, and in spite of the crowd, I could see through the gate almost everything that took place. I heard the castanets, the tambourine, the laughter and applause; sometimes I could see her head when she leaped into the air with her tambourine. And then I heard some of the officers say to her many things that brought the blood to my cheeks. I did not know what she replied. It was that day, I believe, that I began to love her in good earnest; for I was tempted three or four times to go into the patio and run my saber into the bellies of those popinjays who were making love to her. My torture lasted a good hour; then the Gipsies came out and the carriage took them away. Carmen, as she passed, glanced at me again with the eyes that you know, and said, very low:

"My countryman, when one likes nice fried things, one goes to Lillas Pastia's at Triana for them."

Nimble as a kid, she jumped into the carriage, the coachman whipped his mules, and the whole merry band drove away I know not where.

You will readily guess that when I was relieved from duty I went to Triana; but I was shaved first, and brushed my clothes as for a dress parade. She was at Lillas Pastia's, an old Gipsy, black as a moor, who kept an eating-house, to which many civilians came to eat fried fish—especially, I rather think, since Carmen had taken up her quarters there.

"Lillas," she said, as soon as she saw me, "I shall do nothing more today. Time enough tomorrow. Come, my countryman, let's go for a walk."

She put her mantilla over her face, and behold, we were in the street, I with no idea where we were going.

"*Señorita,*" I said, "I believe that I have to thank you for a present which you sent me when I was in prison. I ate the bread; I shall use the file to sharpen my lance, and I shall keep it in memory of you; but here is the money."

"My word! he has kept the money!" she exclaimed, laughing heartily. "However, it's all the better, for I am not in funds. But what does it matter? The dog that keeps going always finds a bone. Come, we will eat it all up. You shall treat me."

WE WERE walking in the direction of Seville. As we entered Rue de Serpent, she bought a dozen oranges and bade me put them in my handkerchief. A little further on she bought bread and sausages, and a bottle of Manzanilla; and finally she entered a confectioner's shop. There she tossed on the counter the gold piece I had given back to her with another that she had in her pocket and some small silver; then she asked me for all that I had. I had only a piecette and a few cuartos, which I gave her, sorely vexed because I had no more. I thought that she intended to carry off the whole shop. She selected all the best and most expensive sweetmeats: *yemas*, *turon*, preserved fruits, so long as the money held out. All those things too I must needs carry in paper bags. Perhaps you know Rue de Candilejo, where there's a head of King Don Pedro the Justiciary? That head should have suggested some salutary reflections to my mind. We stopped in front of an old house on that street. She entered the passage and knocked at a door on the ground floor. A Gipsy woman, a veritable handmaid of Satan, opened the door. Carmen said a few words to her in *Romany*. The old woman grumbled at first, and Carmen, to pacify her, gave her two oranges and a handful of bonbons, and allowed her to taste the wine. Then she put her cloak over her shoulders and escorted her to the door, which she secured behind her with an iron bar. As soon as we were alone, she began to dance and laugh like a mad woman, saying:

"You are my *rom*, and I am your *romi!*"

I stood in the middle of the room, laden with all her purchases, not knowing where to put them. She threw them all on the floor and jumped on my neck, saying:

"I pay my debts, I pay my debts! That is the law of the Gipsies!"

"Ah! that day, *señor!* that day! When I think of it, I forget tomorrow!

We passed the whole day together, eating, drinking, and the rest. When she had eaten her fill of bonbons, like a child of six, she stuffed handfuls of them into the old woman's water-jar.

"That's to make sherbet for her," she said. She crushed *yemas* by throwing them against the wall. "That's to induce the flies to let us alone," she said. There is no conceivable trick and no folly that she did not commit. I told her that I would like to see her dance; but where was she to obtain castanets? She instantly took the old woman's only plate, broke it in pieces, and in a moment was dancing the *romalis*, clapping the pieces of crockery in as perfect time as if they had been castanets of ebony or ivory. One was never bored with that girl, I assure you.

Night came on and I heard the drums beating the retreat.

"I must go to quarters for the roll-call," I said.

"To quarters?" she repeated, contemptuously; "are you a negro, pray, that you allow yourself to be led by a stick? You are a regular canary, in dress and in temper! Go! You are a chicken-hearted fellow!"

I remained, with my mind made up beforehand to the guard-room. The next morning she was the first to mention parting.

"Look you, Joseito," she said, "have I paid you? According to our law, I owed you nothing, as you aren't a Gipsy, but, you are a comely youth, and you took my fancy. We are quits. Good day."

I asked her when I should see her again.

"When you are less stupid," she replied with a laugh. Then, in a more serious tone: "Do you know, my son, that I believe that I love you a little bit? But it can't last. Dog and wolf don't live happily together for long. Perhaps, if you should swear allegiance to Egypt, I should like to be your *romi*. But this is foolish talk; it can never be. Believe me, my boy, you have come off cheap. You have met the devil, yes, the devil; he isn't always black, and he didn't wring your neck. I am dressed in wool, but I am no sheep. Go and put a wax candle in front of your saint. She has well earned it. Well, good-by once more. Think no more of Carmencita, or she might be the cause of your marrying the gallows."

As she spoke she removed the bar that secured the door, and once in the street she wrapped herself in her mantilla and turned her back on me.

SHE spoke truly. I should have been wise to think no more of her; but after that day on Rue de Candilejo, I could think of nothing else. I walked about all day long, hoping to meet her. I asked the old woman and the eating-house keeper for news of her. Both replied that she had gone to Laloro, which was their way of designating Portugal. Probably they said that in accordance with Carmen's instructions, but I very soon found out that they lied. Several weeks after my day on Rue de Candilejo, I was on duty at one of the gates of the city. A short distance from the gate there was a breach in the wall; men were at work repairing it during the day, and at night a sentinel was posted there to prevent smuggling. During the day I saw Lillas Pastia going to and fro around the guard-house, and talking to some of my comrades; all of them knew him, and they knew his fish and his fritters even better. He came to me and asked if I had heard from Carmen.

"No," said I.

"Well, you will, *compadre*."

He was not mistaken. At night I was stationed at the breach. As soon as the corporal had retired, I saw a woman coming towards me. My heart told me that it was Carmen. However, I shouted:

"Go back! You cannot pass!"

"Don't be disagreeable," she said, showing me her face.

"What! is it you, Carmen?"

"Yes, my countryman. Let us talk a little and talk quick. Do you want to earn a *douro?* There are some men coming with bundles; let them alone."

"No," I replied. "I must prevent them from passing; those are my orders."

"Orders! Orders! So you've forgotten the Rue de Candilejo?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed, completely overwhelmed by the bare memory of that day, "that would be well worth the penalty of forgetting orders; but I want no smugglers' money."

"Well, if you don't want money would you like to go again to old Dorothy's and dine?"

"No," I said, half suffocated by the effort it cost me, "I cannot."

"Very good. If you are so stiff-backed, I know whom to apply to. I will go to your officer and offer to go to Dorothy's with him. He looks like a good fellow, and he will put some man on duty who will see no more than he ought to see. Farewell, Canary. I shall laugh with all my heart on the day when the orders are to hang you."

I was weak enough to call her back, and I promised to allow all Gipsydom to pass, if necessary, provided that I obtain the only reward that I desired. She instantly swore to keep her word on the next day, and hastened away to notify her friends, who were close by. There were five of them,—Pastia was one—all well laden with English goods. Carmen kept watch. She was to give warning with her castanets the instant she saw the patrol; but she did not need to do it. The smugglers did their work in an instant.

The next day I went to Rue de Candilejo. Carmen kept me waiting, and when she came she was in a villainous temper.

"I don't like the people who make you ask them so many times," she said. "You did me a very great service the first time, without knowing whether you would gain anything by it. Yesterday you bargained with me. I don't know why I came, for I don't love you any more. Here, take this *douro* for your trouble."

I was within an ace of throwing the money at her head, and I was obliged to make a violent effort over myself to keep from striking her. After we had quarreled for an hour, I left the house in a rage. I wandered about the city a long while, tramping hither and thither like a madman; at last I entered a

"Well," she asked, "if you don't want money, would you like to go again to Dorothy's." "No," I said, "I cannot."

church, and seeking out the darkest corner, wept scalding tears. Suddenly I heard a voice:

"A dragoon's tears! I must make a love-philtre of them!"

I raised my eyes; Carmen stood in front of me.

"Well, my countryman, are you still angry with me?" she said. "It must be that I love you, in spite of what I know of you, for since you left me, I don't know what is the matter with me. See, I am the one who asks you to come to Rue de Candilejo."

SO WE made our peace; but Carmen's moods were like the weather in our country. Among our mountains a storm is never so near as when the sun shines brightest. She promised to meet me again at Dorothy's, and she did not come. And Dorothy told me coolly that she had gone to Laloro on business of Egypt.

As I knew already from experience what to think on that subject, I sought Carmen wherever I thought that she could possibly be, and I passed through Rue de Candilejo twenty times a day. One evening I was at Dorothy's having almost tamed her by treating her now and then to a glass of anisette, when Carmen came in, followed by a young officer, a lieutenant in our regiment.

"Off with you, quick," she said to me in Basque.

I sat as if stupefied, with rage in my heart.

"What are you doing here?" the lieutenant asked me. "Decamp, leave this house!"

I could not take a step; I was like a man who has lost the use of his limbs. The officer, seeing that I did not withdraw, and that I had not even removed my forage cap, lost his temper, seized me by the collar, and shook me roughly. I do not know what I said to him. He drew his sword and I my sabre. The old woman grasped my arm, and the lieutenant struck me a blow on the forehead, the mark of which I still bear. I stepped back and knocked Dorothy down with a blow of my elbow; then, as the lieutenant followed me, I held the point of my sabre to his breast, and he spitted himself on it. Thereupon Carmen put out the lamp and told Dorothy in her language to fly. I myself rushed out into the street and started to run, I knew not whither. It seemed to me that some one was following me. When I came to my senses, I found that Carmen had not left me.

"You great idiot of a canary!" she exclaimed; "you can't do anything but make a fool of yourself! I told you, you know, that I should bring you bad luck. Well! There's a cure for everything when one has for one's friend a Gipsy! First of all, put this handkerchief on your head, and toss me that belt. Wait for me in this passage. I will return in two minutes."

She disappeared, and soon brought me a striped cloak, which she had obtained heaven knows where. She bade me take off my uniform and put on the cloak over my shirt. Thus attired, with the handkerchief with which she had bound up the wound on my head, I looked not unlike a peasant from Valencia, so many of whom come to Seville to sell root-beer stuff. Then she took me into a house much like Dorothy's, at the end of a narrow lane. She and another Gipsy washed me and dressed my wound better than any surgeon could have done, and gave me something, I don't know what, to drink; finally, they laid me on a mattress, and I went to sleep.

Probably those women had mingled with my drink one of those soporific drugs of which they know the secret, for I did not wake until very late the next day. I had a terrible headache and a little fever. It was some time before I remembered the terrible scene in which I had taken part the night before. After dressing my wound Carmen and her friend, both squatting beside my mattress, exchanged a few words of *chipe calli*, which seemed to be a medical consultation. Then they united in assuring me that I should soon be cured, but that I must leave Seville at the earliest possible moment; if I should be caught, I would inevitably be shot.

"My boy," said Carmen, "you must do something. Now that the king gives you neither rice nor dried fish, you must think about earning your living. You are too stupid to steal on the quiet, but you are strong and active; if you have any pluck, go to the coast and be a smuggler. Haven't I promised to be the cause of you being hung? That's better than being shot? However, if you go about it the right way you will live like a prince as long as the constabulary and the coast-guards don't get their hands on your collar."

In this engaging way did that diabolical girl point out to me the new career for which she destined me, the only one, to tell the truth, which remained open to me, now that I had incurred the death penalty. Need I tell you, *señor?* She prevailed upon me without much difficulty. It seemed to me that I should become more closely united to her by that life of perils and of rebellion. Thenceforth I felt that I was sure of her love. I had often heard of a band of smugglers who infested Andalusia, mounted on good horses, blunderbuss in hand, and their mistresses riding behind. I imagined myself trotting over mountain and valley with the pretty Gipsy behind me. When I spoke to her about it she laughed until she held her sides, and told me that there was nothing so fine as a night in camp, when every *rom* retires with his *romi* under the little tent formed of three hoops with canvas stretched over them.

"If I ever have you in the mountains," I said to her, "I shall be sure of you! There, there are no lieutenants to share with me."

"Oh! you are jealous," she replied. "So much the worse for you! Are you really stupid enough for that? Don't you see that I love you, as I have never asked you for money?"

When she talked like that I felt like strangling her.

To cut it short, *señor*, Carmen procured a civilian's costume for me in which I left Seville without being recognized. I went to Jerez with a letter from Pastia to a dealer in anisette, whose house was a rendezvous for smugglers. There I was presented to those gentry, whose leader, one Dancaïre, took me into his troop. We started for Gaucin, where I found Carmen, who had agreed to meet me there. In our expeditions she served us as a spy, and a better spy there never was. She was returning from Gibraltar and she had already arranged with the master of a vessel to bring a cargo of English goods which we were to receive on the coast. We went to Estepona to wait for it, and concealed a portion in the mountains. Then, laden with the rest, we journeyed to Ronda. Carmen had preceded us thither, and it was she who let us know the opportune moment to enter the town. That first trip and several succeeding ones were fortunate. The smuggler's life pleased me better than that of a soldier. I made presents to Carmen; I had money and a mistress. I suffered little from remorse, for, as the Gipsies say: "The scab does not itch when one is enjoying one's self." We were well received everywhere; my companions treated me well, and even showed me much consideration. The reason was that I had killed a man, and there were some among them who had not such an exploit on their consciences. But what appealed to me most strongly in my new life was that I saw Carmen often. She was more affectionate with me than ever; but before our comrades she would not admit that she was my mistress and she had even made me swear all sorts of oaths never to say anything about her. I was so weak before that creature that I obeyed all her whims. Moreover, it was the first time that she had exhibited herself to me with the reserve of a virtuous woman, and I was simple enough to believe that she had really corrected herself of her former manners.

OUR troop, which consisted of eight or ten men, seldom met except at critical moments; ordinarily we were scattered about by twos and threes, in different towns and villages. Each of us claimed to have a trade; one was a tinker, another a horse-dealer; I was a silk merchant, but I seldom showed my face in the large places because of my unfortunate affair at Seville.

One day, or rather one night, our rendezvous was at the foot of Veger. Dancaïre and I arrived there before the rest. He seemed in very high spirits.

"We are going to have another comrade," he said. "Carmen has just played one of her best tricks. She has managed the escape of her *rom*, who was at the presidio at Tarifa."

I was already beginning to understand the Gipsy tongue, which almost all my comrades spoke, and that word *rom* gave me a shock.

"What's that? her husband! Is she married?" I asked the captain.

"Yes," he replied, "to Garcia the One-Eyed, a Gipsy, as sharp as herself. The poor fellow was at the galleys. Carmen bamboozled the surgeon at the presidio so successfully that she has obtained her *rom's* liberty. Ah! That girl is worth her weight in gold. For two years she has been trying to manage his escape. Every scheme failed until they took it into their heads to change surgeons. With the new one she seems to have found a way to come to an understanding very soon."

You can imagine the pleasure that that news afforded me. I soon saw Garcia the One-eyed; he was surely the most loathsome monster that ever Gipsydom reared; black of skin, and blacker of heart, he was the most unblushing villain that I have ever met in my life. Carmen came with him; and when she called him her *rom* in my presence you should have seen the eyes she made at me and her grimaces when Garcia turned his head. I was angry, and I did not speak to her that night. In the morning we had made up our bales and were already on the march, when we discovered that a dozen horsemen were at our heels. The braggart Andalusians, who talked of nothing but massacring everybody, made a most pitiful show. It was a general save himself who could. Dancaïre, Garcia, a handsome fellow from Ecija whom we called the Remendado, and Carmen, did not lose their heads. The rest had abandoned the mules, and had plunged into the ravines, where horses could not follow them. We could not keep our animals , and we hastily unpacked the best of our booty and loaded it on our shoulders, then tried to escape down the steep slopes of the cliffs. We threw our bundles before us and slid down on our heels after them as best we could. Meanwhile the enemy were peppering us; it was the first time that I ever heard the whistle of bullets, and it didn't affect me very much. When one is under the eye of a woman there is no merit in laughing at death. We escaped, all except the poor Remendado, who received a shot in the loins. I dropped my bundle and tried to carry him.

"Fool!" shouted Garcia, "what have we to do with carrion? Finish him and don't lose the stockings!"

"Drop him!" Carmen called to me.

Fatigue forced me to place him on the ground a moment, behind a rock. Garcia stepped up and discharged his blunderbuss at his head.

"It will be a clever man who will recognize him now," he said, glancing at his face, which was torn to shreds by a dozen bullets.

Such, *señor*, was the noble life I led. That night we found ourselves in a copse, utterly worn out and ruined by the loss of our mules. What does that infernal Garcia do but pull a pack of cards from his pocket and begin to play with Dancaïre by the light of a fire which they kindled. Meanwhile I had lain down and was gazing at the stars, thinking of the Remendado and saying to myself that I would rather be in his place. Carmen was sitting near me, and from time to time she played with the castanets and sang under her breath. Then, drawing nearer as if to speak to me, she kissed me, almost against my will two or three times.

"You are the devil!" I said to her.

"Yes," she replied.

After a few hours' rest she started for Gaucin, and the next day a young goatherd brought us food. We remained there the whole day, and at night went in the direction of Gaucin. We expected to hear from Carmen. No one appeared. At daybreak we saw a muleteer conducting a well-dressed woman with a parasol, and a small girl who seemed to be her servant. Garcia said:

"Here's two mules and two women sent to us by Saint Nicholas; I should rather have four mules; but no matter, I'll make the best of it."

He took his blunderbuss and crept down toward the path, keeping out of sight in the under brush. We followed him, Dancaïre and I, at a short distance. When we were within arm's length we showed ourselves and called to the muleteer to stop. The woman when she saw us, instead of being frightened—and our costumes were quite enough to frighten her—shouted with laughter.

"Ha! ha! The idiots, to take me for a swell!"

IT WAS Carmen, but so perfectly disguised that I should not have recognized her if she had spoken a different tongue. She jumped down from her mule and talked for some time in a low tone with Dancaïre and Garcia, then said to me:

"We shall meet again, Canary, before you're hung. I am going to Gibraltar on business of Egypt. You will hear of me soon."

We parted, after she had told us of a place where we could obtain shelter for a few days. That girl was the Providence of our party. We soon received some money which she sent us, and some information which was worth much more to us; it was to the effect that on such a day two English noblemen would leave Gibraltar for Grenoble by such a road. A word to the wise is suffitient. They had a store of good guineas. Garcia wanted to kill them but Dancaïre and I objected. We took only their money and watches, in addition to their shirts, of which we were in sore need.

Señor, a man becomes a rascal without thinking of it. A pretty girl steals your wits, you fight for her, an accident happens, you have to live in the mountains, and from a smuggler you become a robber before you know it. We considered that it was not healthy for us in the neighborhood of Gibraltar, after the affair of the noblemen, and we buried ourselves in the Sierra de Ronda. You once mentioned José Maria to me; well, it was there that I made his acquaintance. He took his mistress on his expeditions. She was a pretty girl, clean and modest and well mannered; never an indecent word, and such devotion. As a reward, he made her very unhappy. He was always running after women, he maltreated her, and sometimes he took it into his head to pretend to be jealous. Once he struck her with a knife. Well, she loved him all the better for it. Women are made like that, especially the Andalusians. She was, proud of the scar she had on her arm, and showed it as the most beautiful thing in the world. And then José Maria was the worst kind of a comrade, to boot. In an expedition that we made together, he managed matters so well that he had all the profit, we all the blows and trouble. But I resume my story. We heard nothing at all from Carmen.

"One of us must go to Gibraltar to find out something about her," said Dancaïre; "she should have arranged some affair for us. I would go, but I am too well known at Gibraltar."

The One-Eyed said:

"So am I too; everybody knows me there, and I've played so many games on the lobsters! and as I have only one eye, I am hard to disguise."

"Shall I go then?" said I in my turn, overjoyed at the bare thought of seeing Carmen again; "tell me, what must I do?"

The others said to me:

"Arrange it so as to go by sea or by San Roque, as you choose, and when you get to Gibraltar, ask at the harbor where a chocolate seller called Rollona lives; when you have found her, you can learn from her what's going on yonder."

It was agreed that we three should go together to the Sierra di Gaucin, where I was to leave my companions and go on to Gibraltar in the guise of a dealer in fruit. At Ronda, a man who was in our pay had procured me a passport; at Gaucin they gave me a donkey; I loaded him with oranges and melons, and started. When I reached Gibraltar, I found that Rollona was well known there, but that she was dead or had gone to the ends of the earth, and her disappearance explained, in my opinion, the loss of our means of correspondence with Carmen. I put my donkey in a stable, and taking my oranges, I walked about the city as if to sell them, but in reality to see if I could not meet some familiar face. There are quantities of riff-raff there from all the countries on earth, and it is like the Tower of Babel, for you cannot take ten steps on any street without hearing as many different languages. I saw many Gipsies, but I hardly dared to trust them; I sounded them and they sounded me. We divined that we were villains; the important point was to know whether we belonged to the same band. After two days of fruitless going to and fro I had learned nothing concerning Rollona or Carmen, and was thinking of returning to my comrades after making a few purchases, when, as I passed through a street at sunset, I heard a woman's voice calling to me from a window:

"Orange-man!" I looked up and saw Carmen on a balcony, leaning on the rail with an officer in red, gold epaulets, curly hair—the whole outfit of a great noble. She too was dressed magnificently: a shawl over her shoulders, a gold comb, and her dress all silk; and the saucy minx—always the same!—was laughing so that she held her sides. The Englishman called to me in broken Spanish to come up, that the *señora* wanted some oranges; and Carmen said in Basque:

"Come up, and don't be surprised at anything!"

IN TRUTH nothing was likely to surprise me on her part. I do not know whether I felt more joy or grief at seeing her again. There was a tall English servant with powdered hair at the door, who ushered me into a

"I say," said Carmen, "isn't a broomstick good enough for you?" The other replied that she was not a connoisseur of such matters

gorgeous salon. Carmen instantly said to me in Basque:

"You don't know a word of Spanish; you don't know me." Then, turning to the Englishman: "I told you I recognized him at once as a Basque; you will hear what a strange tongue it is. What a stupid look he has, hasn't he? One would take him for a cat caught in a pantry."

"And you," I said to her in my language, "have the look of a brazen-faced slut, and I am tempted to slash your face before your lover."

"My lover!" she said, "did you really guess that all by yourself? And you are jealous of this simpleton? You are more of a fool than you were before our evenings in Rue de Candilejo. Don't you see, blockhead, that you are, that I am doing the business of Egypt at this moment, and in the most brilliant fashion, too? This house is mine, the lobster's guineas will be mine; I lead him by the end of the nose, and I will lead him to a place he will never come out of."

"And I," I said, "if you go on doing the business of Egypt in this way, I will see to it that you won't do it again."

"Ah! indeed! Are you my *rom*, to give me orders? The One-Eyed thinks it's all right, what business is it of yours? Oughtn't you to be content to be the only man who can say that he's my honey boy?"

"What does he say?" asked the Englishman.

"He says that he is thirsty and would like to drink a glass," Carmen replied.

And she threw herself on a couch, roaring with laughter at her translation.

When that girl laughed, *señor*, it was impossible to talk sense. Everybody laughed with her. The tall Englishman began to laugh, too, like the fool that he was, and ordered something to be brought for me to drink.

While I was drinking:

"Do you see that ring he has on his finger?" she asked me; "I will give it to you if you want."

I replied:

"I would give a finger to have your lord on the mountains, each of us with a *maquila* (cudgel) in his hand."

"*Maquila*—what does that mean?" asked the Englishman.

"*Maquila*," said Carmen, still laughing, "is an orange. Isn't that a curious word for orange? He says that he would like to give you some *maquila* to eat."

"Yes?" said the Englishman. "Well! bring some *maquila* tomorrow!"

While we were talking, the servant entered and said that dinner was ready. Thereupon the Englishman rose, gave me a piastre, and offered Carmen his arm, as if she could not walk alone. Carmen, still laughing, said to me:

"I can't invite you to dinner, my boy; but tomorrow, as soon as you hear the drums beating for the parade, come here with some oranges. You will find a room better furnished than the one on Rue de Candilejo, and you will see whether I am still your Carmencita. And then we will talk about the business of Egypt."

I made no reply, and after I was in the street I heard the Englishman calling after me:

"Bring some *maquila* tomorrow!" and I heard Carmen's shouts of laughter.

I went out, having no idea what I should do. I slept little, and in the morning I found myself so enraged with that traitress that I had resolved to leave Gibraltar without seeing her; but at the first beat of the drum all my courage deserted me; I took my bag of oranges and hurried to Carmen. Her blinds were partly open, and I saw her great black eye watching me. The powdered servant ushered me in at once; Carmen gave him an errand to do, and as soon as we were alone she burst out with one of her shouts of crocodile laughter and threw herself on my neck. I had never seen her so lovely. Arrayed like a Madonna, perfumed—silk-covered furniture, embroidered hangings—ah!—and I, dressed like the highwayman that I was!

"Honey boy!" said Carmen, "I have a mind to smash everything here, to set fire to the house, and fly to the mountains!"

And such caresses! and such laughter! And she danced, and she tore her falbalas; never did monkey go through more antics, more deviltry, more grimacing. When she had resumed her gravity:

"Listen," she said, "let us talk of Egypt. I want him to take me to Ronda, where I have a sister who's a nun (a fresh outburst of laughter here). We shall go by a place that I will let you know. Do you fall upon him; strip him clean! The best way would be to finish him; but," she added, with a diabolical smile which she assumed at certain times, and no one had any desire to imitate that smile at such times, "do you know what you must do? Let the One-Eyed appear first. Do you stay back a little; the lobster is brave and a good shot; he has good pistols. Do you understand?"

She interrupted herself with a fresh burst of laughter that made me shudder.

"No," I said, "I hate Garcia, but he is my comrade. Some day, perhaps, I will rid you of him, but we will settle our accounts after the fashion of my country. I am a Gipsy only by chance; and in certain things I shall always be a downright Navarrese, as the proverb says."

She retorted:

"You are a blockhead, a fool, a genuine outsider! You are like the dwarf who thinks he's tall when he can spit a long way. You don't love me—be off!"

When she said "be off!" I could not go. I promised to leave Gibraltar, to return to my comrades and wait for the Englishman; she, on her side, promised to be ill until it was time to leave Gibraltar for Ronda. I stayed at Gibraltar two more days. She had the audacity to come to see me at my inn, in disguise. I left the city; I, too, had my plan. I returned to our rendezvous, knowing the place and hour when the Englishman and Carmen were to pass. I found Dancaïre and Garcia waiting for me. We passed the night in a wood beside a fire of pine cones, which blazed finely. I proposed a game of cards to Garcia. He accepted. In the second game I told him he was cheating; he began to laugh. I threw the cards in his face. He tried to take his gun, but I put my foot on it and said to him:

"They say you can handle a knife like the best buck in Malaga—will you try it with me?"

DANCAÏRE tried to separate us. I had struck Garcia two or three times with my fist. Anger made him brave; he drew his knife and I mine. We both told Dancaïre to give us room and a fair field. He saw that there was no way of stopping us, and he walked away. Garcia was bent double, like a cat on the point of springing at a mouse. He held his hat in his left hand to parry, his knife forward. That is the Andalusian guard. I took my stand Navarrese fashion, straight in front of him, with the left arm raised, the left leg forward, and the knife along the right thigh. I felt stronger than a giant. He rushed on me like a flash; I turned on my left foot, and he found nothing in front of him; but I caught him in the throat, and my knife went in so far that my hand was under his chin. I twisted the blade so sharply that it broke. That was the end. The knife came out of the wound, forced by a stream of blood as big as your arm. He fell to the ground as stiff as a stake.

"What have you done?" Dancaïre asked me.

"Look you," said I, "we couldn't live together. I love Carmen, and I wish to be her only lover. Besides, Garcia was a villain, and I remembered what he did to poor Remendado. There are only two of us left, but we are stout fellows. Tell me, do you want me for your friend, in life or death?"

Dancaïre gave me his hand. He was a man of fifty.

"To the devil with love affairs!" he cried. "If you had asked him for Carmen, he'd have sold her to you for a piastre. There's only two of us now; how shall we manage tomorrow?"

"Let me do it all alone," I replied. "I snap my fingers at the whole world now."

We buried Garcia and pitched our camp again two hundred yards away. The next day

I heard some of the officers say to her many things that brought the blood to my cheeks. It was that day that I began to love her in good earnest

men and her Englishman passed, with two muleteers and a servant.

I said to Dancaïre:

"I will take care of the Englishman. Frighten the others—they are not armed."

The Englishman had pluck. If Carmen had not struck his arm, he would have killed me. To make the story short, I won Carmen back that day, and my first words to her were to tell her that she was a widow. When she learned how it had happened:

"You will always be an idiot," she said. "Garcia ought to have killed you. Your Navarrese guard is all folly, and he has put out the light of better men than you. It means that his time had come. Yours will come too."

"And yours," I retorted, "unless you're a true *romi* to me."

"All right," said she, "I've read more than once in coffee grounds that we were to go together. Bah! let what is planted come up!"

And she rattled her castanets, as she always did when she wished to banish some unpleasant thought.

We forget ourselves when we are talking about ourselves. All these details tire you, no doubt, but I shall soon be done. The life we were then leading lasted quite a long time. Dancaïre and I associated with ourselves several comrades who were more reliable than the former ones, and we devoted ourselves to smuggling, and sometimes, I must confess, we stopped people on the high-road, but only in the last extremity and when we could not do otherwise. However, we did not maltreat travelers, and we confined ourselves to taking their money. For several months I had no fault to find with Carmen; she continued to make herself useful in our operations, informing us of profitable strokes of business we could do. She stayed sometimes at Malaga, sometimes at Cordova, sometimes at Granada; but at a word from me, she would leave everything and join me at some isolated tavern, or even in our camp. Once only—it was at Malaga—she caused me some anxiety. I knew that she had cast her spell upon a very rich merchant, with whom she probably proposed to repeat the Gibraltar pleasantry. In spite of all that Dancaïre could say, I left him and went to Malaga in broad daylight; I sought Carmen and took her away at once. We had a sharp explanation.

"Do you know," she said, "that since you are my *rom* for good and all I love you less than when you were my honey boy? I don't choose to be tormented or, above all, to be ordered about! What I want is to be free and to do what I please. Look out that you don't drive me too far. If you tire me out I will find some good fellow who will serve you as you served the One-Eyed."

Dancaire made peace between us; but we had said things to each other that remained on our minds and we were no longer the same as before. Soon after an accident happened to us. The troops surprized us, Dancaire was killed, and two more of my comrades; two others were captured. I was seriously wounded and but for my good horse I should have fallen into the soldiers' hands. Worn out with fatigue, and with a bullet in my body, I hid in some woods with the only comrade I had left. I fainted when I dismounted, and I thought that I was going to die in the underbrush like a wounded rabbit. My comrade carried me to a cave that we knew, then he went in search of Carmen. She was at Granada, and she instantly came to me. For a fortnight she did not leave me a moment. She did not close an eye; she nursed me with a skill and attention which no woman ever showed for the man she loved best. As soon as I could stand she took me to Granada with the utmost secrecy. Gipsies find sure places of refuge everywhere, and I passed more than six weeks in a house within two doors of the corregidor who was looking for me. More than once as I looked out from behind a shutter I saw him pass. At last I was cured; but I had reflected deeply on my bed of pain and I proposed to change my mode of life. I spoke to Carmen of leaving Spain and of seeking an honest livelihood in the New World. She laughed at me.

"We were not made to plant cabbages," said she, "our destiny is to live at the expense of the outsiders. Look you, I have arranged an affair with Nathan Ben-Joseph of Gibraltar. He has some cotton stuffs that are only waiting for you, to pass the frontier. He knows that you are alive. He is counting on you. What would our Gibraltar correspondents say if you should go back on your word?"

I ALLOWED her to persuade me and I resumed my wretched trade.

While I was in hiding in Granada there were some bull-fights which Carmen attended. When she returned she had much to say of a very skilful picador named Lucas. She knew the name of his horse and how much his embroidered jacket cost. I paid no attention to it. Juanito, my last remaining comrade, told me some days later that he had seen Carmen with Lucas in a shop on the Zacatin. That began to disturb me. I asked Carmen how and why she had made the picador's acquaintance.

"He's a fellow with whom one can do business," she said. "A river that makes a noise has either water or stones. He won twelve hundred reals in the bull-fights. One of two things must happen, either we must have that money, or else, as he's a good rider and a fellow of good pluck, we must take him into our band. Such a one and such a one are dead and you need some one in their places. Take him."

"I don't want either his money or his person," I said, "and I forbid you to speak to him."

"Beware!" said she, "when any one defies me to do a thing it's soon done!"

Luckily the picador left for Malaga, and I turned my attention to bringing in the Jew's bales of cotton. I had a great deal to do in that affair, and so did Carmen; and I forgot Lucas; perhaps she forgot him, too, for the moment at least. It was about that time, *señor*, that I met you, first near Montilla, then at Cordova. I will say nothing about our last interview. Perhaps you remember it better than I do. Carmen stole your watch; she wanted your money, too, and above all, that ring that I see on your finger, which, she said, was a magnificent ring, which it was most important for her to own. We had a violent quarrel, and I struck her. She turned pale and shed tears, and that produced a terrible effect on me. I asked her to forgive me, but she sulked a whole day, and, when I started to return to Montilla she refused to kiss me. My heart was very heavy, when, three days later she came to see me with a laughing face and gay as a lark. Everything was forgotten, and we were like lovers of two days' standing. At the moment of parting, she said to me:

"There's to be a fête at Cordova; I am going to it, and I shall find out what people are going away with money and let you know."

I let her go. When I was alone, I mused upon that fête and upon Carmen's change of humor. "She must have had her revenge already," I thought, "as she was the first to make advances." A peasant told me that there were bulls at Cordova. My blood began to boil, and like a madman, I started for the city and went to the public square. Lucas was pointed out to me, and on the bench next to the barrier, I recognized Carmen. A single glance at her was enough to satisfy me. Lucas, when the first bull appeared, played the gallant, as I had foreseen. He tore the cockade from the bull and carried it to Carmen, who instantly put it in her hair. The bull took it upon himself to avenge me. Lucas was thrown down, with his horse across his chest and the bull on top of them both. I looked for Carmen; she was no longer in her seat. It was impossible for me to leave the place where I was, and I was compelled to wait until the end of the sports. Then I went to the house that you know, and I lay in wait there all the evening and part of the night. About two o'clock Carmen returned, and was rather surprised to see me.

"Come with me," I said to her.

"All right!" said she; "let us go."

I went for my horse and took her behind me, and we rode all the rest of the night without exchanging a word. At daybreak we stopped at a lonely inn, near a little hermitage. There I said to Carmen:

"Listen; I will forget everything; I will never say a word to you about anything that has happened; but promise me one thing—that you will go to America with me and remain quietly there."

"No," she said, sullenly, "I don't want to go to America. I am very well off here."

"That is because you are near Lucas; but understand this, if he recovers, he won't live to have old bones. But, after all, why should I be angry with him? I am tired of killing all your lovers; you are the one I will kill."

She looked earnestly at me with that savage look of hers, and said:

"I have always thought that you would kill me. The first time I saw you, I had just met a priest at the door of my house. And that night when we left Cordova, didn't you see anything? A hare crossed the road between your horse's feet. It is written."

"Carmen, don't you love me any more?" I asked her.

She made no reply. She was seated with her legs crossed, on a mat, and making figures on the ground with her finger.

"Let us change our mode of life, Carmen," I said to her in suppliant tone. "Let us go somewhere to live where we shall never be parted. You know, we have a hundred and twenty ounces buried under an oak, not far from here. Then, too, we have funds in the Jew Ben-Joseph's hands."

She smiled and said:

"Me first, then you, I know that it is bound to happen so."

"Reflect," I continued; "I am at the end of my patience and my courage; make up your mind, or I shall make up mine."

I left her and walked in the direction of the hermitage. I found the hermit praying. I waited until his prayer was at an end; I would have liked to pray, but I could not. When he rose I went to him.

"Father," I said, "will you say a prayer for some one who is in great danger?"

"I pray for all who are afflicted," he said.

"Can you say a mass for a soul which perhaps is soon to appear before its Creator?"

"Yes," he replied, gazing fixedly at me.

And, as there was something strange in my manner, he tried to make me talk.

"It seems to me that I have seen you before," he said.

I placed a piastre on his bench.

"When will you say the mass?" I asked.

"In half an hour. The son of the inn-keeper yonder will come soon to serve it. Tell me, young man, have you not something on your conscience which torments you? Will you listen to the advice of a Christian?"

I felt that I was on the point of weeping. I told him that I would come again, and I hurried away. I lay down on the grass until I heard the bell ring. Then I returned, but I remained outside the chapel. When the mass was said, I returned to the inn. I hoped that Carmen would have fled—she might have taken my horse and made her escape—but I found her there. She did not propose that any one should say that I had frightened her. During my absence she had ripped the hem of her dress to take out the lead. Now she was standing by a table, watching the lead, which she had melted and had just thrown into a bowl filled with water. She was so engrossed by her magic that she did not notice my return at first. At one moment she would take up a piece of lead and turn it in every direction with a melancholy air; then she would sing one of those ballads of magic in which they invoke Maria Padilla, Don Pedro's mistress, who, they say, was the *Bari Crallisa*, or the great queen of the Gipsies.

"Carmen," I said, "will you come with me?"

She rose, pushed her bowl away, and put her mantilla over her head, as if ready to start. My horse was brought, she mounted behind me, and we rode away.

"So, my Carmen," I said, after we had ridden a little way, "you will go with me, won't you?"

"I will go with you to death, yes, but I won't live with you any more."

We were in a deserted ravine; I stopped my horse.

"Is this the place?" she said.

And with one spring she was on the ground. She took off her mantilla, dropped it at her feet, and stood perfectly still, with one hand on her hip, looking me in the eye.

"You mean to kill me, I can see that," she said; "it is written, but you will not make me yield."

"Be reasonable, I beg," I said to her. "Listen to me. All of the past is forgotten. However, as you know, it was you who ruined me; it was for your sake that I became a robber and a murderer. Carmen! my Carmen! let me save you and myself with you."

"José," she replied, "you ask something that is impossible. I no longer love you; you do still love me, and that is the reason you intend to kill me. I could easily tell you some lie; but I don't choose to take the trouble. All is over between us. As my *rom*, you have a right to kill your *romi;* but Carmen will always be free. Gipsy she was born, Gipsy she will die."

"Then you love Lucas?" I demanded.

"Yes, I did love him, as I loved you, for a moment—but less than I loved you, I think. Now, I love nobody, and I hate myself for having loved you."

I threw myself at her feet, I took her hands, I drenched them with my tears. I reminded her of all the blissful moments we had passed together. I offered to remain a brigand to please her. Everything, *señor*, everything; I offered her everything, if only she would love me again.

She said to me:

"To love you again is impossible. I will not live with you."

Frenzy took possession of me. I drew my knife. I would have liked her to show some fear and to beg for mercy, but that woman was a demon.

"For the last time," I cried, "will you stay with me?"

"No! no! no!" she replied, stamping the ground with her foot.

And she took from her finger a ring I had given her and threw it into the underbrush.

I struck her twice. It was the One-Eyed's knife, which I had taken, having broken my own. She fell at the second stroke, without a sound. I fancy that I still see her great black eye gazing at me; then it grew dim and closed. I remained utterly crushed beside that corpse for a long hour. Then I remembered that Carmen had often told me that she would like to be buried in a wood. I dug a grave with my knife and laid her in it. I hunted a long while for her ring and found it at last. I placed it in the grave with her, also a small crucifix. Perhaps I did wrong. Then I mounted my horse, galloped to Cordova, and gave myself up at the first guard-house. I said that I had killed Carmen, but I have refused to tell where her body is. The hermit was a holy man. He prayed for her! He said a mass for her soul. Poor child! The Gipsies are guilty, for bringing her up so.

Look for two more good stories in

The Old or the New

in the July EVERYBODY'S

THE pair of reprinted stories to be offered here next month make a particularly timely choice on the eve of Independence Day because both have to do with patriotic themes.

The Man Without a Country By Edward Everett Hale

is the classic example of a story about the force and depth of a man's devotion to his native land. Written during the dark days of the Civil War, its influence was immediately reflected in recruiting and has been effective ever since.

The Consul By Richard Harding Davis

is the story of an American gentleman of the old school, one who was the stanch upholder of the best traditions of his class. Serving his government in a half-forgotten consulate in an unimportant foreign port, he faced and solved a grave problem of honor such as would have tried the stoutest soul.

The Caballero's Way

by O. Henry

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton

THE Cisco Kid had killed six men in more or less fair scrimmages, had murdered twice as many (mostly Mexicans) and had winged a larger number whom he modestly forebore to count. Therefore a woman loved him.

The Kid was twenty-five, looked twenty and a careful insurance company would have estimated the probable time of his demise at say—twenty-six. His habitat was anywhere between the Frio and the Rio Grande. He killed for the love of it—because he was quick-tempered—to avoid arrest—for his own amusement—any reason that came to his mind would suffice. He had escaped capture because he could shoot five-sixths of a second sooner than any sheriff or ranger in the service, and because he rode a speckled roan horse that knew every cow-path in the mesquite and pear thickets from San Antonio to Matamoras.

Tonia Perz the girl who loved the Cisco Kid was half Carmen, half Madonna, and the rest—oh, yes, a woman who is half Carmen and half Madonna can always be something more—the rest, let us say, was humming-bird. She lived in a grass-roofed jacal near a little Mexican settlement at the Lone Wolf crossing of the Frio. With her lived a father or grandfather, a lineal Aztec, somewhat less than a thousand years old, who herded a hundred goats and lived in a continuous drunken dream from drinking mescal. Back of the jacal a tremendous forest of bristling pear, twenty feet high at its worst, crowded almost to its door. It was along the bewildering maze of this spinous thicket that the speckled roan would bring the Kid to see his girl. And once, clinging like a lizard to the ridge-pole high up under the peaked grass roof, he had heard Tonia, with her Madonna face and Carmen beauty and humming-bird soul, parley with the sheriff's posse, denying knowledge of her man in her soft melange of Spanish and English.

One day the adjutant-general of the State, who is, ex-officio, commander of the ranger forces, wrote some sarcastic lines to Captain Duval, of Company X, stationed at Laredo, relative to the serene and undisturbed existence led by murderers and desperadoes in the said Captain's territory.

The captain turned the color of brick-dust under his tan and forwarded the letter after adding a few comments, per ranger Private Bill Adamson, to ranger Lieutenant Sandridge, camped at a water-hole in the Nueces with a squad of five men in preservation of law and order.

Lieutenant Sandridge turned a beautiful *couleur de rose* through his ordinary strawberry complexion, tucked the letter in his hip-pocket, and chewed off the ends of his gamboge mustache.

The next morning he saddled his horse and rode alone to the Mexican settlement at the Lone Wolf Crossing of the Frio, twenty miles away.

Six-feet-two, blond as a viking, quiet as a deacon, dangerous as a machine gun, Sandridge moved among the jackals, patiently seeking news of the Cisco Kid.

Far more than the law, the Mexicans dreaded the cold and certain vengeance of the lone rider that the ranger sought. It had been one of the Kid's pastimes to shoot Mexicans, "to see them kick," if he demanded from them moribund Terpsichorean feats, simply that he might be entertained, what terrible and extreme penalties would be certain to follow should they anger him. One and all they lounged with upturned palms and shrugging shoulders, filling the air with "*quien sabes*" and denials of the Kid's acquaintance.

But there was a man named Fink who kept a store at the Crossing—a man of many nationalities, tongues, interests, and ways of thinking.

"No use to ask them Mexicans," he said to Sandridge. "They're afraid to tell. This *hombre* they call the Kid—Goodall is his name, ain't it?—he's been in my store one or twice. I have an idea you might run across him at—but I guess I don't keer to say, myself. I'm two seconds later in pulling a gun than I used to be, and the difference is worth thinking about. But this Kid's got a half-Mexican girl at the crossing that he comes to see. She lives in that jacal a hundred yards down the arroyo at the edge of the pear. Maybe she—no, I don't suppose she would, but that jacal would be a good place to watch, anyway."

Sandridge rode down to the jacal of Perez. The sun was low, and the broad shade of the

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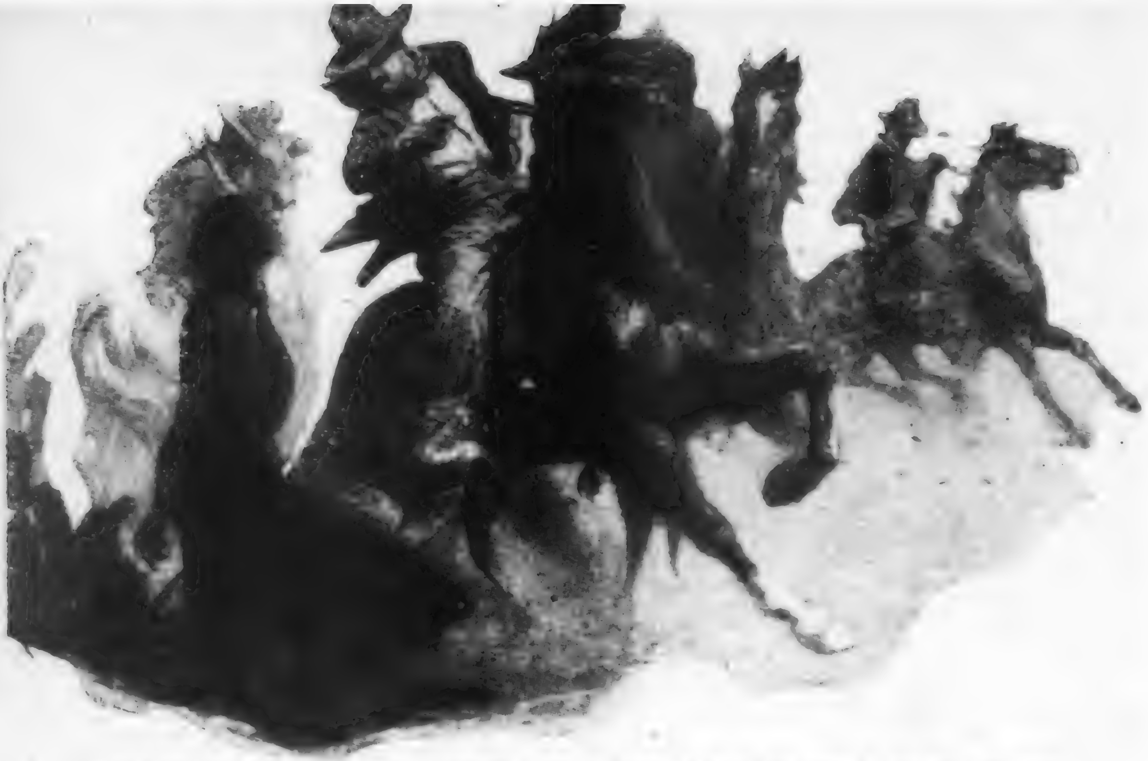


Tonia parleyed with the Sheriff's posse, denying knowledge of her man in her soft melange of Spanish and English.

great pear thicket already covered the grass-thatched hut. The goats were enclosed for the night, in a brush corral near by. A few kids walked the top of it, nibbling the chaparral leaves. The old Mexican lay upon a blanket on the grass, already in a stupor from his mescal, and dreaming, perhaps of the nights when he and Pizarro touched glasses to their New World fortunes—so old his wrinkled face seemed to proclaim him to be. And in the door of the jacal stood Tonia. And Lieutenant Sandridge sat in his saddle staring at her like a gannet agape at a sailorman.

The Cisco Kid was a vain person, as all eminent and successful assassins are; and his bosom would have been ruffled had he known that in a simple exchange of glances two persons in whose minds he had been looming large, suddenly abandoned (at least for the time) all thought of him.

Never before had Tonia seen such a man as this. He seemed to be made of sunshine and blood-red tissue and clear weather. He seemed to illuminate the shadow of the pear when he smiled, as though the sun were rising again. The men she had known, had been small and dark. Even the Kid despite his achievements, was a stripling no larger than herself, with black straight hair and a cold marble face that chilled the noonday.

As for Tonia, though she sends description to the poorhouse, let her make a millionaire of your fancy. Her blue-black hair, smoothly divided in the middle, and bound close to her head, and her large eyes full of the Latin melancholy gave her the Madonna touch. Her motions and air spoke of the concealed fire and the desire to charm that she had inherited from the *gitanas* of the Basque province. As for the humming-bird part of her, that dwelt in her heart; you could not perceive it unless her bright red skirt and dark blue blouse gave you a symbolic hint of the vagarious bird.

THE newly lighted sun-god asked for a drink of water. Tonia brought it from the red jar hanging under the brush shelter. Sandridge considered it necessary to dismount so as to lessen the trouble of her ministrations.

I play no spy, nor do I assume to master the thoughts of any human heart, but I assert, by the chronicler's right, that before a quarter of an hour had sped, Sandridge was teaching her how to plait a six-strand rawhide stake-rope, and Tonia, had explained to him that were it not for her little English book that the peripatetic *padre* had given her, and the little crippled *chivo*, that she fed from a bottle, she would be very, very lonely indeed.

Which leads to a suspicion that the Kid's fences needed repairing, and the adjutant-general's sarcasm had fallen upon unproductive soil.

In his camp by the water-hole Lieutenant Sandridge announced and reiterated his intention either of causing the Cisco Kid to nibble the black loam of the Frio country prairies or of hauling him before a judge and a jury. That sounded business-like. Twice a week he rode over to the Lone Wolf Crossing of the Frio, and directed Tonia's slim, slightly lemon-tinted fingers among the intricacies of the slowly growing lariat. A six-strand plait is hard to learn and easy to teach.

The ranger knew that he might find the Kid there at any visit. He kept his armament ready, and had a frequent eye for the pear thicket, at the rear of the jacal. Thus he might bring down the kite and the humming-bird with one stone.

While the sunny-haired ornithologist was pursuing his studies, the Cisco Kid was also attending to his professional duties. He moodily shot up a saloon in a small cow village on Quintana Creek, killed the town marshal (plugging him neatly in the center of his tin badge) and then rode away, morose and unsatisfied. No true artist is uplifted by shooting an aged man carrying an old-style .38 bulldog.

On his way the Kid suddenly experienced the yearning that all men feel when wrong doing loses its keen edge of delight. He yearned for the woman he loved to reassure him that she was his in spite of it. He wanted her to call his bloodthirstiness bravery and his cruelties devotion. He wanted Tonia to bring him water from the red jar under the brush shelter, and tell him how the *chivo* was thriving on the bottle.

THE Kid turned the speckled roan's head up the ten-mile pear flat that stretches along the Arroyo Hondo until it ends at the Lone Wolf Crossing of the Frio. The roan whickered for he had a sense of locality and direction equal to that of a belt line street car horse, and he knew he would be soon nibbling the rich mesquite grass at the end of a forty-foot stake-rope while Ulysses rested his head in Circe's straw-roofed hut.

More weird and lonesome than the journey of an Amazonian explorer is the ride of one through a Texas pear flat. With dismal monotony and startling variety the uncanny and multiform shapes of the cacti lift their twisted trunks and fat, bristly hands to encumber the way. The demon plant, appearing to live without soil or rain, seems to taunt the parched traveler with its lush gray-greenness. It warps itself a thousand times about what look to be open and inviting paths, only to lure the rider into blind and impassible spine-defended "bottoms of the bag," leaving him to retreat if he can, with the points of the compass whirling in his head.

To be lost in the pear is to die almost the death of the thief on the cross pierced by nails, and with grotesque shapes of all the fiends hovering about.

But it was not so with the Kid and his mount. Winding, twisting, circling, tracing the most fantastic and bewildering trail ever picked out, the good roan lessened the distance to the Lone Wolf Crossing with every coil and turn that he made.

While they fared the Kid sang. He knew but one tune and sang it, as he knew but one code and lived it and but one girl and loved her. He was a single-minded man, of conventional ideas. He had a voice like a coyote with bronchitis, but whenever he chose to sing his song he sang it. It was a conventional song of the camps, and trail, running at its beginning as near as may be to these words:

Don't you monkey with my Lulu-girl,
Or I'll tell you what I'll do—

and so on. The roan was inured to it, and did not mind.

But even the poorest singer, will, after a certain time, gain his own consent to refrain from contributing to the world's noises. So the Kid by the time he was within a mile or two of Tonia's jacal, had reluctantly allowed his song to die away—not because his vocal performances had become less charming to his own ears, but because his laryngeal muscles were aweary.

As though he were in a circus ring the speckled roan wheeled and danced through the labyrinth of pear until at length his rider knew by certain landmarks that the Lone Wolf Crossing was close at hand. Then, where the pear was thinner, he caught sight of the grass roof of the jacal, and the hackberry tree on the edge of the arroyo. A few yards farther the Kid stopped the roan and gazed intently through the prickly openings. Then he dismounted, dropped the roan's reins, and proceeded on foot, stooping and silent, like an Indian. The roan knowing his part, stood still, making no sound.

The Kid crept noiselessly to the very edge of the pear thicket and reconnoitered between the leaves of a clump of cactus.

Ten yards from his hiding-place, in the shade of the jacal sat his Tonia calmly plaiting a rawhide lariat. So far she might surely escape the condemnation; women have been known, from time to time to engage, in more mischievous occupations. But if all must be told, there is to be added that her head reposed against the broad and comfortable chest of a tall red-and-yellow man, and that his arm was about her, guiding her nimble small fingers that required so many lessons at the intricate six-strand plait.

Sandridge glanced quickly at the dark mass of pear when he heard a slight squeaking of sound that was not altogether unfamiliar. A gun-scabbard will make that sound when one grasps the handle of a six-shooter suddenly. But the sound was not repeated and Tonia's fingers needed close attention.

And then, in the shadow of death, they began to talk of their love, and in the still July afternoon every word they uttered reached the ears of the Kid.

"Remember then," said Tonia, "you must not come again until I send for you. Soon he will be here. A *vaquero* at the *tienda* said today he saw him on the Guadalupe three days ago. When he is all that near he always comes. If he comes and finds you here he will kill you. So, for my sake, you must come no more until I send you the word."

"All right," said the ranger. "And then what?"

"And then," said the girl, "you must bring your men here and kill him. If not, he will kill you."

"He ain't a man to surrender, that's sure," said Sandridge. "It's kill or be killed for the officer that goes up against Mr. Cisco Kid."

"He must die," said the girl. "Otherwise there will be not any peace in the world for thee and me. He has killed many. Let him so die. Bring your men, and give him no chance to escape."

"You used to think right much of him," said Sandridge.

Tonia dropped the lariat, twisted herself around, and curved a lemon-tinted arm over the ranger's shoulder.

"But then," she murmured in liquid Spanish, "I had not beheld thee, thou great, red mountain of a man! And thou art kind and good as well as strong. Could one choose him, knowing thee? Let him die, for then I will not be filled with fear by day and night lest he hurt thee or me."

"How will I know when he comes?" asked Sandridge.

"When he comes," said Tonia, "he remains two days, sometimes three. Gregorio, the small son of the old Luisa, the *lavandera*, has a swift pony. I will write a letter to thee and send it by him, saying how it will be best to come upon him. By Gregorio will the letter come. And bring many men with thee, and have much care, oh dear one, for the rattlesnake is quicker to strike than is '*El Chivato*,' as they call him, to send a ball from his pistola."

"The Kid's handy with his gun, sure enough," admitted Sandridge, "but when I come for him I shall come alone. I'll get him by myself or not at all. The Cap wrote one or two things to me that make we want to do the trick without any help. You let me know when Mr. Kid arrives, and I'll do the rest."

"I will send you the message by the boy, Gregorio," said the girl. "I knew you were braver than that small slayer of men who never smiles. How could I ever have thought I cared for him?"

It was time for the ranger to ride back to his camp on the water-hole. Before he mounted his horse, he raised the slight form of Tonia with one arm high from the earth for a parting salute. The drowsy stillness of the torpid summer air still lay thick upon the dreaming afternoon. The smoke from the fire in the jacal where the *frijoles* blubbered in the iron pot, rose straight as a plumb-line above the clay-daubed chimney. No sound or movement disturbed the serenity of the dense pear thicket ten yards away.

When the form of Sandridge had disappeared, loping his big dun down the steep banks of the Frio crossing, the Kid crept back to his own horse, mounted him, and rode back along the tortuous trail he had come. But not far. He stopped and waited in the silent depths of the pear until half an hour had passed. And then Tonia heard the high, untrue notes of his unmusical singing coming nearer and nearer; and she ran to the edge of the pear to meet him.

The Kid seldom smiled, but he smiled and waved his hat when he saw her. He dismounted, and his girl sprang into his arms. The Kid looked at her fondly. His thick black hair clung to his head like a wrinkled mat. The meeting brought a slight ripple of some undercurrent of feeling to his smooth, dark face, that was usually as motionless as a clay mask.

"How's my girl?" he asked, holding her close.

"Sick of waiting so long for you, dear one," she answered. "My eyes are dim with always gazing into that devil's pincushion through which you come. And I can see into it such a little way, too. But you are here, beloved one, and I will not scold. *Que mal muchacho!* Go in and rest, and let me water your horse and stake him with the long rope. There is cool water in the jar for you."

The Kid kissed her affectionately.

"Not if the court knows itself, do I let a lady stake my horse for me," he said. "But if you'll run in, *chica*, and throw a pot of coffee together, while I attend to the *caballo*, I'll be a good deal obliged."

BESIDES his markmanship the Kid had another tribute for which he admired himself greatly. He was *muy caballero*, as the Mexicans express it, where the ladies were concerned. For them he had always gentle words and consideration. He could not have spoken a harsh word to a woman. He might ruthlessly slay their husbands, and brothers, but he could not have laid the weight of a finger in anger upon a woman. Wherefore many of that interesting division of humanity who had come under the spell of his politeness declared their disbelief in the stories circulated about Mr. Kid. One shouldn't believe everything one heard, they said, when confronted by their indignant men folk with proof of the caballero's deeds of infamy, they said maybe he had been driven to it, and that he knew how to treat a lady, anyhow.

Considering this extremely courteous idiosyncrasy of the Kid and the pride that he took in it, one can perceive that the solution of the problem that was presented to him, by what he saw and heard, from his hiding place in the pear that afternoon (at least as to one of the actors) must have been obscured by difficulties. And yet one could not think of the Kid overlooking little matters of that kind.

AT THE end of the short twilight they gathered around a supper of *frijoles*, goat steaks, canned peaches, and coffee, by the light of a lantern in the jacal. Afterward the ancestor, his flock corralled, smoked a cigaret and became a mummy in a gray blanket. Tonia washed the few dishes while the Kid dried them with the flour-sacking towel. Her eyes shone, she chatted volubly of the inconsequent happenings of her small world since the Kid's last visit, it was as all his other home-comings had been.

Then outside Tonia swung in a grass hammock with her guitar and sang sad *canciónes de amor*.

"Do you love me just the same, old girl?" asked the Kid, hunting for cigaret papers.

"Always the same, little one," said Tonia, her dark eyes lingering upon him.

"I must go over to Fink's," said the Kid, rising, "for some tobacco. I thought I had another sack in my coat. I'll be back in a quarter of an hour."

"Hasten," said Tonia, "and tell me—how long shall I call you my own this time? Will you be gone again tomorrow leaving me to grieve, or will you be longer with your Tonia?"

"Oh, I might stay two or three days, this trip," said the kid yawning. "I've been on the dodge for a month, and I'd like to rest up."

He was gone, half an hour for his tobacco. When he returned Tonia was still lying in the hammock.

"It's funny," said the Kid, "how I feel. I feel like there was somebody lying behind every bush and tree waiting to shoot me. I never had mullygrubs like them before. Maybe it's one of them presumptions. I've got half a notion to light out in the morning before day. The Guadalupe country is burning up about that old Dutchman I plugged down there."

"You're afraid—no one could make my brave little one fear."

"Well, I haven't been usually regarded as a jack-rabbit when it comes to scrapping, but I don't want a posse smoking me out when I'm in your jacal. Somebody might get hurt that oughtn't to."

"Remain with your Tonia, no one will find you here."

The Kid looked keenly into the shadows up and down the arroya and toward the dim lights of the Mexican village.

"I'll see how it looks later on," he said.

At midnight a horseman rode into the rangers' camp, blazing his way by noisy "hallos" to indicate a pacific mission. Sandridge and one or two others turned out to investigate the row. The rider announced himself to be Domingo Sales, from the Lone Wolf Crossing. He bore a letter for *Señor* Sandridge. Old Luisa, the *lavendera*, had persuaded him to bring it, he said, her son Gregorio being too ill of a fever to ride.

Sandridge lighted the camp lantern and read the letter. These were the words:

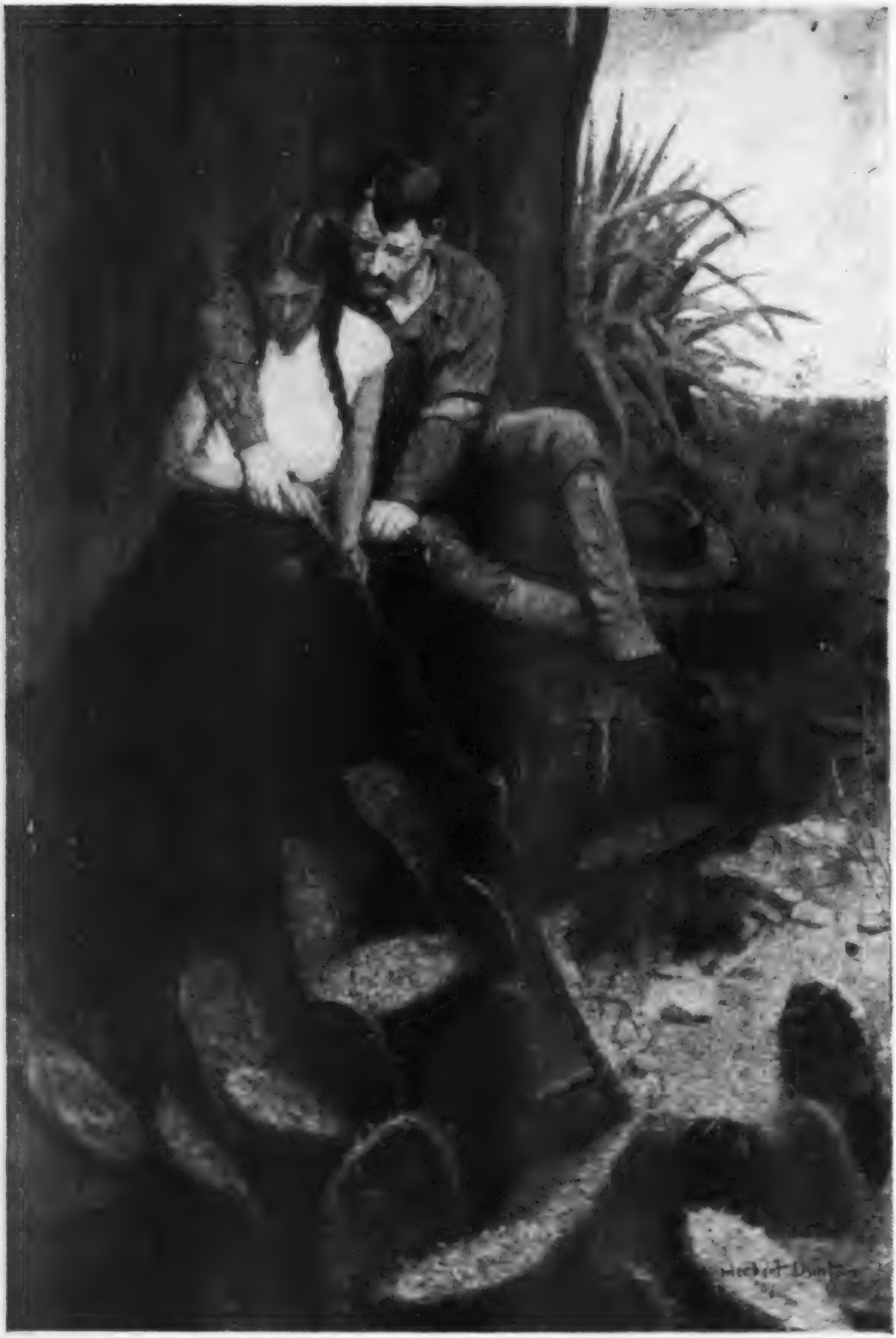
> "Dear One: He has come. Hardly had you ridden away when he came out of the pear. When he first talked he said he would stay three days or more. Then as it grew later he was like a wolf or a fox, and walked about without rest, looking and listening. Soon he said he must leave before daybreak when it is darkest and stillest. And then he seemed to suspect that I be not true to him. He looked at me so strange that I am frightened. I swear to him that I love him, his own Tonia. Last of all he said I must prove to him I am true. He thinks that even now men are waiting to kill him as he rides from my house. To escape he says he will dress in my clothes, my red skirt, and the blue waist I wear and the brown mantilla over the head and thus ride away. But before that he says I must put on his clothes, his pantalones and camisa and hat, and ride away on his horse from the jacal as far as the big road beyond the crossing and back again. This before he goes, so he can tell if I am true and if men are hidden to shoot him. It is a terrible thing. An hour before daybreak this is to be. Come, my dear one, and kill this man and take me for your Tonia. Do not try to take hold of him alive, but kill him quickly. Knowing all, you should do that. You must come long before the time and hide yourself in the little shed near the jacal where the wagon and saddles are kept. It is dark in there. He will wear my red skirt and blue waist and brown mantilla. I send you a hundred kisses. Come surely and shoot quickly and straight.
>
> THINE OWN TONIA.

SANDRIDGE quickly explained to his men the official part of the missive. The rangers protested against his going alone.

"I'll get him easy enough," said the lieutenant. "The girl's got him trapped. And don't ever think he'll get the drop on me."

Sandridge saddled his horse and rode to the Lone Wolf Crossing. He tied his big dun in a clump of brush on the arroya, took his Winchester from its scabbard, and carefully approached the Perez jacal. There was only the half of a high moon drifted over by ragged, milk-white gulf clouds.

The wagon-shed was an excellent place for ambush; and the ranger got inside it safely. In the black shadow of the brush shelter in front of


Herbert Dunton
'06

The arm of a tall red-and-yellow man was about Tonia, guiding her nimble small fingers that required so many lessons at the intricate six-strand plait.

the jacal he could see a horse tied and hear him impatiently pawing the hard-trodden earth.

He waited almost an hour before two figures came out of the jacal. One, in men's clothes, quickly mounted the horse and galloped past the wagon-shed towards the crossing and village. And then the other figure, in skirt, waist, and mantilla over its head, stepped out into the faint moonlight, gazing after the rider. Sandridge thought he could take his chance then before Tonia rode back. He fancied she might not care to see.

"Throw up your hands," he ordered loudly, stepping out of the wagon-shed with his Winchester at his shoulder.

There was a quick turn of the figure, but no movement to obey, so the ranger pumped in the bullets—one—two—three—and then twice more; for you never could be too sure of bringing down the Cisco Kid. There was no danger of missing at ten paces, even in that half moonlight.

The old ancestor, asleep in his blanket, was awakened by the shots. Listening further, he heard a great cry from some man in mortal distress or anguish, and rose up grumbling at the disturbing ways of moderns.

The tall, red ghost of a man burst into the jacal reaching one hand, shaking, like a *tule* reed, for the lantern hanging on its nail. The other spread a letter on the table.

"Look at this letter, Perez," cried the man. "Who wrote it?"

"Ah, *Dios!* It is the *Señor* Sandridge," mumbled the old man, approaching, "*Pues, señor*, that letter was written by "*El Chivato*," as he is called—by the man of Tonia. They say he is a bad man, I do not know. While Tonia slept, he wrote the letter and sent it by this old hand of mine, to Domingo Sales to be brought to you. Is there anything wrong in the letter? I am very old, and I did not know. *Valgame Dios!* It is a very foolish world, and there is nothing in the house to drink—nothing to drink.

Just then, all that Sandridge could think of to do was to go outside and throw himself face downward in the dust by the side of his humming-bird, of whom not a feather fluttered. He was not a caballero by instinct, and he could not understand the niceties of revenge.

A mile away the rider who had ridden past the wagon-shed struck up a harsh, untuneful song, the words of which began:

Don't you monkey with my Lulu girl,
Or I'll tell you what I'll do—

The Best Love-Story I Ever Read

A Prize-Contest Announcement

SOMEWHERE, sometime, you may have read a love-story so unusual, so interesting or so well told that the memory of it remains vivid despite all you have read since. It may have been in a book or magazine, recently or years ago, in English or in some other language.

Think over some of the outstanding stories in the fiction you have read and pick out the one that appeals to you most. Then put down the title of the story, the author, and the magazine or book in which the story appeared. The date of publication should be indicated as closely as possible, together with any other information that may help us locate the story.

For the best letter of not more than four hundred words we offer two prizes: First Prize, $10; Second Prize, $5. The competition closes July 1st. Contributions cannot be returned unless accompanied by a two-cent stamp. The editors will be the judges.

First Aid for Puzzle Fans

Cross word fans and puzzle addicts eventually take their problems to the librarian. One of them tells some of the odd and amusing incidents that happen in a metropolitan library

by Edmund Lester Pearson

IT IS estimated that upward of $100,000 a month is offered in prize competitions in the United States. To compete for them involves a search for all kinds of information—literary, scientific, historical, biographical and what not. The unhappy librarian is sought as guide, counselor and friend to an extent that seriously threatens the library's usefulness to serious readers.

AGAINST certain swarms of locusts which settle upon them, and devour their substance, librarians are beginning to wave their hands feebly in defense. These are the great tribe of puzzle solvers, who recur from time to time like the locusts, but who came recently in dense black clouds, during the height of the cross-word epidemic I am not scornful of the game, for I spent parts of a good many evenings last winter at cross words, until the yaks, emus, and ibexes began to pall upon me. I took pains, one day in Central Park, to have another look at the gnu—and a weary and badgered looking animal he was. It seemed to me that he had been deprived of his afternoon nap for months, being aroused and made to prance for the benefit of cross word puzzlers, who had come to love him anew. My view of cross word puzzles is not a high-brow one, nor a "superior" one. They may teach spelling; they may be "educational," as their devotees say. (That is the least of their recommendations to me. I am tired of people and things which are forever trying the hopeless task of educating me. Besides, the object of a game is to amuse.) But—well, let's take some typical examples.

Suppose that I am filled with desire to know the name of "a fibre used by the Patagonians in six letters," or the alias of "the Iberian hyrax in eleven." I have a vague idea that there is a sort of a book called "the dicts'anary" which they keep at the "liberry,"—a building I have never entered. (Any librarian knows the kind of citizen I am.) Suppose that I have one of the more virulent cases of cross word mania: the sort which is induced by the hope of a money prize. I go to the library and seize upon a dictionary, which I have little notion how to use, or even to handle, not being at all accustomed to books. In doing this I get in the way of little Mrs. Smith, who works two or three days a week at the library, earning her precarious living as a writer of newspaper articles. Or I get loose among the scientific books, which I maul over in a vain endeavor to learn the German word for "steam"—much to the detriment of the books, and still more to the annoyance of a man at the same table, who is studying to pass an engineer's examination. Is the librarian right in trying to defend Mrs. Smith and the engineer against my forays? The answer is in the affirmative.

And if I come, not alone, but as one of a horde, and if I wear out and soil the dictionaries and encyclopedias (which are not cheap books) at five times the regular rate of speed; if I engage in chatter which sometimes develops into snarls of rage as somebody else beats me to the books; if I even engage in combat with a woman over a dictionary—like two hyenas around a carcass—each pulling upon a cover until it is ripped half out of the binding; if these things happen—and all of them do happen—what is the plain duty of the librarian?

It is construed in different ways in different places, but always with the idea of protecting what the librarian calls reasonably enough, his "legitimate readers." In a California library, so I have heard, they limited the use of the dictionaries to five minutes per cross worder—which must have needed the help of a librarian with a stop watch. In Chicago, with princely generosity, they set aside a room with dictionaries, expressly for the contestants. Presumably, also, they assigned a member of the library staff to act as referee and bottle-holder, with power to drag out the dead and wounded at the end of the day. In the branch circulating libraries in New York, each made its ground-rules according to local conditions, which sometimes were not troublesome. In the main reading room of the central building—not a library for light and popular reading, but a room for study and research—they took the absolutely necessary steps to protect readers and books. They removed dictionaries, even some in foreign languages, from their usual places on open shelves, and kept them behind the desk. Thence they were issued to anybody who would lay his hand upon his heart and assert that he was not a cross word puzzler.

The librarians are not stingy with books in that room. There are more than twenty thousand volumes which any human being, sober and in what appears to be his right mind may take down and read for a minute, or study for a week, without telling any one his name or his business. There are four copies of what most people call "the dictionary"—that is, one of the American dictionaries in one volume. These four books stand up under ordinary wear and tear about eighteen months; one of them is worn out and replaced every four or five months. But when the cross word plague began, the life of these dictionaries seemed likely to be reduced to about two weeks. So they went into temporary retirement, until the hunters for the name of the three-toed sloth, and the Tibetan antelope, should have ceased from troubling.

The last place in the world where information should be denied is a public library. The knowledge it contains ought to be easy of access to those who know how to seek and use it. To use it, means, of course, to use it properly. If a lady shows an interest in books on chemistry, she will be welcomed by the librarians. If it turns out that the object of her studies is to find what kind of poison will mix soothingly with the caviar sandwiches which she proposes to feed to her husband, the librarians can hardly be called narrow if they withhold information. If a young and enthusiastic student desires to read the works of the philosophical anarchists, he will probably be permitted to do it. He will, at least, in the large libraries for research which contain such rather obscure books. When, however, it appears that he is translating the mild theories of those writers into violent speech and actions of his own—actions which get him into trouble with police and immigration officials—and when he boasts, as one did, that he "learned anarchy at the Public Library," it is conceivable that the librarian will look upon his studies with an unfavoring eye. And this will give some excitable radicals fresh reason to believe that the libraries are really managed by the Standard Oil Company.

WHAT help an American library should give today to those citizens who wish to perfect themselves as brewers, vintners and distillers is a nicer question. One or two libraries, early in the Volstead regime, loyally announced their intention to go bone dry. How they did it, I never learned, but their book collections must have been badly wrecked when they got through. For it meant the scrapping or mutilation of hundreds if not thousands of volumes: chemistries, encyclopedias, cookbooks, books of recipes, home magazines, and farm journals. It would be interesting to know whether they retired such books altogether, or merely blackened out the offending pages, in the manner of the Russian censor. Blackening out certain parts of a publication, by the way, used to be practiced by some of the English libraries which were pestered by noisy crowds rushing in to look at the racing tips in the newspapers.

I think that there is no American librarian who does not deplore any restriction which is put upon reading or study. To every young librarian, nowadays, is held up to ridicule the spirit which animated old Mr. Sibley, of Harvard, who is said to have remarked, while locking up the library, one Saturday afternoon, seventy or eighty years ago: "Every book is on the shelves except two. Agassiz has those, and I'm going over to get them." The new librarians are told to admire the learning of Sibley, but not to imitate him in hoarding books. And in the main they don't, despite a few Sibleys, who may linger here or there, and despite the belief held sometimes by literary folk, that librarians like to invent bothersome rules, and hide their books away from use. It is precisely because a public library is *public*, that the individual can not be allowed to act as if it were his private property.

It is the puzzles with prizes in money which bring out such nuisances in their most voracious form. They remind librarians of those South Sea islanders, about whom the naval captain, instructed to report on their manners and customs, sent it in the words: "Manners, none; customs, beastly." They have raged sporadically for years, and were rampant long before cross words became popular. Indeed, they got in some of their worst work when companies used to offer cash rewards for the largest number of words made out of the letters of some phrase. The search for a definition in a cross word puzzle may take but a few minutes, but if you sit down to make as many words as possible out of the sentence: "The Boobo Coffee Grinder is the World's Best," you may brood over the dictionary all day. And if you are a typical entrant in one of these lotteries, you expect to be allowed to do so.

Once I worked in the reading room of a public library while one of these contests was on. Almost the only joy which came to our sad hearts in those days, was during the morning sprint for the the dictionaries. Long before the opening hour, a group of competitors were elbowing one another at the front door—leaning against the door in their mad desire to be first within. When the janitor opened the door, one or two

In the Central Building of the New York Public Library system there are four copies of one of the American dictionaries in greatest demand. Under ordinary conditions of wear and tear one of them is worn out and replaced every four or five months. When the cross word plague began, the life of these dictionaries seemed likely to be reduced to about two weeks, so they went into temporary retirement.

puzzlers would fall, literally and physically before him. The rest, almost trampling the fallen underfoot, would rush past, and sweep through the lobby and into the reading room. One day, two of the library messengers, in a spirit of waggishness, took all the dictionaries and put them on a table at the far end of the long room. The puzzlers halted at the door, at fault for an instant, and then saw the books they lusted for, and started down the main aisle. At the head of the pack, ran a stout, but fleet-footed, little old lady. She looked like Syd Chaplin, in "Charley's Aunt," and like him she most indecorously lifted her skirts as she ran. She never lost her stride, nor missed a step, but triumphantly seized her pet dictionary well ahead of all the others.

Some of the prize puzzles are clearly for the simple-minded like the ones with pictures of presidents—and by the simple-minded they are patronized. Other puzzles semi-historical or literary, bring strange persons, ill at ease and unhappy, to lay their troubles before a librarian. And since they get his services scot free, they are often much more peremptory than they ever would be if they had to pay something.

A man, speaking little English, came recently to the New York Public Library. He made it known that he wished information about somebody or other. After a struggle it appeared that all he knew about the object of his search was that his name was "O-pey." (He pronounced it to rhyme with soapy.) It was an author, he thought, and one of the librarians suggested Opie Read.

"Oh, no, no. Not him! O-pey! Big-a fella! You not know O-pey?"

The man was a big-a fella, himself, and plainly indignant with these two librarians who were so ignorant of one of the glories of their country's literature. For he let it be guessed, by some indirect hint or other, that O-pey was perhaps an American. This was something to go on; a more definite clue than librarians can always expect. But still they could not satisfy the man's impatience, which grew every moment.

"Huh! You not *know* O-pey?"

Finally he murmured something about Baltimore, which gave one of the librarians a suggestion. He led the way to a book, and opened it at a page which showed a picture of and an article about—Edgar Allan Poe!

"Yass, yass! That's 'im. Poe-y, O-pey. O-pey, Poe-y. All-a same!"

And, well pleased at having taught these two Yankees something about their own great writer, he sat down to acquire some cash-winning information about—O-pey.

A critic describing the academic quiet of English libraries like Cambridge and Oxford recently drew an unfavorable comparison with a typical big American library which may average ten thousand visitors a year. It is true that handing out, at the rate of nine or ten a minute, books picked from sixty miles of book-shelves affords little time for learned conversation. When the American public comes to prefer literary advice from elderly scholars instead of electric book-lifts and swift service, the libraries will provide it.

A romantic novel of love and intrigue

The Great Samara

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

Illustrated by Joseph A. Maturo

Begin this serial with any instalment. The story up to this point is here.

CATHERINE paused for a moment in her task, listened, rose to her feet and moved toward the window. She was in a plain official-looking apartment, separated by a glass partition from many others upon the same floor. She might really have been working in the American office of some great mercantile undertaking. She was, as a matter of fact, on the top story of a building in a square of Moscow, given over to the Foreign Department of the Russian Government, and entitled Government Buildings. It was exactly fourteen months since she had arrived in Moscow from Monte Carlo.

Down in the square a great crowd of people had gathered, and through them marched still in fours, but without any attempt at military discipline, a long line of men in ordinary civilian clothes. Here and there the spectators raised their hats; now and then came a wave of applause. As they passed the house at the corner of the square, which was Samara's official residence, many of the marchers paused and looked upward with something that was equivalent to a salute.

Andrew Kroupki, whom she had displaced as Samara's secretary, on his way to his office, saw Catherine standing by the window, hesitated for a moment, then entered and crossed the room toward her. He had recovered from his illness but he had still the air of an invalid, tall and thin, with sunken cheeks, a mass of black hair—a typical visionary. She greeted him with a little nod.

"What does it mean, Andrew?" she asked.

Before he could reply, Bromley Pride of the New York *Comet* had joined them, his keen, clean-shaven face alight with interest, restless as ever, swinging his tortoise-shell spectacles in his hand, apologizing for his cigar and pointing out of the window in the same moment.

"Pride knows more about it all than I do," Andrew declared. "At any rate he is more up-to-date. I have been in Warsaw for three weeks—three dreary weeks," he added, dropping his voice a little and glancing appealingly at Catherine.

"Is it really so long?" she observed indifferently. "Well, that accounts for my having got a little behind the times. I have had your work to do as well as my own."

"I know all about these fellows," Pride declared moving closer to Catherine's side and pointing downward. "They are the last of Russia's Third Army. Yesterday they came up from the barracks, marched over to the other side of the city, left their uniforms, were provided with civilian clothes, and now they are on their way to their jobs, wherever they may be. The last of a million men, Miss Borans! A wonderful piece of administration!"

Catherine, standing between the two men, watched the crowds with interest. There was a brief silence while they listened to the tumult of mingled shouting and cheering.

"It's a fine view, this," Pride continued. "It works in with the stuff I am writing. Do you know, Miss Borans, they sent me over here to see whether Samara could put this thing through. And he's done it! There isn't a statesman in our country, or in Europe either, who could have tackled the proposition. It isn't much more than a year since he issued the first notice and came over to New York to borrow the money, and since then he's just taken a million men from shiftless and unproductive idleness and got 'em all working like bees in a hive. If that isn't a triumph, I'd like to see one. I'm going to shake hands with President Samara tonight and tell him what I think of it."

"Are you going to the banquet?" Catherine asked.

"I should say so!" was the emphatic reply. "I wouldn't miss it for anything. I've heard most of our own great speakers and a good many of the Englishmen, but Samara has them beat to a frazzle. I guess he'll tell us tonight a few things that all Europe's waiting to hear."

"And perhaps he will not," Andrew Kroupki observed dryly. "My master tells the world too much. He lays the cards too easily upon the table. It is magnificent, but sometimes it is not diplomacy."

"Please go, both of you," Catherine enjoined, turning reluctantly away from the window, and moving toward her desk. "I have the French President's speech in the Chamber last night to translate for Mr. Samara, and he wants it before this evening."

ANDREW made no direct reply beyond a little bow. The two men left the room together and paused for a moment in the main avenue of the floor. The journalist gazed around with an exclamation of admiration.

"Say, this is a live place," he pronounced. "Might be a stock operator's paradise in Chicago. What's the kiosk at the far end with the open roof and the funnel?"

"Office to receive and decode private wireless," Andrew explained. "They are in direct communication with the Intelligence Department on the floor below."

Pride gripped his companion by the arm tightly.

"Look here, young man," he said; "I expect you're wise to what I want to know. I've got to get my cable off in a half hour. Those Englishmen aren't over here again for nothing. I want to give them an idea on the other side as to whether the President is going to speak about the second army tonight."

"You should have asked Miss Borans," Andrew replied. "She is preparing his notes."

"I might as well have asked the sphinx," the other retorted impatiently. "That's the worst of a woman. She doesn't think; she obeys. It can't matter a cent to any one whether I am in a position to say that the President is going to talk about it, or that he isn't. But you can't get that young lady to understand."

"You've tried her, then?"

Pride shrugged his shoulders.

"I did just mention it this afternoon," he admitted. "Nothing doing."

"Nor with me," Andrew observed shortly. "The Chief!" he exclaimed, in an altered tone. "If he speaks to you, you can ask him for yourself."

The main door of the hall had been suddenly thrown open by Ivan Rortz, admitting Samara. Pride stood at attention respectfully, hoping for a salutation, but Samara passed every one with absolutely unseeing eyes. At the far end of the broad passage was a heavy oaken door. This, too, Ivan hurrying by his master, opened, and Samara disappeared into his private room. The American looked a little disconcerted.

"The Chief does everything his own way and it is a good way," Andrew declared. "He would never be able to stir a yard if he allowed every one to speak to him whenever they chose. Any one from any country in the world may obtain an audience with him in due course, but no one may speak to him or even recognize him without permission. That is the only way he is able to move about among us without trouble or hindrance. You'll excuse me, Mr. Pride. I've some work which I must hurry on. I didn't know that the Chief was expected today."

There was a sudden flash in his eyes and he remained where he was, looking through the glass partition into Catherine's office. He saw her answer the telephone, replace the instrument, pick up a note-book, and move toward the door. He watched her pass along the passage until she reached the door of the room which Samara had entered. Ivan, who was standing outside on guard, admitted her without question. All the time the American was studying his companion.

"Say, Mr. Kroupki," he observed, "I sometimes wonder whether you ever regret that month's illness of yours in New York."

It was a purposeful stroke, designed to bring about trouble of a certain sort. The young man's dark eyes were black pools of anger now, his lips quivered. Nevertheless he spoke in a subdued tone.

"It had to happen," he muttered. "It will not last."

Without bidding him farewell, Andrew Kroupki swung abruptly round and disappeared into his office. Pride stood for a moment looking after him. Then, he, too, turned away and opened a door, over which was printed in white letters:

SALON NO. II

FOR ACCREDITED REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FOREIGN PRESS.

"A tough job to get a pull here," he soliloquized, throwing himself into a comfortable chair and lighting a cigar. "I've offered to immortalize Samara or marry the girl. There seems to be only Andrew left. What about Andrew, I wonder?"

SAMARA, that afternoon, was for some reason excited. He showed it in the manner peculiar to him, his cheeks were a little paler, his eyes seemed clearer and filled with somber fire. He sat upright in his high-backed chair, his fingers drumming upon the table in front of him. He did not even light a cigaret, generally his first action when he called at Government Buildings after leaving the Duma. The box stood by his side unnoticed. All the time his fingers tapped the table and his eyes asked Catherine questions.

She paused upon the threshold after Ivan had closed the door behind her. Then she advanced a little further into the room. Finally she stood almost by his side, her hand resting upon the back of a chair.

"You sent for me," she reminded him.

"Yes," he answered. "Sit down."

She resented his tone, as she frequently did, but in his present mood obedience from others seemed to become automatic and inevitable. She sat down and, after a moment or two spent in turning over the pages of her note-book, looked inquiringly.

"Tell me about your people over here," he demanded.

"My people?" she murmured.

"Yes," he went on impatiently. "The Grand Duchess Alexandrina Sophia of Kossas, your much esteemed aunt, and Kirdorff the Moscovite, the self-elected champion of the young man who has left off selling bonds in New York, and General Orenburg, the patriarch, and those two others—the young man who was trying to make an honest living selling automobiles, and his sister. They are all here, aren't they?"

"They are all here, now," she admitted. "You yourself gave them permission to return. Nicholas came first and the others have followed him in relays."

"Where did they get the money from?"

"Count Sabaroff—I might well, perhaps, call him Cyril, as he is my cousin—is doing exceedingly well selling Ford cars," she announced. "His sister has started a milliner's shop."

Samara laughed shortly—not altogether pleasantly.

"A touch of western democracy has come to my capital," he observed. "And the others?"

"Well," she hesitated, "I am not quite sure that I feel free to discuss their financial position with you, even."

"Don't be foolish," he protested. "They have become citizens of my republic. I have the right to know all I choose about them—I and my ministers. There is curiosity in certain quarters as to their means of livelihood."

Catherine smiled at him. She was silent for a moment, thinking that she rather liked his appearance when he was inclined to be angry: his mouth, hard and dominant, his eyes with all their kindness veiled, keen and insistent, his tone, the tone of a ruler.

"I THINK I shall tell you," she decided. "It may put you in a better humor. They are being financed by Mrs. Saxon J. Bossington."

"On the chance, I suppose," he suggested, swiftly, "that some day or other they might, under more beneficent legislation, regain their estates and be in a position to reward in courtly fashion their generous benefactor."

"Rather high-flown," Catherine remarked, with a smile, "but still I have no doubt that it is a very fair analysis of what is in the back of Mrs. Bossington's mind. So far as I am concerned I am glad that Andrew Kroupki's illness gave me an opportunity of getting here without such aid. I strongly disapprove of the manner in which some of them—Nicholas Imanoff in particular—draw upon the Bossington exchequer."

Samara stretched out his hand, took a cigaret from the box and lit it. It was, for him, a good sign.

"Listen," he said, "I am one of those men who like to move down the highway of life alone, but I am always open to advice of my counselors, who speak to me freely whensoever they choose. Only this afternoon just as I was leaving the Duma, one of my ministers called me into his room. He wished to consult me upon no less a matter than you."

"That meddlesome policeman, I am sure," Catherine sighed. "He dislikes me immensely. I had to take him some reports for you only last week, and he seemed shocked to think that I should have been trusted to type them."

"General Trotsk is no fool," Samara pronounced. "He pointed out to me that having succeeded in crushing communism, there was yet one other danger—less a danger of today, I believe, than a danger in years to come—of which we must take account. There is no recognized imperialistic party at present, but I've a shrewd idea that there's one in embryo. Trotsk goes further than that. He believes that the party is already in existence, working chiefly in the great cities and in the army, and assisted by German officers. Incidentally, he asked me frankly whether I thought I was wise in having for my trusted secretary a young woman who was in close association with the imperial family of Russia."

"I think I do the work very well," she said. "Did you explain that you took me from the Weltmore Typewriting Bureau?"

"I did. Trotsk suspects that there was a design in your being sent to me."

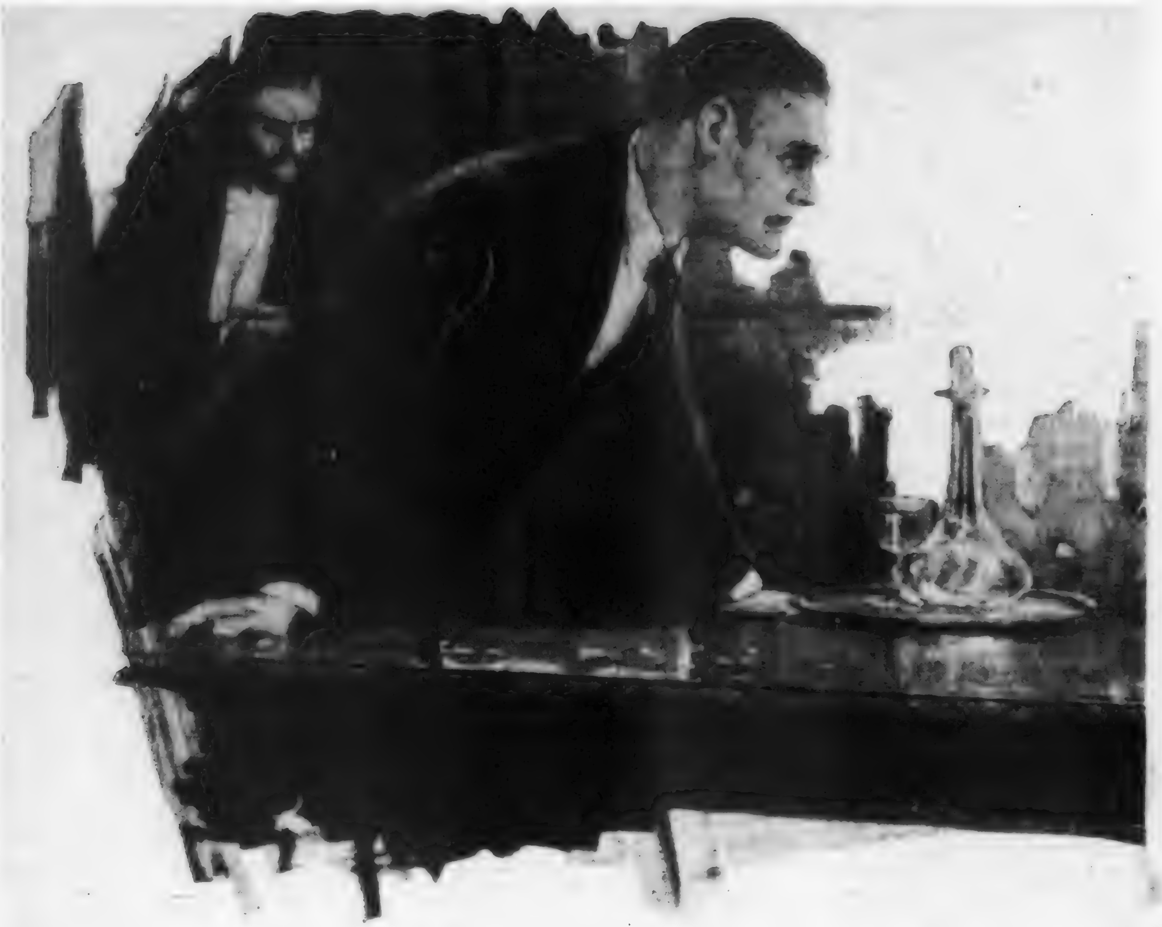
"Then Ivor Trotsk is wrong," Catherine declared firmly. "I was chosen entirely by accident, and, to be quite candid, I at first refused to come. If you think," she went on, "that my family associations, of which you know more than any one, render me unfit to be your secretary, send me away. Andrew Kroupki would be very glad so far as the work is concerned."

"What do you mean by 'so far as the work is concerned?'" Samara demanded.

She deliberated for a moment.

"I begin to think," she confessed, "that notwithstanding your stony attitude toward me, I must be quite attractive to a number of male human beings. Andrew is very madly in love with me. I foresee that I shall have great difficulty with him."

"Better tell him the truth about your identity," Samara advised dryly. "That will cure him."



"I've no great fancy for your friends, Catherine Borans." She
They follow

She shook her head.

"I am not at all sure that I wish him to be cured," she observed. "Every well-brought-up girl expects to have at least one man in love with her. Did you send for me, Mr. Samara, merely to tell me of Ivor Trotsk's suspicion, or is there any work I can do for you?"

"I wish to call upon your aunt," Samara announced. "My car is at the door. Show me the way, if you please, to where she is living."

Catherine was a little startled.

"My aunt will be honored," she said. "Do I understand that you expect me to accompany you?"

"Yes," was the curt reply.

"While I put my hat on," she suggested, "I wonder whether you would care to see Bromley Pride for a moment. He is aching for a word with you."

"He can come in for three minutes," Samara assented. "Do not keep me longer. Tell Ivan as you go out that he can be admitted."

Catherine left the room a little thoughtfully. She knocked at the glass paneling of the office where Pride was sitting. He came out at once, his cigar in his hand. He was surprised to see the girl.

"I've earned that pearl necklace or whatever it was you hinted at," she told him. "The Chief will see you for exactly three minutes. Don't keep him any longer. We're going out motoring together."

Pride laid down his cigar and moved away eagerly.

"Say, I'm awfully obliged to you, Miss Borans," he declared. "See you later."

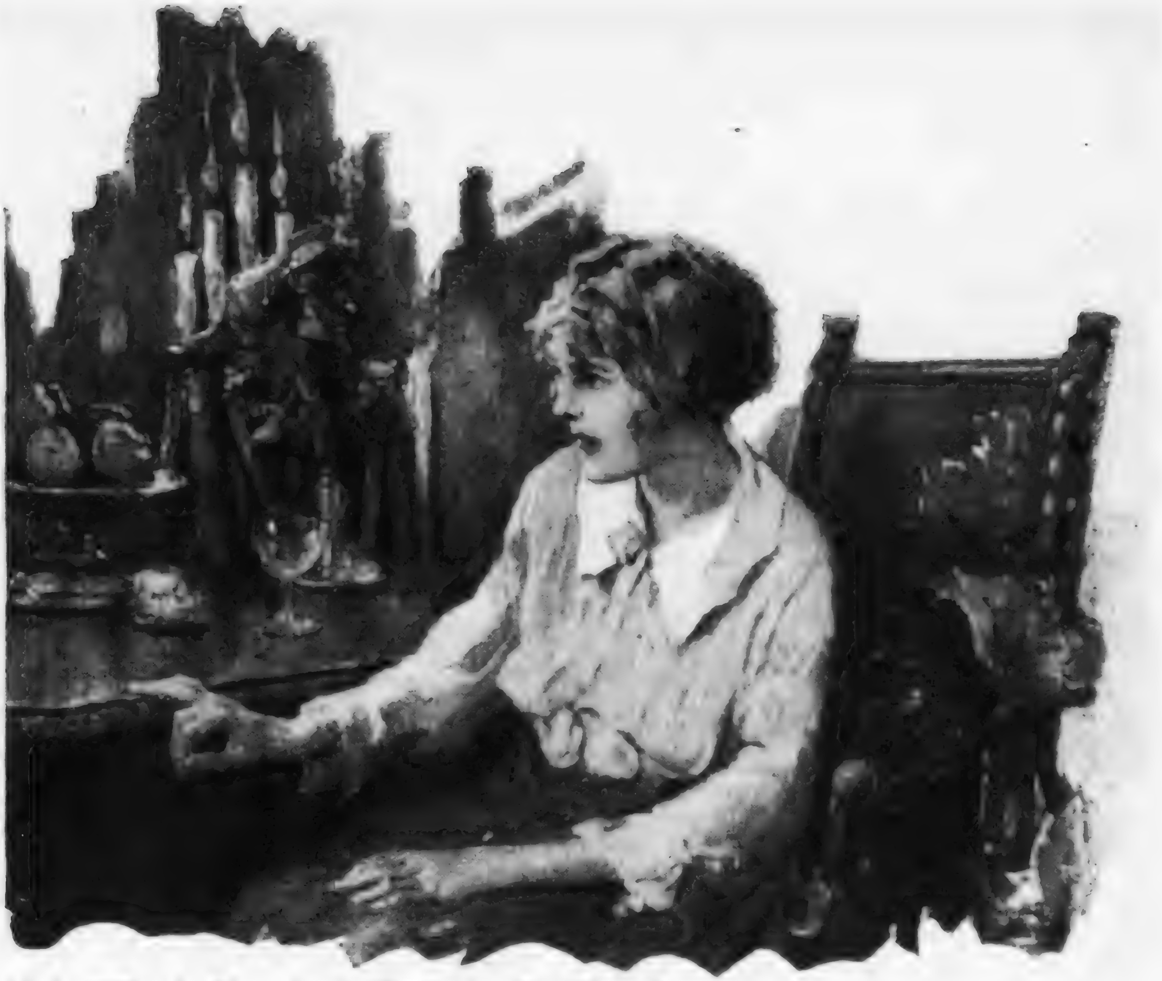
He hurried off to the audience chamber as Catherine went toward the telephone.

"What do you want, Pride?" Samara asked, as the journalist entered. "Sit down unless you can talk quicker standing. You can stay for exactly three minutes."

"Standing, please," was the prompt reply. "I've been looking into the streets. I saw the last of a million soldiers go their way. What about the others?"

"Read the report of the Peace Conference, Wednesday week," Samara suggested. "I am going to London to attend it."

"I want to know beforehand," the journalist rejoined eagerly. "My paper likes definite forecasts. I see those two Englishmen are over here again—Lord Edward Fields and Edgar Hammond. It's their third visit. I guess



sighed. "Why should you have? They look at life differently. other gods."

there's something doing this time. Can't you put me wise, Samara, just a few hours before the others? We want to be in the know—not to make absolute statements, but to prophesy—and then be right."

"Excellent from the point of your paper," Samara observed dryly. "It doesn't happen to suit me. I can tell you nothing."

"Not a hint?" Pride persisted.

"Not a hint. Understand from me now, please, that I have come to the conclusion that it would not be in the interests of the Russian Republic for word of our projected plans to become public property until I give the signal. That's final."

SAMARA waved his visitor away. He never shook hands, seldom indulged in the ordinary amenities which passed between men. He spoke for a moment over the telephone, frowned, and laid down the instrument. Then he took up his hat and gloves, left his office and, followed by Ivan, walked rapidly down the broad central passage. Catherine was waiting for him on the threshold of her own apartment. He motioned her impatiently to step back, entered and closed the door behind him.

"To whom have you been telephoning?" he demanded.

She looked at him for a moment with immovable face. Then she smiled faintly.

"To my aunt," she replied.

"Why?"

"To tell her to be sure and see that there were hot cakes for tea," she confided.

"You think that I believe that?"

"Why not? It happens to be the truth," she assured him. . . .

Samara's manner to older women possessed a charm of which he seldom, in his general intercourse with the other sex, gave any indication. His bow to the grand duchess was the bow of a courtier; his few words of welcome were admirably spoken. For the first ten minutes no serious subject was mooted. It was Alexandrina herself who introduced another note. She was suddenly, deeply and intensely in earnest.

"Mr. Samara," she said, "I should like you to know that in making possible this return to my own country, you have given an elderly woman the greatest happiness life could offer. I recognize the generosity of it. I wish to pay my tribute to it. It is not an easy thing for me to you, but I do say it—I thank you!"

Samara bowed gravely.

"Duchess," he said, "it is one of the theories of my life that every man, and every woman, too, lives more naturally and to the best account in their native land."

He paused for a moment, but was obviously about to continue, when Colonel Kirdorff was announced, and immediately afterward General Orenburg. They both welcomed Samara respectfully but perhaps with some measure of constraint. A few minutes later the latter rose to take his leave.

"My visit," he explained, turning a little toward the newcomers, "was intended to be one of courtesy to her Highness. Since I have been fortunate enough to find you, Colonel Kirdorff, and you, General Orenburg, here together, let me make this further use of it. I want to say that I am happy to welcome you back to Russia, and I am glad if I have been able to make your coming possible. So long as you all pursue the lives of Russian citizens—you General, and you Colonel, in the army, and your Highness as a Russian lady of society—you will, I am sure, find no one will venture to interfere with you.

"But I rule, not for myself, but for my people, and I tell you frankly that my espionage system is good. If I wished, I could not exclude you from its activities. I desire, therefore, to give you this warning. If by any chance any one of you should be discovered plotting against the State, the fact that I brought you here would count for nothing. If you enter into any conspiracy of any sort you will be discovered, and no representations to me would be of the slightest avail. I did not put you on parole when I asked you back. I did not do so purposely. I ask you even now for no promises. Live as you like and think well and shape your futures as you choose, but even though mine has the name of being a humane government, it has no mercy upon those who plot against it."

There was a tense silence in the little room. The two men stood like graven images. Alexandrina had picked up a paper fan and wielding it mechanically. Even Catherine seemed for a moment to have lost her *savoir faire*. With a curt little gesture of farewell, Samara took his leave.

Bromley Pride and Andrew Kroupki dined together that evening in the Savoy Grill Room—not the Savoy of the Strand, but the Savoy of a certain street, leading off one of the newly developed boulevards in Moscow.

"One of the by-laws for which, I suppose, your president is responsible," Pride remarked, tapping the menu which was printed in Russian.

"Why not?" replied Andrew. "We are in Moscow. We like French food, we like French wines, but we want to take them as Russians, not as French people. A nation may be adaptive and appreciative, but must not be coalescent. No reason to have it in French"

"I guess you're right," Pride admitted. "Russia's a well-governed country today—a country with a definite identity. During the last ten years you have broken loose from the greatest danger any nation ever experienced. You have shaken off German thraldom and German influence."

The restaurant was crowded; noisy with a babel of talk; blue-hung with cigaret smoke. In the distance a small orchestra was drowned by the volume of conversation. Most of the people were Russian, here and there a few Germans, an occasional Englishman and a few Americans. Newcomers were still arriving. Pride was immensely interested in the passing of two very distinguished looking young people, a short, dark young man and a young woman, a little taller, dressed in black, with a black picture hat and ermine wrap, a very graceful carriage, blue eyes with a roving tendency, and beautifully marked eyebrows.

"Amazing," the journalist murmured. "I knew that young man in New York. He was trying to sell Ford motorcars. And the girl—why she was in a Fifth Avenue milliner's shop. What on earth has brought them to Moscow?"

Andrew smiled.

"They are part of the great comedy," he declared. "They own names as long as this menu. They are aristocrats of the Russia which has passed away. Yet you are quite right. The young man learned the automobile trade in New York and the girl, as you say, was a milliner's assistant. One must live—even the children of those who escaped from Russia with nothing but their lives."

"What I can't catch on to," Pride confessed, "is what has brought them back to Russia? How do they live?"

"They are back here at Samara's express invitation," Andrew explained. "A whole nest of monarchists! The President has revoked all edicts of banishment except against anarchists. He maintains that every Russian is entitled to live in his own country and air his own opinions."

"I guess he's right," the other acknowledged. "They'll do no harm and there are not madmen enough left in the world to preach Czardom here."

Andrew Kroupki shrugged his shoulders. He drained half the contents of his glass before he answered.

"HOW can one reckon on anything?" he demanded. "Two generations of education have scarcely altered the Russian peasant. He is still the same simple, faithful human-being; seeking for something in the world or heaven to lean against—a Czar or a God or anything he can believe in. He isn't dangerous like the German mob because you can't appeal to his intellect. You can appeal only to his instinct and I am not so sure as I should like to be that his instinct for Czardom is dead. There are many people, even members of the Cabinet, who think that Samara is doing a rash thing in interfering with the armies."

"Precisely why?" Pride asked.

"For fear he should disturb some smouldering bonfires of royalist sentiment," Andrew answered.

Pride was inclined to disputation.

"A cause," he declared, "needs sinews, money, brains, enthusiasm. Who is there in the world who possesses these things likely to devote them to the overthrow of such a man as Samara or to placing the country once more under its old yoke? There's no real danger."

Andrew threw some money on the table and rose abruptly.

"Let us go to the club, or a music hall, or somewhere," he proposed. "The atmosphere of this place is stifling."

They left the restaurant and passed along the broad thoroughfare thronged with human beings; hung with sky signs, a marvel of pulsating life. It was a warm evening and the open-air cafés were crowded. From the wide-flung doors, as the two men sauntered along, they heard the sound of music, occasionally the sharp pattering of feet of the professional dancers. Music halls and cinemas invited their patronage. In the more dignified streets through which they presently made their way, most of the larger theaters were situated, every one of which seemed able to display the warning notice—'House Full.' Pride paused at the corner and looked back. A new sky sign which was one of the wonders of the world was flashing hieroglyphics upon the clouds.

They stopped in front of the façade of a theater. Automobiles were still setting down late arrivals. Pride glanced at the playbill.

"A French comedy," he remarked, "of the type of Edmond About—which ought to—be excellent. They sent me a box this morning. Shall we see it?"

Andrew Kroupki had been seeking for an excuse to break away from his companion, but before he could find one, Pride had led the way in. A young man dressed with such precision as to amount almost to foppishness was finishing a cigaret in the vestibule. He touched Andrew on the arm as he passed.

"I am forgotten, then?" he asked. "We were at college together, Andrew Kroupki. We attended the same lectures afterwards."

"Ivor Molsky!" the latter exclaimed. "I remember you quite well. But I heard—"

He stopped short. The young man smiled. He was rather a saturnine looking person with an uncertain gleam in his eyes, and a restlessness of manner at variance with his immaculate appearance.

"Well, well," he interrupted, "never mind what you heard. I am not so bad, Andrew. I have often thought about you and our talks. You serve a great master."

"None greater on earth," was the fervent response.

His friend smiled with an air of tolerance.

"Gabriel Samara is a genius," he acknowledged, "but he is like the others. He is bound hand and foot, and the handkerchief is across his eyes. He has the will to go forward but the way into the light has not been shown him."

An attendant broke in upon their conversation and ushered Andrew and his companion to a small box in the second tier, next to the one presently occupied by Molsky. The theater was unusually full and the performance was just commencing. Andrew drew his chair behind the curtains and sat a little gloomily in the background. Pride, on the other hand, leaned over the ledge and surveyed the house with interest. Nearly every one was in evening dress. It was an audience distinguished not only for its apparent opulence but for other and more pleasing qualities. Men and women were the study of Pride's life. He realized without effort to what class of the community these people belonged.

The play proceeded; clever and well received. During the interval Andrew touched his companion on the arm.

"My prince of journalists," he murmured a little satirically, "you have studied this audience so carefully and yet you have failed to notice the most interesting people here—the most interesting to you at any rate, with your journalistic instinct."

"I confess it," Pride acknowledged it. "I don't recognize a soul."

"In the box exactly opposite," his companion pointed out. "The man with the gray mustache, and the clean-shaven man. It is—don't you recognize them? You must. One is Lord Edward Fields, and the other is Edgar Hammond, the man who, they say, will be the next British Chancellor of the Exchequer. They are members of the English commission over to finally settle the terms of this second British loan—if it comes off."

Pride scrutinized the two men closely through the opera glasses, which he procured from an attendant. He sighed as he laid them down.

"If they had belonged to any other nationality in the world," he said, "I'd have gone across to them and trusted my luck to get a word with them. A Britisher on official business I simply daren't face. Have they seen Samara yet?"

"Only unofficially," Andrew replied. "They meet the cabinet tomorrow, and the council in the afternoon."

"The council is Samara," Pride remarked dryly.

"And why not?" was the prompt retort. "There is no brain in the world like Samara's; no ruler like him. What does he want with a dozen inferiors, putting in their spoke? The best thing you can say of the Russian cabinet is that it recognizes a pedagogue."

THE curtain went up once more and the play was resumed to the interest and amusement of its audience, all unconscious of the drama to come. It was toward the end of the second act, in the middle of a tense scene between the principal actor and actress that the amazing thing happened. From the very next box to that occupied by Pride and his companion, a man suddenly leaned out. His knee seemed to be upon the ledge of the box, his arm thrown back almost, as Pride said afterwards, with the action of an American baseball pitcher. His shrill cry rang through the house.

"To Hell with the foreign capitalists!"

Something black, about the size of an orange, traveled in an arc across the auditorium. The two men watched it with fascinated eyes. It seemed to them that the Englishmen had plenty of time to spring from their places. They remained seated, however, utterly unconscious of their peril. A shout rang through the building.

"A bomb! Beware!"

The missile appeared to pass a little above the box at which it was aimed. As it struck the wainscoting there was a flash which seemed to shoot from the floor to the ceiling of the theater, a roar and trembling of earth, the hiss of splintering wood, the dull crash of chairs and woodwork scattered in every direction. Pride sprang to his feet. Both men realized at the same moment that the bomb had been thrown from the next box. They dashed out. The box itself was empty, but coming toward them, evidently headed in his flight, was Molsky, the man who had been its occupant and their neighbor. The change in his appearance was astonishing.

The sallowness of his face had turned to a distinct shade of yellow, his abundant black hair was no longer smooth, but seemed to have been caught by a tornado, his cynical mouth had parted, nothing remained of the almost meticulous precision of his toilet. As he came toward them, running with long, uneven footsteps, they could catch the glint of his yellow teeth, almost like fangs, the wild, destroying lust of his expression, filled, too, with a certain joy of the turmoil and roar of his work of destruction. On their right was an open window from which there was only a short drop on to the leads. It was obvious that he was making for it. Pride stood directly in his way. The man screamed something, lowered his head a little, but too late. The American in his younger days had played half-back for Harvard. He was not a man to be passed. The fugitive seemed to realize the fact. He steadied himself.

"Let me go!" he shrieked. "This is not for you."

Then he met the impact of Pride's fist and went down like a log. In a moment they were all upon him—attendants, police, and even members of the audience. It was simply a heap of passionate furious humanity, with little to be seen of the man underneath but a thin stream of blood across the corridor. In the box opposite, one Englishman lay dead and another apparently dying.

"IT IS a pity," Andrew Kroupki confessed, as the two men left the theater half an hour later. "An event like this is nothing more nor less than a hideous anachronism. It will put us back among the nations a score of years."

"I shouldn't say that," Pride remonstrated. "The man was a fanatic. They exist in every community."

"We were students together," Andrew declared, "and afterward Molsky became a professor at our premier university. No one could ever fathom what his political principles were. He hated all forms of what he called 'unauthorized rule' and he wrote some very clever criticism of Samara and his attitude toward communism. Yet the chief would never have him touched. He called him his most intelligent critic. He read everything he wrote, would have argued with him if he could."

"A man of education," Pride murmured. "It seems incredible!"

"There is no man in the world," Andrew Kroupki pronounced deliberately, "so brilliant in his way, so well-read and so amazingly subtle as the modern anarchist. He derived his first nourishment from the brutalism of Lenin and Trotsky, was suckled on Marx and completed his education—God knows where."

"What will be his end?"

"Simple enough," was the somewhat terrible reply. "The Chief has an enactment that any man found even handling a bomb is hanged after a drumhead trial. If there is anything left of Molsky, he will be hanged before eight o'clock tomorrow morning."

Andrew Kroupki's words were in a sense prophetic. Molsky was hanged at dawn on the following morning, and a few days later a hundred thousand Russians watched with bared heads the passing of the English statesman's funeral. Edgar Hammond was in the hospital and some hopes of his recovery had been held out. The echoes of Samara's passionate denunciation, both of the crime and of the hideous code of thought from which it sprang, had reverberated not only through the country, but through Europe. The simple end of his peroration was always remembered:

"If you wish to kill senselessly," he cried, "kill me. I walk the streets of Moscow day by day unprotected and unarmed. I stand for the things of which the man you have slain was only one link in the chain—I stand for the things themselves. Kill me and do not shame the oldest of the Russian virtues—hospitality."

That night Samara walked unattended, save by Ivan, from the Duma to Government Buildings, and from Government Buildings to the presidential abode at the corner of the square. If any would-be avenger of Molsky's shameful death had sought for his opportunity it was certainly freely offered to him. Samara, however, was unmolested. Nevertheless, Ivan groaned as the postern gate leading into the courtyard of his master's home swung to after them. They had walked in leisurely fashion but the sweat stood out in dark beads upon his forehead.

"It is folly, Master," he exclaimed. "On an ordinary day, yes, but today with Molsky's body still dangling from the gibbet there might be madmen abroad."

Samara paused to light one of his cigarets.

"I expected it, Ivan," he acknowledged simply. "Yet what can one do? When strangers are slain by our people, one must face what may come. Bring me a brandy and mineral water into the library. I am beginning to be a coward."

His old housekeeper, imported from the south of Russia, a quaint survival of medievalism, in her black woolen gown, strange headdress and dialectic speech, met him in the hall.

"There is a woman, Master, who waits for you."

Samara's language, for a moment, though incomprehensible, was violent. The woman listened without change of countenance.

"This woman would not be denied," she continued. "The Master will understand when he sees her. I tried to send her away but it was not possible."

Samara handed his coat and hat to Ivan, and walked with slow footsteps across the marble hallway into the great library which was his official audience chamber. As he recognized the woman who rose to meet him he gave a little exclamation of surprise. There were others who might have been there; he had never dreamed of his visit from Catherine.

"I was at the Duma," she announced brusquely "I heard your speech. There was something which I felt I must say to you."

"Pray be seated," he begged. "This is the first time you have honored my humble abode. You must drink from my samovar and smoke one of my cigarets."

She was still in her working clothes, a little tired, apparently a little dispirited. She accepted the easy-chair he wheeled up for her, drank her tea and lit a cigaret.

"I should not be here without orders, of course," she admitted, a little abruptly. "It's a terrible breach of etiquette, I know, but sometimes I have no chance of speaking to you for days together, and they tell me you are going to London."

"London!" he repeated bitterly. "London will probably have nothing to do with me after last night. They will say: 'What is the good of trying to help a country who can not deal with her own madmen?'"

"England is not like that," she answered gently. "She certainly is not to be intimidated. They will grant the loan."

"What brought you here?" he demanded. "You must have had a reason for coming. You must have had something definite to say."

"Naturally," she assented. "I had a definite object in coming to you. I wish to give up my work."

"To leave me?"

"Yes."

CATHERINE BORANS waited for Gabriel Samara to make some breach in the thick silence between them.

"It was to be expected," Samara said at last, slowly. "Your interests lie elsewhere. You wish to leave at once?"

"I draw my weekly pay," she said. "You are entitled to a week's notice. Accept it, if you please."

"That is one," he assented.

"I will now tell you," she went on, "why I choose to go. You have apparently lost your faith in me. You have conceived suspicions of my friends. It is possible that these are justified. I am only partially in their confidence."

She paused. He watched her steadily.

"Finish," he insisted. "There is more, I suppose."

"You have ordered Andrew," she continued, "to come here tomorrow for the day and to send his machine. He is a bad typist, a worse stenographer and he hates all form of dictation. His work has lain along different lines."

"Proceed, please," Samara invited.

"Andrew's duties," she pointed out, "have always been to act as your representative at committee meetings of the Duma. He is a sort of go-between with you and your ministers. He is the one person who enjoys your complete confidence. I do not complain, but when I came with you from New York it was as your confidential secretary. I have become your typist. Now that there is important work to be done, even that is taken from me. I resign."

"You will throw in your lot with your family?" he asked with a sneer. "You will exist on the bounty of Mrs. Saxon J. Bossington?"

Her eyes flashed angrily.

"That is ungenerous," she exclaimed. "I consider the position of my aunt and some of her entourage as undignified in the extreme. It is ungenerous of you, however, to remind me of it."

"Perhaps so," he admitted. "As a matter of fact, I am angry. I do not wish to lose you."

"You are very gracious," she murmured.

Ivan entered, after ponderous knocking and asked his master a question. Samara nodded.

"I dine here," he declared. "Have dinner served for two, in an hour's time."

"For two?" she repeated questioningly.

"You will dine with me," he said curtly. "It shall be either our farewell—or a celebration."

"A celebration of what?"

"Of a better understanding," he answered, with a faint softening of those lines at the corners of his mouth.

She lazily removed her hat and smoothed out her hair.

"I shall dine with you as I am," she announced. "I am untidy and my head aches. This mechanical work depresses and fatigues me. I should like to go home and put on a pretty frock, but I have not the energy."

He seemed suddenly changed, infinitely more human, responsive to her altered attitude.

"As you sit there—or should I say, recline?—it seems to me that no change in your appearance could be for the better," he assured her.

She glanced at him in half-pleased surprise.

"A compliment!" she exclaimed.

He shook his head.

THE simplicity of Samara's life was typified in the dinner which was presently served. The house itself was an old palace of the Grand Duke Nicholas, sacked by the Bolshevists in 1917, occupied by Lenin for some time during his stay in Moscow, and finally transformed into the official dwelling house of the chairman of the council, sometimes called President of the Russian Republic. Little remained of its former splendor, except its architectural proportions and the tapestry-laden walls of the room in which they sat. Dinner was served at one end of a long mahogany table, the greater part of which remained uncovered. The only illumination in the room was that afforded by wax candles. Ivan waited behind his master's chair, and a single manservant was the other attendant. The dinner itself was plain but excellent, the champagne exceptional in age and quality.

"I am free to confess that I am no longer tired," Catherine observed as she sipped her wine. "It was wonderful that you should have been alone. One fancies you always doing something official at night."

"There was a banquet to the Englishmen," he told her. "That had to be canceled, of course."

He turned and gave Ivan a few rapid orders. The cloth disappeared as though by magic. Coffee, fruit and liqueurs alone were left upon the table. Even Ivan presently withdrew. Catherine was conscious of a little thrill—she scarcely knew whether of excitement or apprehension—when she realized, not only that they were alone, but that they were alone with certain things yet to be said.

"SO YOU want to leave me, Catherine Borans," he remarked.

He had pushed his chair around, and crossed his legs, so that they were almost side by side. The chairs themselves were relics of ancient magnificence, with huge black oak backs and upholstered in worn rose-colored damask. Looking at him as he went forward to light his cigaret Catherine felt herself compelled to half-reluctant admiration. The wine which he had drunk freely had brought little more than a faint flush of color to his cheeks, his eyes were bright and full of clean fire, his mouth, as usual, incomprehensible. She found herself wondering what it would look like if ever he should by chance speak tenderly.

"It is better that I leave you," she said, "since I no longer possess your full confidence."

"Are you worthy of my full confidence?" he asked.

"So far, I have never abused it," she answered.

"For that very reason," he admitted, "I owe you frankness. You shall continue to have it. If you had studied the history and philosophy of government you would understand the truth of what I am going to tell you. All the beneficent legislation of the world is affected by moderate government, but a government, even though it brings a country from the slough of despond to the fields of paradise cannot exist forever. The desire for change in an electorate is an inevitable and ineradicable instinct. Before many years are gone by, I and my government will disappear. To which extreme will Russia swing? Back to communism-cum-anarchy, or in the other direction toward monarchy?

"There is a fear of both. That is why I, who theoretically hate all such things keep up a wonderful secret service. I watch the anarchists and I watch your friends. Your friends, here at my invitation, are already conspiring. Both of the men to whom I gave posts in the army are already at work with royalist propaganda. Both of these are your relatives. For whom are you, Catherine Borans, for them or for me?"

"I am a monarchist," she said proudly, "but it does not follow that I should betray your trust."

"The work which I have summoned Andrew Kroupki to do with me tomorrow," he went on, "concerns the future of Russia's two remaining armies, deals with the matter of the new conscription, and would be full of the most amazing interest to your relatives. They would read my proclamations before they were issued and be prepared with contra-propaganda. They would also learn the means I am taking to prevent serious trouble. You still wish to do the work?"

"If I am to remain your secretary," she answered with a certain unaccustomed doggedness.

"You will be here at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, then," he directed. "You will take a taxicab first to government buildings and collect your machine, both code books, and instruct Peter Tranchard, the head of the private printing department, to be prepared for important work during the afternoon. You will be engaged here for the whole of the day. May I take it now that your notice is withdrawn?"

"If you wish," she answered, a little wistfully. "But are you sure you still desire to keep me? Other people, if they knew who I was, would feel the same as General Trotsk. You would be considered very indiscreet to have a secretary with such connections."

He poured himself out some brandy and held the glass between his hands for a moment.

"Indiscreet," he repeated. "Yes, there is indiscretion in keeping you near me, Catherine Borans, but indiscretion of another sort."

She gave a little sigh of content. Her eyes challenged him.

"This sounds more interesting," she murmured. "Please go on."

"There is nothing further to tell you except this," he replied coldly. "The indiscretion consists in the fact that you are the only woman whom I have ever met in my life who could keep my thoughts turned away for a moment from the things that count. A coward would send you away. You see I have faith in myself."

"More interesting than I had ever dared to hope," she exclaimed. "Have you never really cared seriously for any woman, then?"

"Never," he assured her fervently. "You are the only one against whom I have ever had to steel myself. The only one who has ever made me feel that there are lonely hours in a man's life."

"You were feeling like that, I suppose," she observed quite calmly, but with the ghost of a tremulous little smile at the corners of her lips, "the night you kissed me on the steamer."

For a moment she was afraid. She called back the challenge from her eyes, but it was too late. She lost all her senses in a wave of turmoil, of impotent resistence to the torrent of passion which surged about her. The perfume of the roses which decorated the table remained in her thoughts for years afterward. . . . Just as she had found his arm around her absolutely without warning, so, in the same fashion, she saw him a moment or two later leaning back in his high-backed chair, gazing at her with steady but burning eyes.

"As your host I have transgressed," he admitted, "but I have the great excuse. If you had been any other woman and I had been any other man, I should have been your lover."

He lit a cigaret and smoked furiously. Twice she opened her lips and said nothing. The third time she spoke.

"But you are Samara," she murmured, her eyes swimming in the softness of incredible things, "and I am Princess Catherine of Imanoff. Well?"

He rose to his feet, almost with a bound, passed behind her chair and before she could imagine what he meant to do, was standing on the hearthrug, his finger pressed to the bell. It was answered almost immediately by Ivan.

"An automobile for Miss Borans," Samara ordered.

The man bowed low and departed closing the door behind him. Catherine looked across at her host, still standing upon the hearthrug, and laughed softly.

"Dismissed," she sighed.

"Would you be willing to pay the price of staying?" he asked bluntly.

THE laughter passed from her face. Some part of the wave of emotion which had driven him from her side, suddenly surged up in her. Whether it was love or hate she scarcely knew, but for the first time in her life she felt herself dominated.

"The president of the Russian Republic," he began hoarsely, "even though it were his desire, could never—"

"Is it his desire?" she interrupted, with a sudden wild hatred of those heavy footsteps in the hall.

The door was thrown open. Ivan, tall and massive, stood to attention.

"The automobile awaits," he announced.

"Not later than nine o'clock in the morning, if you please, Miss Borans," Samara said, bowing his farewell.

She left the room slowly, the room which seemed strewn with fragments of a dream. She followed Ivan down the hall and nodded good night to him carelessly as she stepped into the automobile. As she drove across the square and came within hearing of the night-hum of Moscow, a medley, it sounded to her, of strange music and hurrying footsteps—she found herself suddenly thinking of Sadie Loyes, and the Hotel Weltmore Typewriting Bureau. It was like an anticlimax to her emotions. She began to laugh softly. . . .

Alexandrina breathed a sigh of relief. She was entertaining an unexpected visitor whom she had found a little difficult.

"At last!" she exclaimed, as Catherine entered. "My dear child, what extraordinary accident has detained you. We have telephoned to Government Buildings and every place we could think of. You have met General von Hartsen, I believe."

The general bowed low and raised Catherine's fingers to his lips.

"In Monte Carlo," he murmured. "It gives me the greatest pleasure, Princess, to renew our acquaintance."

Catherine glanced around the room, conscious of an acute sense of mental fatigue; a desire for an impossible seclusion. Kirdorff was there and Cyril Sabaroff, the former in uniform, but if there had been other guests, they had all departed. She sank a little wearily into an easy-chair. She was the only one in morning dress and she was sensible somehow of a complete lack of sympathy with the little coterie gathered around her aunt's chair.

"I was working late," she explained, with perverse candor, "and I stayed to dine at Government House."

General von Hartsen was interested.

"Does your work, Princess," he inquired, "still lead you into direct association with Gabriel Samara?"

"At times," Catherine admitted. "I dined with him tonight. I am working with him at Government House tomorrow."

There was a moment's silence.

"At Government House," Kirdorff repeated thoughtfully.

Catherine nodded. Her questioner moved a little nearer toward her.

"Have you any idea as to the nature of the work?" he ventured. "I ask, because we have information . . ."

Alexandrina intervened, waving a hand.

"My dear Kirdorff," she complained, "you think of one thing, and one thing only. We admit your zeal, and we quite understand that Catherine's intimate association with government work just now may prove of great benefit to our cause. At the same time we would ask you to remember that General von Hartsen's mission is of the first importance with us at the present moment."

"Has General von Hartsen a mission?" Catherine inquired, a little flippantly. "Tell me, General," she went on, "how is that very hot-headed young charge of yours who followed me to London? You will have trouble with that young man when he grows up."

The general stiffened.

"Princess," he begged, "may I ask for your very serious attention to what I have to say?"

"Frankly, I could not promise it," was the somewhat unexpected reply. "I am very sleepy and my nerves are all tangled. What about tomorrow, General? I feel, somehow or other, that tomorrow I shall be a different person. You are not hurrying away from Moscow, I hope."

"That depends upon you, Princess," he answered gravely. "My mission here is to lay a certain proposal before you."

"Not the same proposal as before, I trust!" Catherine exclaimed.

The general frowned.

"Princess," he said, "the circumstances and conditions under which I now approach you are entirely different. I asked you then to accept in marriage the suit of a German nobleman of royal descent, whose future was of no great account in the world. Today I am here to beg for your hand in marriage to Prince Frederick of Wehrenzollern who, I pledge you my word, before twelve months have passed will be crowned Emperor of Germany."

"MATRIMONIALLY," Catherine murmured, "my destiny seems to lead me to high places. Have you not been informed, General, that I am already as good as betrothed to Prince Nicholas of Imanoff, the future Czar of all the Russias?"

"It is upon that point that I desire to speak with you, Princess," was the earnest reply. "We Germans, if I may say so, are in the last lap of our struggle toward monarchy. The people are only waiting for a word and they will lift the roof off the Reichstag with their cheering. The present parliament is due to be dissolved in two months' time. The government will then resign and not a single other statesman will attempt to form a fresh one. The president, who is also resigning, will send for Prince Frederick. He will make an announcement. You may hear the roar of German voices even to your frontier."

"Very interesting," Catherine admitted, "but do I understand that the object of your mission here is seriously to revert to the subject of a marriage between myself and Prince Frederick?"

"Dear and gracious young lady," Von Hartsen continued, "the matter now rests upon the entirely different basis. The road to monarchy in Russia will be a long and arduous one in any case. The aid of Germany is the only thing which may shorten it by a span of years. As Kaiserin of Germany you will be able to do more for the cause of monarchy in this country than if you remain the betrothed of Prince Nicholas of Imanoff."

"Plausible," Catherine agreed, "but scarcely convincing. What has Nicholas to say to this?"

"Prince Nicholas," Kirdorff intervened, stepping forward, "was consulted before General von Hartsen left Berlin. He is deeply sensible of the potency of the general's arguments. The royalist cause will gain nothing outside Russia by the intermarriage of yourself and Prince Nicholas. You will, indeed, be looked upon

"I think," Andrew sobbed, although he looked fierce, "that I would rather dig my fingers into your white throat . . ." Catherine sprang back in terror.

doubtfully. Marriage between first cousins here is not too popular—especially after a decade of Soviet rule. Your marriage with Prince Frederick, on the other hand, would enable you to ensure the return of the monarchy to this country. Prince Frederick has pledged his word to make this a charge upon his conscience if you should accept his offer."

Alexandrina, who had been watching her niece a little anxiously, motioned her to her side.

"My dear," she said, "I am aware that this suggestion must have taken you completely by surprise. I quite appreciate the fact that you have not had time to think seriously about Frederick as a possible husband. You would furthermore consider yourself bound in honor to conclude your alliance with Nicholas. Nicholas, however, has had a very plain hint dropped to him. He has signified his intention to listen to reason."

"In other words, Nicholas is quite agreeable to the transfer," Catherine remarked.

"It is for the good of his country," Kirdorff reminded her. "Nicholas is above all things a patriot."

"At the same time," Catherine pointed out, "this trafficking in my affections seems a little sordid. Nicholas, it appears, is content to do without me. I have, in other words, regained my liberty. I insist upon spending the night in that state. Tomorrow, I will interview General von Hartsen at the earliest possible moment."

Alexandrina turned toward the frowning ambassador with an ingratiating smile.

"My niece's attitude appears to me to be correct, General," she said. "You must not be over-zealous on account of your young master. Lunch with us here tomorrow."

"Dine," Catherine put in softly. "I shall be away all day."

"Dine with us here tomorrow night, then," the grand duchess invited, "and my niece shall be prepared."

Von Hartsen rose a little unwillingly to his feet.

"I should have preferred to have telephoned favorable news at once to my august young friend," he confessed. "You will forgive my pointing out once more that the position he is able to offer his wife is absolutely and entirely unique. However, I am at her Highness's disposition,"

"I shall have made up my mind by dinnertime," Catherine promised him. "It really is quite an important matter to me, you know."

"It is of vast importance to all Europe," the general sighed. "On the other hand, I cannot imagine where hesitation could arise."

Catherine smiled a little cryptically at him.

"Perhaps not," she admitted, "but then you see you have to do with a woman. I am not sure that I should not find the court life at Berlin a little irksome."

"You, Princess," the general declared, "would be the court. It would be for you to set its tone. It is not for me to remind you that the lives of people even in the highest places have their relaxations at which even the historian can only guess."

He made his ceremonious farewells. They all waited until the door had closed behind him. Then a buzz of conversation started.

"My dear," her aunt told Catherine confidentially, "Nicholas has gone further in selfdenial than we permitted General von Hartsen to know. He abnegates his wishes with joy. A friendly monarchy established at Berlin would assure our own triumph."

"There is not the slightest doubt that the German people are aching for their Kaiser," Cyril Sabaroff observed. "Frederick can scarcely walk the streets in comfort nowadays."

"Every illustrated paper has his picture," the grand duchess added. "You can read of his doings every day."

"And every newspaper has anecdotes about him," Kirdorff concluded. "He is easily the most popular young man in Europe today."

"I am very much flattered," Catherine pronounced, "and very sleepy. Tomorrow I will make up my mind whether I shall be Kaiserin of Germany or Czarina of Russia or—"

There was a long pause. Rose Sabaroff at last interposed.

"Or what, Catherine?"

Catherine looked back from the door towards which she had made her way.

"Or return to the Weltmore Typewriting Bureau and my American independence."

CATHERINE came face to face with Andrew Kroupki as she was leaving her office in Government Buildings at an early hour on the following morning. He stood in the doorway, blocking her exit and his expression was menacing. She realized at once that there was to be trouble.

"One word with you, if you please, Miss Borans," he insisted.

She gave way and he closed the door behind him, confronting her with a spot of angry color burning in his cheeks, wild-eyed and almost inarticulate.

"It is unbelievable!" he exclaimed. "You must not go to the Chief today. Stay here, and I will make your excuses."

"What do you mean, Andrew?" she asked coldly. "I am directed to report myself at Government House before nine o'clock. Of course I must go."

"You must have begged for the work," he continued, his tone trembling with agitation. "It is not right that you should have it. It is not safe. It is a wicked thing."

"Andrew, you are not yourself," she said gently, almost kindly. "Surely you know that I must obey orders."

"Orders! The Chief must be mad!" he cried. "A moment's indiscretion with regard to today's work and a terrible situation might arise. You are not of us. You are not for the people of Russia. You are for those who are already beginning to plot against us."

"That is absurd," she told him. "You must not talk to me so, Andrew. I have never yet failed in my trust, wherever my sympathies may lie. Besides, it is not for you to interfere. It is your master who speaks the word."

He shook for a moment, as though seized with an ague.

"You dined with him alone last night," he cried hysterically. "What was the argument you used to bring him to folly?"

"I have been very patient with you, Andrew," she said, with a warning flash in her eyes, "but I am reaching my limits. Perhaps if you desire to preserve my esteem you had better stand on one side."

"I think," he sobbed, although he looked fierce, "that I would rather dig my fingers into your white throat and wring the life out of you than let you go to Samara today."

Catherine sprang back in terror, but sympathy once more chased the anger and fright from her mind. It was obvious that he was unstrung; on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

"You are very foolish, Andrew," she declared. "The work of today is better done by me. You are a very bad typist and you are very slow with the new code. It is natural that the Chief should send for me. There are many matters of graver importance, I am sure, that he would leave in your hands."

Her kindness seemed only to throw fresh fuel on the fire of his anger. She suddenly realized that she was in actual physical danger. They were alone on the floor of the great building. No one arrived at their offices until nine o'clock, and the cleaners had departed. She moved a little towards the telephone, but he seemed to apprehend her purpose and blocked her passage.

"It is false," he almost shouted. "He has lost his head. There is nothing more vital to the State than the scheme which he is to confide to you today. He has lost his head. You have bewitched him as you have done me—Samara to whom women have been but playthings—the idlest of all his diversions."

"You are becoming absurd," she said quietly. "Be so kind as to let me pass."

He shook his clenched fists in the air. His appearance was veritably tragic. Every moment he was more completely losing control of himself.

"You must answer my question or I think that I shall kill you," he gasped. "You know very well what it is. You could have saved me this torture. Is Samara your lover?"

Catherine looked at him steadfastly for a moment, looked at his long narrow face with its high cheek bones, his lips trembling like a woman's, at his eyes from which all the kindly dreaminess had gone. It seemed to take her a few seconds to realize the actual meaning of his words, but when she did, the strain of inherited savagery which had made for purity amongst the women of her race and bravery amongst the men, leaped into fire in her veins. Her physical strength itself seemed to swell.

With her outstretched hand, she struck Andrew Kroupki a blow on the side of the face with such unexpected force that he staggered back half dazed, blood already commencing to flow from the place where her ring had bitten into his flesh. Before he could recover himself she had gone. To his reeling senses the slam of the door, the click of her heels upon the polished floor, were full of evil portent.

She made no excuses when she arrived at her destination, though Samara was manifestly impatient. Their meeting of the night before seemed to belong to another world. Never, for a single moment, did he depart from the rôle of exacting and conscientious employer. He did not even trouble to present to her Adolph Weirtz, the Semitic brilliant Minister of Finance, who was present, but plunged at once into their work. At eleven o'clock Weirtz left. At one o'clock her fingers began to stumble. He looked at her sharply.

"WHAT is the matter?" he asked curtly. "Do you need luncheon?"

"I do not think that I need it any more than any one else would," she replied. "Something of the sort is usual. Probably you would have noticed yourself that it is past one o'clock if you had breakfasted at seven and if you had not had the resources of your sideboard."

He suddenly and unexpectedly smiled.

"*Touche*," he confessed. "I am a selfish brute."

He rang the bell and gave Ivan a brief order. Then he crossed to the sideboard, concocted a strange amber colored drink which he forced upon her and pushed cigarets to her side. He himself had been smoking a huge pipe most of the morning.

"At four o'clock," he confided, "the other two members of the council will be here to approve. So much for my autocracy which you were talking about."

"And if they disapprove?" she asked.

"The proclamation will be issued just the same," he declared, with a sudden note of belligerency in his tone.

She laughed quietly, a relaxation which a moment or two later he found himself sharing. Afterwards he became almost apologetic.

"The principle is already decided upon by the cabinet," he explained. "There can be no objection to anything except detail, and so far as that is concerned, I am more likely to be right than any of them. You gathered that Weirtz was against the whole thing."

"I tried not to listen," she replied. "I gathered that he was disapproving."

"He looks upon the army as our sole refuge against two smouldering factions of the community—the Royalists and the Anarchists," Samara expounded. "He agrees that the anarchist influence today is negligible but he has an absurdedly exaggerated idea of the significance of the royalist movement."

"So you admit that there is a royalist movement?" she asked him curiously.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, I suppose so," he assented. "They're making noise enough, at any rate. . . . To return to Weirtz. He thinks that the period of interregnum between the disbanding of the armies and the establishing of a citizen force will be a period of danger. I disagree with him. The idleness of a standing army makes it a constant menace; usually a hotbed for intrigue and conspiracy. They're hard at it now down there. They think I don't know, but I do. Your friend, Kirdorff, a cold-blooded, brainy schemer, Orenburg—less brains but more courage. They took their commands willingly enough and drew their pay, and began to plot the next day. I've no great fancy for your friends, Catherine Borans—and that is the truth."

She sighed.

"Why should you have? They look at life differently. They follow other gods."

"Eat your luncheon," he invited, as soon as Ivan had finished setting the table. "We must start work again directly. You must have some of this goulash. I never imagined I was hungry. Ivan, some Rhine wine, and tumblers. . . . Have you seen Andrew today?"

"I saw him at Government Buildings," she replied. "He was very angry and very rude."

"He doubts my wisdom in giving you this work," Samara confided. "He is quite right from his point of view. No one would do it unless it were some one like myself whose life was governed by instinct and not reason."

She smiled.

"Andrew would never understand that."

"I am sorry for him," Samara declared abruptly. "He is jealous of you and at the same time he is in love with you—a painful condition of mind for a highly strung and extraordinarily susceptible young man."

"Were you insensible to all human weaknesses when you were young?" she asked.

"I? Mother of God, no!" he answered carelessly. "I had my fits of weakness and I yielded to them when I chose, but they never formed part of my life. They were the rest hours in the night. They helped one to draw breath for the morrow. It is these romantic youngsters who seek to weave their follies into the web of durable things who are to be deplored. Ivan, some coffee," he ordered. "A cigaret, Catherine Borans. Now let us start. I have a new vision."

AT FOUR o'clock Samara read the result of his day's work to Weirtz, his Minister of Finance, Argoff, the Minister of Home Affairs, and General Trotsk, the Chief of the Police. In another room Catherine sipped Samovar and listened. From the beginning she was conscious of the attitude of deferential opposition existing amongst Samara's collegues. Argoff was the first spokesman.

"Sir," he said to Samara, "you have faithfully embodied in these proclamations and directions the decision of the cabinet as arrived at last Thursday. We three were in a hopeless minority then, we are in a hopeless minority now. I personally look upon the action you propose to take as fraught with the greatest danger to the future of the republic."

"And you, Weirtz?" Samara asked.

"I agree with Argoff," was the unhesitating reply. "The disbanding of the Third Army was sound and brilliant legislation. To go further in the same direction would, I think, expose the country to unnecessary dangers."

"What have you to say, my General?" Samara concluded.

General Trotsk, a thin, gray man, with the face of a sphinx, was in reality the most discomposed of the three, although he did not betray it.

"Gabriel Samara," he said, "before you came into power there were those who called you a visionary. You have silenced your critics in the establishment of what might well become the greatest Republic in the world's history. I beg you to beware lest one single mistake should bring to naught all that you have done."

"Aye, and more than that," Weirtz put in. "it will plunge this country once more into the throes of rebellion and disorder. To all appearance," he went on, "Russia is today a contented and happy nation, yet under the surface, as I very well know, there is discontent and grumbling because it is human nature that this should be so amongst the worthless, the quixotes, the criminals. There is always fuel for a burning brand. Frankly, my agent's report from Odensk is that the great mass of the Second Army do not desire demobilization. A civilian life does not appeal to them. They like their uniform, the routine of their daily life, the freedom from all personal anxieties and responsibilities. They do not doubt your beneficent schemes for their welfare, but they prefer to remain soldiers. It is this feeling which is making them ready listeners to the propaganda which is going on amongst them."

"The love of the military life," Samara pronounced, "is an unnatural affection. The sooner it is stamped out the better."

"Theoretically, very right," Weirtz agreed, "but practically there are difficulties. Can you, even, Gabriel Samara, force a million men out of a life which is dear to them, into a new and untried career?"

"Nonsense!" was the impatient reply. "Half of them were peasant agriculturists in their youth, with land to till and a homestead to look after. They will soon find themselves. Besides, you and I, General, should know that the Russian soldier is never insubordinate. He will obey orders. There will be nothing else left for him to do. On the day these proclamations are posted every ammunition dump in the camp will be blown up, and their bayonets withdrawn. It will be simply a million unarmed men, pouring through the great clearing house which will be ready for them next month at the rate of thirty thousand a day."

"It is to my mind," General Trotsk declared, "a most rash and hazardous experiment."

"Where is the hazard?" Samara demanded. "The first army is within a day's march of the city, fully equipped, and fully armed. Far be it from me to suggest such a thing as a conflict. That army's mere existence would prevent it."

"There is yet another danger," General Trotsk pointed out. "Supposing word of this projected destruction of their ammunition were to reach the army, it would be easy enough for them to guard against it."

"Such a supposition infers the presence of a traitor amongst us," Samara argued. "Not another breathing soul knows my plans. Peter Tranchard, who controls the private printing press of the Home Office, you yourself would vouch for, Argoff. Not one of his compositors can read, but, as in the case of the proclamation addressed to the Poles, two years ago, these men are locked up in quarters for a week after their work is done."

"There is your secretary," Weirtz suggested bluntly.

"I will answer for her," Samara promised with a flash in his eyes. . . . "I admit the need for secrecy. It is because of it that I dealt with this measure before the Cabinet instead of the general assembly. You have no reason to doubt the loyalty of the First Army, General?"

"There is some disquiet," Trotsk, admitted. "I have only this morning caused seventy of my men to be enrolled in the ranks."

"The plot to restablish Soviet conditions,' Weirtz remarked, "was never, I think a serious one. I suspect that the plotting such as it is today, emanates from a different source."

"Royalist?" Samara inquired.

"Royalist, beyond a doubt," Trotsk affirmed. "The Russian of today hates the very sound of the word 'Bolshevist' or 'Anarchist.' It is the reactionary swing of the pendulum which is to be feared. It is my firm belief that there are a million more Royalists in the country today than any one imagines."

Samara laughed confidently.

"There may be amazing surprises in store for us in this world," he said, "but I do not think that Nicholas Imanoff bond seller of New York, will ever be crowned Czar of Russia. You have read the proclamations, my friends. Apart from the fact that you are not in entire sympathy with me and with the majority of the cabinet as to the policy of which they are the outcome, you have no criticism to make?"

"I have none except those I made before the cabinet," Adolph Weirtz declared. "I maintain that as it seems to be the wish of the cabinet that the Second Army should be disbanded, it should be done gradually, a hundred thousand a year, the men to be selected by lot."

"Too slow," Samara observed brusquely. "Anything else?"

"I propose," Trotsk said, "that you, sir, visit the district personally, address the soldiers, and study their disposition. I have reports from my subordinates every day which I find disquieting."

"That I have decided to do," Samara assented. "And you, Argoff?"

"I have but one suggestion to make," was the prompt reply. "Burn your morning's work, Mr. President, and expunge the decree from the archives of the cabinet. You are trifling with destiny."

"Every reformer the world has ever known," Samara answered deliberately, "has sat at the table of chance—"

SAMARA drew back the curtains of the inner room as soon as he was alone. Catherine came quietly forward to meet him.

"Well?" he asked. "You heard everything?"

"Everything!"

"And what is your opinion?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I am twenty-five years old," she said. "Twenty-three years of my life have been spent in New York. I am a Russian only by instinct. I have yet to learn the temper of my people."

"Never mind your lack of experience. Answer me from that instinct."

She acquiesced unwillingly.

"You have made Russia a great and prosperous country," she said. "You have succeeded in reducing her army by a million men. I do not see why you take this further risk."

"Sophist," he growled. "Instinct only, I insist."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Yesterday," she confided, "I looked upon the Royalist cause in Russia as a forlorn thing.

Tomorrow if you persist, I shall begin to wonder what it would feel like to marry Nicholas and be Czarina of all the Russias."

SAMARA seemed afflicted by a curious fit of lethargy after Catherine's departure. He sat in his great bare room till the twilight filled it with shadows, until in fact, he was disturbed by stealthy footsteps behind his chair. He turned abruptly around. A tall gaunt figure was standing before the safe. Samara, after a second's scrutiny, withdrew his hand from the butt of the pistol toward which it had sprung.

"Andrew!" he exclaimed, "What the devil are you doing here?"

The young man faced him. Even in the gloom of the apartment the wound on his cheek was clearly visible.

"I was restless, master," he said. "I entered by the side gate. I have come to ask a favor."

"What is it, and what has happened to you?" Samara demanded.

"I have met with an accident," was the dreary confession. "Something terrible has happened. I cannot breathe here in Moscow. I must get away."

"Go on."

"We were to start for London on Monday. Let me go by the early morning boat and wait for you there. There are things to be done before you arrive. I can see to them."

"What have you been doing to yourself?" Samara asked, looking at the scar upon his face.

"An accident has happened," Andrew replied. "A very terrible accident. I must get away at once. Give me permission to go to England, please."

"Is this because Catherine Borans has been working for me today?" Samara inquired bluntly.

Andrew shivered. He had winced at the sound of her name as though some one had struck him with a whip.

"I have no more feeling of that sort," he groaned. "It is finished. I simply want to get away."

Samara wrote a few lines upon a sheet of foolscap and passed them over.

"Very well," he assented. "There is your order, and the name of the hotel where you will stay when you reach London. If all goes well, I shall follow you on Thursday."

"Aye, on Thursday," Andrew muttered.

Samara glanced at him curiously.

"Have you seen your doctor lately, Andrew?" he inquired.

The young man laughed bitterly.

"I am ill," he acknowledged, "but no doctor can cure me."

Samara indulged in a moment's deliberation. Distinctly something had happened.

"Are you sure that you are fit to travel?" he asked.

"If I stay here for another day I shall shoot myself or some one else. Better let me go. I am of no use to any one just now. I could not work. I could not be trusted. Let me go, please."

"You are talking foolishly, Andrew," his master declared. "I have trusted you with the secrets of my life. You could not betray me if you would. There is something beneath all this. Why not give me your confidence?"

"It is too late," Andrew groaned, shuffling towards the door.

Samara stopped him with an imperative monosyllable.

"Andrew," he asked, "is it a woman who has done this? Well, I see it is. I am going to use the surgeon's knife. Never in this world could Catherine Borans be anything to you."

The young man's face for a moment was like the face of a devil.

"Blast you, don't I know it?" he cried. "Don't I know whose woman she is? That's why I'm getting away—why I choose Hell rather than stay here."

For once his master's call was disobeyed. The slam of the door echoed through the huge, half-empty house. Samara's few seconds of spellbound agitation were all the start he needed. Andrew was gone!

CATHERINE, standing that evening in a corner of her aunt's little salon, with Nicholas in close attendance, watched, with disquietude which she found it hard to conceal, the continual stream of visitors pouring all the time through the open doors. Alexandrina's first 'At Home' six months ago had resulted in the visit of less than a dozen rather shabby, melancholy men and women, who seemed like the ghosts of their own unhappy pasts. Conversation had been almost pathetic, and consisted usually of reminiscences. They spoke of the great families which formed the connecting links between them, of the branches which had died out, of others whose members were scattered all over the world.

Today the memory of that first gathering seemed like a dream. There were at least a hundred and fifty visitors in the small suite of rooms, and more arriving all the time. The people, themselves, too, were different. There was an air of subdued interest, almost excitement, in the demeanor, a new spring in their walk, and a note of suppressed jubilance in many fragments of smothered conversation. Kirdorff was there in brilliant regimentals, surrounded by a little group of eager but cautious questioners. The names of the men and women who came and went so freely recalled all the splendors of a St. Petersburg court of fifty years ago. Nicholas played with the hilt of his sword and stroked his incipient mustache with an almost fatuous air of self-satisfaction.

Nearly every newcomer, after paying his or her respects to their hostess, came to address a few words to him. The presence of Mrs. Saxon J. Bossington in a dress of magenta velvet with a hat to match, her neck and arms ablaze with jewels, and a priceless ermine stole about her shoulders, seemed the only discordant feature, and even she, through sheer magnificence, presented a striking appearance.

"I wonder if all this is wise," Catherine murmured to her cousin.

He smiled condescendingly.

"You are afraid that it might offend your friend, Samara?" he observed with a superior smile.

"Thanks to whom you are no longer selling bonds in New York," she retorted sharply. "As it happens I was not thinking of Mr. Samara. Is not full-dress uniform now against the laws of the country?"

"It may be," he admitted. "We shall soon make our own laws. Since that man's name has been mentioned, Catherine," he went on, "I have a word to say to you. The time has arrived when you should cease to be his secretary."

"Why?" she inquired.

He stared at her, as though astonished at her lack of comprehension.

"In the beginning," he explained, "your position was naturally of great benefit to us. Those times are passing. When one thinks of the future, it will not do for people to be able to look back and remember the time when you were his paid assistant."

"You seem quite sure that I am going to marry you," she remarked. "Is it because I have sent General von Hartsen back to Berlin?"

"Not at all," he answered confidently. "It is your destiny to be Czarina of all the Russias. The other scheme was absurd."

"It seems a pity," she sighed, "that I was brought up in New York."

"Why?" he asked.

"One gets so foolishly democratic," she replied. "As a royal wooer I think I rather prefer Frederick. He quite lost his head about me."

Nicholas laughed scornfully.

"Frederick was a little premature," he observed. "Things may not move so quickly in Germany as he imagines. Tell me about General von Hartsen and his ridiculous mission. How did he take your refusal of his proposal?"

"Badly," she answered. "He left before dinner was half over to catch the night train to Berlin."

"The worst of these Germans," he sneered, in a self-satisfied manner. "As soon as they are thwarted they lose their tempers."

Mrs. Bossington sailed up to them and Nicholas promptly made his escape.

"My dear," she exclaimed, "it's real good to see some one who knew me in New York, where we were somebody! I am getting quite confused with all these princesses and duchesses and grand duchesses and they tell me that after all, even if Saxon does buy the whole of that Ardenburg Estate—dozens and dozens of square miles—my dear, he will only be a count."

"Well, that should do for a start," Catherine declared, smiling. "As a matter of fact," she went on, "if I were you I wouldn't talk about it, too much. I think my aunt and Nicholas and all of them here have rather lost their heads. To discuss such things openly, to speak of the future as we continually do, is treason today."

"Say, you don't think there's any doubt about this thing coming off?" Mrs. Bossington asked anxiously.

"I prefer not to discuss it," Catherine replied. "I even go further. I think that it is in bad taste to speak of it as blatantly as my people are doing. After all, we must remember, we are her on sufferance."

"You came on sufferance, perhaps," Mrs. Bossington amended, "but you should hear what Colonel Kirdorff has to say about the army. Your friend Mr. Samara has been making himself pretty unpopular."

"The army is not Russia," Catherine reminded her.

Mrs. Bossington smiled cryptically.

"I don't know whether you are aware," she remarked, dropping her voice a little, "that I was admitted to the last meeting of Colonel Kirdorff's secret council. There were delegates from the southern provinces, from Petrograd, and I don't know how many other places. They all seemed to agree that the peasants at any rate and the lower bourgeoisie seemed all to want their Czar back again. As for the army there is scarcely an officer who isn't a Royalist, since the Germans got the sack, and the soldiers themselves are all furious against Samara because of this talk of disbandment. Saxon's no slouch, my dear, as you know, and he declares the whole thing's a cinch as long as it is managed on a business footing. I want him to take an interest in politics. A man with a business head like his would be worth having anywhere. If he were finance minister, for instance, he might easily be made a Prince."

"I must go and talk to my aunt," Catherine said abruptly. "I quite realize all that you have done for my family and my friends, Mrs. Bossington, and I hope that some day you may be rewarded for it, but I earnestly advise you to not talk so openly of your hopes."

She crossed the room towards where her aunt was seated, the center of an animated little group. She was on the point of being surrounded herself when two new guests were announced. As though of a purpose the major-domo who stood at the doors raised his voice as he spoke the names.

The babel of conversation ceased as though by magic. It was amidst almost a complete silence that the two men, both clad in the plain dark uniform of the State Police, approached Alexandrina. The general saluted, as he came to a standstill before the hostess of the little assembly. Everybody seemed to recognize the somber almost menacing note which their arrival had introduced.

"Madame," he said, "I have taken the liberty of paying you a visit. I beg leave to present my aide-de-camp, Captain Irdron."

Alexandrina acknowledged the salute of her two visitors a little stiffly.

"You are very welcome, General," she replied. "I do not remember, however, that your name is upon my visiting list."

"Madame," was the somewhat curt retort, "by virtue of my office under the Republic, my name is upon any visiting list where I choose to place it. We will, since you prefer it, consider my visit official."

He saluted again and turned deliberately away, murmuring a word or two to his companion, who appeared to be taking notes of the names of some of those present. He exchanged a few cold words with Catherine.

"You find time occasionally, then, Mademoiselle, to attend social functions," he remarked with sarcasm.

"One has one's family duties," Catherine rejoined with faint irony.

The general turned on his heel. The silence in the room remained unbroken. Every one was curious, a little agitated. The minister of police approached Kirdorff, who was talking to Nicholas. His expression was grim and official. The atmosphere of the salon became tense.

"SIR," he said, addressing Kirdorff, "I have to inform you that you are wearing a uniform which is contrary to the regulations of the Republican Government of Russia."

"In what respect is it at fault?" Kirdorff enquired.

"In every respect, sir," Trotsk answered harshly. "The uniforms worn by the officers in the Republican Army are supplied by Commissariat Department C. You are wearing a full-dress uniform of the monarchical army, abolished by law in 1919. Your name, sir?" he asked, turning to Nicholas.

"Nicholas Imanoff," was the contemptuous reply. "I was not aware that a policeman had anything to do with the uniform of the army."

The smile of the minister of police was gentle, almost urbane.

"Naturally, you are ignorant of Russia and its military regulations," he murmured. "You have, I think, lived all your life in New York, and been engaged in other pursuits. You will report at the War Office, to the chief of the staff within a quarter of an hour. He will give you further instructions."

Kirdorff laid his hand on Nicholas's shoulder in time to check an angry retort.

"By what authority, sir, do you, of the police," he demanded, "issue orders to officers in the Russian army?"

The minister smiled.

"Your long absence from the country, sir, is your only excuse for such a question," he declared. "I represent the supreme power in the country—the Armies of the Service of the State. You can obey my orders voluntarily or, in five minutes, under escort."

There was a brief pause. Kirdorff turned away, bowed low and raised his hostess' fingers to his lips.

"Madame," he whispered, "we do well to bend. Nothing must prevent my being able to rejoin the army."

"I have confidence in you, Colonel," she assured him.

The two men left the room. As soon as he was sure of their absence the chief of police himself saluted Alexandrina.

"Madame," he said, "I regret to have interrupted your social gathering, and to have deprived you of doubtless honored guests. I shall now take my departure. For the present," he added, "it is sufficient for me to remind you that in this city you are the guests of the Russian Republic."

"I am a Russian citizen, *Monsieur le Commissionaire*," Alexandrina answered, with a touch of hauteur in her tone. "My opinions and my actions are a matter for my own conscience."

The grand duchess had at least the triumph of the last, for her visitor made no reply. He left the room followed by his attendant. There was a little gasp as the door was closed behind them, a silence broken by old Prince Dromidor, eighty-seven years of age, back from his little villa at Kensington after thirty years' absence from his country, to pay his respects to the returned refugees.

"It is the beginning," he cried. "They have shown their fear."

Mrs. Saxon J. Bossington laid her hand upon Catherine's arm.

"My dear," she said impressively, "let me put you wise to one thing. I've lived in New York and I know. Don't you let your aunt get in wrong with the police. What was he, an inspector or an assistant commissioner?"

Catherine smiled.

"As a matter of fact," she confided, "he is a cabinet minister. He is one of the three, who with Mr. Samara rule Russia."

"You don't say," Mrs. Bossington murmured, with some chagrin. "And I never met him!"

TO BE CONTINUED

An Artist *in* Sugar

GET together fine sugar, gum tragacanth, confectioners' coloring and an unbroken egg, and you have the raw materials from which Edmond Maitre, Pastry Chef, was making the basket and the roses photographed in his kitchen at one of New York's newest and most luxurious hotels. It is only fair to add that to these ingredients M. Maitre brings a native talent for the plastic arts and years of training and practise.

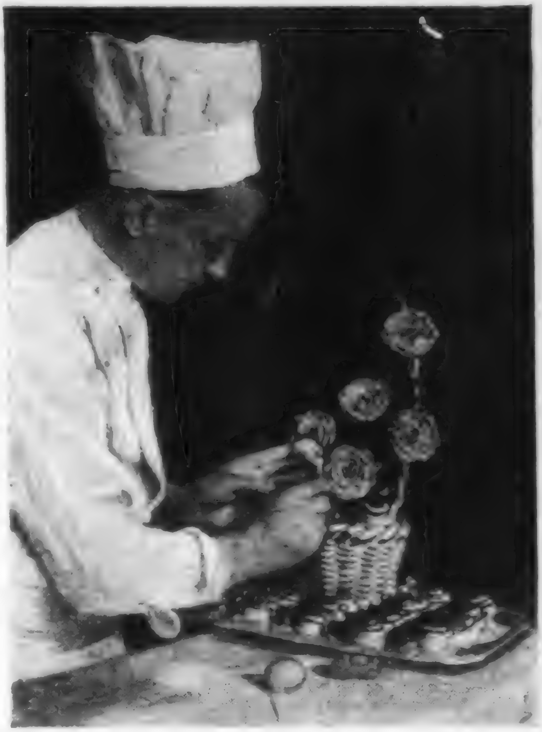
Every qualified pastry chef knows something about decorative sugar work. But only a few have the talent that enables this chef to carry off a large share of the prizes offered annually by the *Societé Culinaire Philanthropique* for exhibits shown at the National Hotel Exposition, where skilled chefs submit their creations in competition.

The basket on which he is working is a form of sugar decoration known as *pastillage*. For this, the sugar and gum tragacanth are mixed to a stiff dough that is used after the fashion of sculptors' clay. There are other ways in which sugar is employed decoratively—boiled to the point where it gives a satiny surface, spun into a mist-like texture, and made into royal icing.

In the roses illustrated, M. Maitre was using a soft creamy yellow form of this "clay." For each petal he dusted his hands with fine sugar, twisted a small piece from the lump, rolled it into a ball and flattened it out into a pear-shaped lozenge. Then, with an egg, he rolled it rapidly between his hands a few times. When he finished this process the lozenge had turned into a rose leaf, fragile and translucent, with a soft bloom supplied by the dry sugar. A little curling of the edges with the finger tips, a drop of water applied to the narrow end with a tiny paint brush, and the petal was fastened into place. So, with amazing rapidity, petal by petal, the roses were built up.

To the uninitiated it seems logical to suppose that a pastry chef is the result of ultimate specialization, that one starts with the science of Irish stew and works up to French pastry. According to M. Maitre, however, this is not the best way to go about it. The best training for a general *chef de cuisine* is apprenticeship in the field of pastry, because of the exact methods that are necessary in this branch of the culinary art. Here there can be neither guesswork, nor variation from formula. All proportions must be arrived at by weight.

Switzerland, M. Maitre's native land, is preeminently the land of the pastry shop. "In any city, however small," he explains, "you will be likely to find at least one pastry shop with equipment finer and more complete than the best that New York has to show." It was in such a shop in Lausanne that he served the three years of his apprenticeship. During this time nothing was paid him for his services. On the contrary, his father paid the proprietor of the shop for training his son. Here, beginning with the smallest and most unimportant details of the business, young Edmond worked and learned. His first lesson, M. Maitre recalls, was making the letter *S* in royal icing. The icing he had to make at home and take to his instructor, who passed upon it. Approval of its texture and consistency once secured, he was allowed to squeeze it through a paper *cornet*, making *S's* over and over until he had acquired freedom and accuracy of motion. After that he was promoted to more difficult figures.


With sugar, gum paste, color tints, and an egg, M. Maitre achieves these floral masterpieces.

The famous chef obligingly turned from his *pastillage* to demonstrate the methods of making little birds in royal icing. Twisting a triangle of special paper into a small cornucopia, sharply pointed, he dropped in a spoonful of the creamy looking icing, shook it down, and made a secure packet by folding over the top of the *cornet* several times. With a pair of scissors he snipped off the tiniest bit of the point, just enough to allow a fine filament to come through when the mass was squeezed. Then, holding the

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The Lady of the Lace

ONE of the most interesting people in New York is an artist who might well be called lace maker extraordinary to her democratic majesty, the American woman. Not only does she know the history, the vagaries, and the values of old laces, but she designs and makes modern laces whose beauty and fineness place them among those works of art to which time will bring the title of heirloom.

She is a vivid person, with the rosy cheeks and the clear skin typical of British women. She has none of the ponderous gravity attributed to savants, yet there is no one else who knows so much about the history of real lace and also possesses the artistic ability to design it combined with the craftsmanship to make it.

Marian Powys was born in Devonshire, the home of that lace called Honiton, and she learned from the village women to ply a bobbin and thread when she was a very small girl. She is the daughter of a rector, and one of a brilliant family of ten brothers and sisters. One of them, Llewellyn Powys, while another brother was fighting in France, replaced him as a rancher in British Africa. It was there Llewellyn Powys wrote the graphic sketches of ranch life and big game hunting in Africa which were so famous last year. The subject of this article decided very early that when she grew up she would come to America, where girls were encouraged to make their own way. She would come as a lace expert, and so in preparation she went to Belgium and to France, where she studied their laces, and learned to mend them, to tint them, and to make them. It was 1911 when she first came to New York.

The eager young artist found New York politely interested, and academically curious. But one can not buy bread and butter with polite interest. She had to go back to England.

Her disappointment did not lessen her determination to make a success in America; it only made her change her tactics. She rented a typewriter, borrowed a choir boy to read to her, and day after day the old rectory garden echoed to the clattering of her machine and the droning of the choir boy's dictation.

Two years later, armed with salable if unromantic knowledge, she came back to New York and did clerical work until she earned enough capital to start a shop of her own. It was a very tiny shop, with scarcely light enough to see the fine stitches, but she made lace and mended it, and sold a few choice pieces on commission which gave her fresh courage. Since then Miss Powys has gained steadily in knowledge as well as in reputation until today she is recognized as the foremost expert in the United States. The museums of the country call on her for lectures and advice. At the present time she is lecturing at the Brooklyn Museum on the laces of France. She has just returned from Cleveland, where she gave a series of talks on the history of lace, and showed some rarely beautiful royal laces that are part of her collection. Most of last year she spent appraising and classifying the laces belonging to the late Senator Clark of Montana, one of the most valuable collections in the world.

Since the war she has been asked to handle on commission some of the most famous laces in the world. The financial difficulties of noble families have made it necessary to sell the heirlooms of generations. Not only is there a growing market among collectors here, but lace is becoming increasingly "smart."

At the present time her small shop is a treasure house of history and romance surrounding the aristocratic and cobwebby fabrics of many

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Mary *from* Ohio

THE moment you step behind the Paris shop door with the ground-glass window on which are lettered the impressive words, ***Au Sandalari***, and see the ruffled mass of curling, brown bobbed hair crowning a rather tall, typically American, tan-smocked figure, you know why in her boarding-school days they called her "Fiji." And as she greets you, and with a last appraising glance at the design upon the easel before her, tosses the brushes upon a convenient table, wipes her hands upon the already paint-bedaubed smock, and motions you to a chair, you are much more moved to think of her as just "Fiji" than as Mary Bendelari, the girl who has set Paris talking as ***la jeune Américaine*** who "makes the shoes she wears."

"Sandalari," as she is known officially, is just another of the growing generation of American schoolgirls which refuses to believe that its destiny is entirely woven in between tea tables, bridge tables, and college proms. When she had rounded out an extremely varied boarding-school existence with a course in art, she set herself up in a tiny New York apartment and began to design gorgeous creations calculated to flutter the hearts of Manhattan's feminine world. Dozens of ideas came to her mind—"Fiji" is filled with ideas—but she found that running after this and that didn't pay. She became discouraged.

She was rescued by her family which appeared from their native Cleveland, Ohio. That was in June, two years ago. There followed six months of traveling about Europe which all ended with a Christmas of winter sports at St. Moritz. There was a Russian there—she'll tell you his name, but you'll be no wiser after you've heard it—scion of an aristocratic house of the old regime, who spent an afternoon showing her some of the treasures he had rescued from the ruin of his estates. One of them was a copy-book—hundreds of years old, he thought it was—which his mother had prized. In it were pictures of gorgeous ladies, drawn generations before by a forgotten governess to beguile the time of a tiny princess. Idly, Miss Bendelari glanced at the quaint costumes, and then her glance suddenly took in the shoes. A smile stole over her face as she looked up from the drawing; another idea forming itself. Already in her mind's eye, she could see the feet of gorgeously gowned women shod with shoes of her own fabrication which should resemble these jewels of the shoemaker's art.

Of course, she borrowed the book; she still has it. The following day she packed her things; said good-by to a family which threw up its hands at the idea of its eldest daughter's becoming a cobbler, and took a train for Paris.

It's a far cry from the Mary Bendelari who invaded Paris one snowy evening with an entirely unimpressive bank account but with a head filled with enthusiastic ramifications of her great "idea" and the precious copy-book clutched jealously under one arm, to "Sandalari" with an office in the fashionable Avenue de l'Opéra and a factory on the Seine which employs forty-two workmen who turn out 150 pairs of exquisitely fabricated shoes each week.

In Miss Bendelari's case this accomplishment wasn't easy. She was alone in Paris without friends, and about the intricate art of shoemaking she hadn't the least knowledge. But her deficiencies gave her little pause. A shoemaker could work out her designs, she knew, and after all the designs were the important things. With the pictures in the copy-book as her models, she set to work. But the old governess had unfortunately neglected to sketch in the details of the leather. It appeared to be woven. She couldn't recall ever having seen shoes made from woven leather, but it must be leather or nothing.

IT SOUNDS quite simple—weaving leather—but it required months with the aid of three real artists of the shoemaker's trade whom Miss Bendelari searched out, to perfect the

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A hundred-year-old copy-book gave Miss Bendelari her novel idea for woven leather shoes.

He Stops Bullets

"HANDS up!"

No, you're not in the old, red-blooded, swash-buckling West, nor even on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, Manhattan, at three P.M. You're in a salesroom and you're looking at a young man who is calmly facing a German Mauser 7.63 mm. automatic. His hands go up, but only to light a cigaret.

Suddenly the automatic blazes directly at the young man with a menacing roar! You are too stunned even to gasp. And then you see that the mild-mannered, blue-eyed young man is actually laughing. The mild-mannered young man's name is Alvar Jacobson, and his profession is—being shot at. At least it has been for one whole year.

Of course he's protected. He wears a bullet-proof vest, made by his employers, which merely indents a trifle at the impact of each shot. A few seconds later you pick out the flattened bullet, imbedded in the layers of "bovite" of which the vest is constructed.

At least you pick it out if you can. For it's very hot! The badly mangled Mauser steel-jacketed bullet is not flattened from the point like the steel-jacketed U. S. Army Colt. 45 when fired point blank at this vest. The Mauser has side-slipped and flattened nearly lengthwise as though it had hit the steel vest head on and became discouraged. (The U. S. Army Colt bullet, which is the hardest-hitting hand weapon made, rounds exactly like a doughnut.)

When they dropped the Mauser bullet in my hand I commenced to juggle it like a hot potato. It was actually too hot to hold! And in front of us the young man was still smiling.

"The biggest discomfort I feel," he said, "is the noise and flash from the guns. The vest is composed of tiny layers of 'bovite' metal .013 of an inch thick, covered with the same thickness of graphitic material. With the shock impact of the bullet these layers give, causing what the dictionary calls 'flexile' resistance. Thus the bullet can not ricochet. It side-slips as the shock is absorbed in the layers of metal, and finally in the elasticity of the body. You know how with the tone vibrations of a bell, when you put your finger on it there is no more sound. Why? Because your body has absorbed the sound vibrations. This same principle applies to the layers of metal. There is practically no shock at all when the bullet hits."

To all ordinary appearances you can not tell that a man is wearing this vest. It is composed first of an inner strait-jacket effect of steel to protect the sides of the body, and then an outer back and front vest which is a steel covering for the back and front of the body. Over this steel padding, as you might call it, is the material of which the man's suit is made, with a tab front part which protects the groins. It weighs from seven to nine pounds, depending upon the size of the man. When it is buttoned and the shirt "dicky" is tucked in, you can not tell that it is not just the ordinary vest a man wears with his suit. And yet the man wearing it is bullet-proof from his collar band to his hips.

Facing the bullets of a firing squad at close range is all in the day's work for Alvar Jacobson.

"Thus the vital parts of a man's body are protected," said Jacobson. "It has been estimated by statistics that 98% of mortal gunshot wounds are in the vital organs of the body. Of course they can shoot you in the arms, the head or the legs," Jacobson went on, laughing, "but only 2% of the wounds received that way are fatal.

"We had a funny experience out West where I was demonstrating for the police department. Those who were to try the vest began shooting at me at close range. A tipsy man in another part of the room thought that they were really trying to 'finish' me. He yelled out, 'Lemme try, I can get him from here.' He actually pulled a gun with the intention of 'getting me.' Of course some one grabbed him and took the gun away."

The present U. S. Army Colt .45 was adopted for use in the Philippines to stop in his tracks a drug-maddened native running amuck. It has been estimated that a close-range shot from this weapon will tear off a man's arm, or knock a horse down. Yet the bullet from the A. C. .45

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Everybody's Chestnut Tree

Editor's Note: Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

Class Distinctions

A PROSPECTIVE passenger was purchasing a ticket over a short narrow-gage railroad in the mountainous districts of Kentucky. The ticket agent inquired, "First, second or third class?" There was only one coach and the prospective passenger was nonplussed. Deciding to play safe he answered "First." Aboard the lone coach he looked about for the first class compartment, but saw none. Those whom he had seen buying second and third class tickets were occupying seats around him. He was meditating upon his foolishness, when suddenly at the foot of a steep incline the engine after a few feeble snorts stopped in its tracks. A moment later the brakeman threw open the door and shouted, "First class passengers keep their seats! second class passengers get out and walk! third class passengers get out and push!"

The Gentlemanly Thing to Do

A DISTINGUISHED member of the French embassy was a guest at the silver-wedding celebration of an eminent bishop.

Leaning over to his neighbor, the Frenchman asked, sotto voce: "Tell me, mon cher, wat ees thees silvaire wedding wich we celebrate? I do not understand."

"Oh," replied his neighbor (the bishop's nephew), "don't you know? Why, my uncle, the bishop, and my aunt have lived together for twenty-five years without having been separated, and without having any quarrels in that time."

"Ah!" exclaimed the diplomat, heartily, a light breaking upon him. "And now, he marry her? Bravo! Bravo!"

The Human Dud

WHILE he was making his way about his platoon one dark night, a sergeant heard the roar of a "G. I. Can" overhead and dived into a shell-hole. It was already occupied by a private, who was hit full in the wind by the non-com's head. A moment's silence—a long, deep breath, and then—

"Is that you, sarge?"

"That's me."

"Hot dog! I was just waiting for you to explode."

His Mistake

TWO business friends who lived in the country met one day, and one invited the other to dine with him that evening.

At the appointed time the guest set forth in the direction of his friend's house, and as the roads in the village were somewhat dimly lighted he took with him his old-fashioned stableman's lantern.

The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and all went merrily.

The next morning, however, he received the following note from his host of the night before:

"Dear Old Man: I am sending my man over to you with this note, and he takes with him your lantern. If you have quite finished with my parrot and cage, I shall be awfully glad if you will return same per bearer."

Nothing Else Mattered

PORTER—This train goes to Buffalo and points east.

Old Lady—Well, I want a train that goes to Syracuse, and I don't care which way it points.

Premature Mortification

A MAN in a helplessly inebriated condition was picked up on a city street recently. It was at the time of a wood alcohol scare, and he was rushed at once to a hospital. A young intern who watched them unloading him from the ambulance suddenly became much excited and dashed away after the house physician. "My God, doctor," he cried, "that man is dying. Look, he's black in the face!"

"Of course he is, you infernal fool," said the doctor, "he's a negro!"

Welcome Stranger

A DISTINGUISHED westerner, subject to severe attacks of indigestion, was traveling with his wife. Late one night in a Pullman, he was seized with an attack. His wife slipped on a kimono and hurried to the wash-room to prepare a mustard plaster. She rushed back, hastily threw aside the curtains, opened his pajamas and applied the plaster securely before she discovered it wasn't her husband but a strange man. She fled horrified to the right berth and told her husband, who went into such fits of laughter that his indigestion was cured. If they tried to take off the plaster they would awaken the stranger. To avoid a difficult explanation they decided just to leave it on.

At 6 A.M., there was a terrific roar from the stranger's berth. "Porter," he howled, "who the H—ll put a porcupine in my bed!"

Playing Safe

A SOMEWHAT unsophisticated old lady in Pennsylvania was visiting wealthy friends who dwelt at a "swell place" near Philadelphia. After the old lady had been shown around a while, luncheon was served, and after that it was suggested that the estate possessed other striking features that would interest the visitor. "And, now, Mrs. Gearin," said the proud hostess, "we should like to show you our apiary."

At this the old lady seemed to evince signs of apprehension. "Thank you very much," said she, "but I don't think I'll trouble you for that. The fact is, I am rather afraid of monkeys."

In Memoriam

TWO gentlemen stopped on the street to talk to each other, one wearing a large diamond tie pin.

"Isaacs," said the other, "dot is a fine diamond you have it. Vare you get it?"

"Vell," explained Isaacs, "my brother he died and left $450 for a stone. And dis is de stone."

The End of March

THERE was a grocer by the name of March. One day the butcher came around and said: "March, the first of April the price of meat's going up."

"That's all right," said March.

A day or two later the wholesale jobber's salesman came along. "March, the first of April the price of sugar is going up."

"That's all right," said March.

A few days later the landlord came around and said: "March, the first of April the rent's going up."

"All right," said March.

A few days later March put up a sign:

THE FIRST OF APRIL WILL BE
THE END OF MARCH

Helping the Cause

DURING the recent prohibition plebiscite in Ontario, a prominent Ottawa man, who is an ardent prohibitionist, was surprised by a visit at his office from his small barelegged son.

"Hullo, young man," the father said. "What brought you to town?"

"I was in a parade," the little boy said proudly.

"What parade?" asked the father.

"I don't know," he answered; "but I carried a big sign."

"What was on the sign?" asked the man curiously, and almost collapsed as his son replied:

"'MY FATHER'S A DRUNKARD! I've got no shoes!'"

One of the Boys Already

JOHNSON, a bachelor, had been to call on his sister, and was shown the new baby. The next day, some friends asked him to describe the new arrival.

Johnson replied, reminiscently, "Typical man about town, clean-shaven, red-faced, and a very hard drinker."

A Soul for Beauty

A SMALL boy stood on a bridge and clapped his hands vigorously as he watched the western sky which was diffused with a dull, red glow. A near-sighted stranger watched him for a time.

"It does my heart good to see you appreciate that cloud effect," at length remarked the stranger.

"Yes, sir, it's fine," replied the boy excitedly.

"The soul of a poet," sighed the stranger. "Do you often watch sunsets, my boy?"

"Sunset, nothin'! Gee, mister, that's the schoolhouse burnin'."

Damsel

[*Continued from page 33*]

before sleep, to play with the small pack at her feet; and this she marked now; whereas once they all did the same thing at the same time, tonight each one was up and doing his own way and will, falling, fighting or standing his ground. And the moonlight was in the door of broken rock.

Now the little pack was fast asleep; full-fed, not one gone and fast asleep. All around her was her own hunting ground, her own rights of water and land—

All this she had, but it was not enough.

The moonlight came in the door of the lair and she walked into the light and lifted her head. All this she had, but the deep ache had found her again, and the deep listening for her own name. A second time she went forth from the lair that night—drawn toward the rock that overlooked the man-town. Running pads followed part of the way—the one so rarely seen, but before she had gone far, she heard a wolf-pack in the nearer hills beginning to signal back and forth. What did they know?

No going to the rock now. She had to find what the pack-wolves were working up between them—altogether too near to her own lair. She returned to the lair-mouth and sat in anger upon her haunches in the moonlight—two wings of the pack nearer, but moving slowly. Sometimes she ran in to her own sleepy lot, and all was well there. At last by the sounds, she knew the wolves had changed direction, turning toward the little man-town—but why so slowly, and why were they kept from their kill?

Again and again her tongue dampened the tip of her nose to test the air with keener scent, but even yet she kept very still.

Man—the scent of man on the wind. But this was not the scent of the black men who build the great fires upon the ground—this that dragged forward like a brokenbacked thing—

Closer still, she heard the threshing racket of this slow quarry which the pack had not closed upon through the whole night. Presently all was still, so still that she quivered aside, in the fear herself of being stalked, but the wind followed with a scent that made her forget her own danger—the scent of Man; of the *hand*—

But no call from him, and now a tiny flame began to play upon the ground. It grew among the leaves, mounting up. He did not rise now, but moved like a dying creature in the circle of firelight, pulling branches to the blaze.

The wolves were on two sides, no hurry to close in. The fire would keep them back. They were afraid of Man—afraid yet attracted, too. She knew their ways. They would wait until the fire was done and the man ceased to move; they would nose at him closer and closer, pull at his foot. They would dodge and mouth at him. She knew it all. She saw it all, as if it were being played out for her—their way to nip and tear and wait. Her enemies, too.

Now with the nearness of the daylight, she had begun to feel the tugging in herself of the countless little strings that pulled her back to the lair, but here the man lay with covered face, fallen like a branch of a tree. Remembering the last day, she could not go close to him, for he did not call; yet she could not leave him to the pack. Strained between the two pulls, she crouched, until there came from his lips, a low sound like the beginning of the song of the naked-armed one, who sat upon the stones in the place where there was no fear. . . .

What she was impelled to do was not yet clear, but already she was creeping out of the farthest waver of the firelight. There she met the gray dawn-haze that cooled her eyes. The wolves had ceased to call. By that, she knew they were narrowing in. They would make a day of it here, though they would not come close while the fire burned.

Very low and carefully she was running now through her own hollows and coverts. Faster she ran, not toward the lair, but toward the open place where there was no fear. The day was whiter, light raining down whiter and whiter through the leaves. It was not far, but the strings from the lair kept pulling her back; and it seemed that the *hand* was drawing her, too. She halted at last, every atom of her flesh intent in listening. Yes, before the first flicker of sunlight among the trees—

"Ah-ah-ah . . . uh-uh-uh . . . ummm."

Out of the thicket into the open, she moved, her body low to the ground. The song stopped, and she knew the eyes of the naked-armed one were shut no longer. She could not look up at his eyes, but circled before the stones of his seat, breast-down before him. Slowly his legs straightened.

Now against the stones, she saw the brown foot move toward her—then the other foot! Circling before him, she led the way to the edge of the clearing where she had come in. He was coming; he understood. She wanted to fly then, but he was following after, and could not come so fast. Once she got ahead too far, and heard his call, since he did not know the way. On and on, deeper into the tree jungle and he did not turn back.

But she could not hold herself at last. She was carried forward like a great wind. She smelled the fire smoke; once she saw a gliding of gray across the path before her; steadily now she felt the burn of eyes upon her, as she went down toward the dying fire.

He was still there—still.

SHE knew a frantic urge to the lair, but the call of the naked-armed one sounded behind. She turned to go to him, but before her on the path stood an old male wolf with stretched lip. She felt her power rise within, and he stepped aside with lowered head for her to pass, knowing her at once for one with cubs in the lair. But a vague-striped she-wolf took his place on the path, barring the way, and the law this striped-one knew was hatred only.

The fighting blur closed like a red veil between them; close tearing began. The female of the pack was smaller and had not the power that comes of a litter to serve. There would have been a swift end to that, save out of the leaves, a pack sister came.

Two to one now—head down, fangs deep in the flesh under her ruff, two sides. She heard the lift of the death cry about her ears. For her, and none other, it was sounding. . . . The little pack in the lair—she fought for them now. She fought for them; she fought to reach the *hand*. But another she-wolf joined in from the pack—and *another* was at her side.

Still she was not down. They had not turned her over. She felt the under-length of her body close to the earth and still untorn.

This too, was borne in upon her, as the gray changed to dark—that she was not alone, not fighting alone! A sudden burst of light in her eyes, like lightning in a storm, and beside her—she knew now why she had not fallen under—was the lone one of the thin jaws—two against three—two against three—two against four . . . and all was black again, until she heard a shaking among all the little leaves—the voice of the naked-armed one on the path.

Fighting was done; the pack gone, but the old lone she-wolf lay upon the wet earth—lay sidewise and stretched, as if waiting for her young to come in, but her head was flung back toward her thin tail, and so it stayed. And she that had been the first cry of one litter, slowly lifting to her haunches from the bloody ground, saw the knees of the naked-armed one bend over the man on the earth.

She was gone then—pulled, driven by irresistible force to the lair, but even as she ran, she heard, as against a mighty wind—the calling of her name.

First the naked-armed one brought water, but it was not that alone which the white man had been dying for—but for food, having been lost for days, moving in a great circle through the thick places of the jungle. A large part of the way back to the piled stones in the open place, the white man had to be carried altogether, and his lips moved with strange mumblings; once with gentle laughter protesting that there was no privacy in his life whatsoever, not even in a tree jungle, the animals forever closing in.

But this, the holy man came to know as he walked heavily with his burden; that there was a great lost love, named "Damsel," in the life of this fallen man; but why had the young mother wolf-dog come for him, and why had she fought? This was not answered while the sun was in the sky that day; but it became apparent to the holy man through the hours of the great heat that there was more than starvation, more than days of wandering in the wild places, in the miseries of this foreigner, to whose darkened lips came often the words "pariah" . . . "outcast" . . . "cast out." A creature rare in all India—a white man fallen below the estate of the beggars of the native people—fallen indeed, since he had held himself so high. But with all his wanderings and fallings, the foreigner had not departed from the great search—not so desperately lost indeed, with such a longing in his heart for an unknown deity called "Damsel."

Toward nightfall, Mr. Peter, in clean but strange garments, leaning out from his shelter of bark and leaves, a little distance from the shrine of stones, called in a firmer tone.

"Yes, my son, I come quickly," answered the naked-armed one.

"But I say, I've got to know, y' know—"

"Only speak."

"Then why did Damsel run away?"

"The story of Damsel was not in my teaching, my son."

"But you saw her—the wolf-dog. She brought you to me, you say. And I saw her—don't tell me not! But just as I saw her—off she ran—don't say I'm dreaming!"

Thus the naked-armed one came to know in the cool of the day, that "Damsel" was the she-wolf dog that had come so often to the edge of this very clearing. His contemplation on the marvel was quickly broken.

"But why did she run off, as if I'd heaved a rock at her?"

"She had brought me to help you, my son. Her work was finished, and then—but you would not have seen—her cubs waiting—"

"The beggars!" said Mr. Peter.

A silence before he inquired:

"But I say, won't she be coming again?"

"To this place she will come again, when her little ones are fed, if her wounds—"

"Was she so badly cut up then?"

"Torn, indeed, but in no vital part that I saw. With another, four she-wolves from the hill pack were held off—until I came."

THAT day Damsel licked her wounds, but toward the end of the day when the litter was full-fed and fast asleep, she arose, whimpering a little from the pain, and left her lair. At the pool she drank deep, and in the dusky light, she saw herself in the still water. As the thirst was quenched she heard the calling again. (All through the day, as she had drowsed in the heat and cold of her own hurts, she had heard the calling of her name.)

Now her limbs moved toward the little man-town, and less and less was her hunger remembered, as she neared the place of the piled stones. Voices—his voice—her name again out of the quiet of the open place; and for the first time from her own throat (for never had the like happened in his house) an answer came. Then though she was low against the ground, the *hand* reached down and pressed upon her throat.

No fear then, save the fear that the *hand* would be taken away. And old aches and new pains were eased, and the naked-armed one at a distance on the piled stones was in full song.

"Ah-ah-ah . . . uh-uh-uh . . . um-mm-m."

The Three-Laigged Hoss

[*Continued from page 67*]

Old Jay Clay on a familiar battleground, one whereon he had met many a defeat, sniffed warfare and held his head high. Jim Preston was nervous and Virginia Lou Thomas, up in her father's box, was more than nervous. Old Breckinridge was at once proud of Early Alexander, contemptuous toward the three-laigged Jay Clay, and pleased with his world as a whole.

"Trottuhs comin' out fo' the free-fo'-all," was the cry at three o'clock, and the crowd thrilled to the approaching battle between the year's best and fastest trotters. Early Alexander was the center of all eyes, but Mary Chimes, a beautiful little black mare from New England, drew a great deal of admiring attention. Patchen Silk, a great sorrel horse from Minnesota, winner in the Great Western circuit, won much applause as he warmed up. Half a dozen others had their friends. Only poor old Jay Clay, pulling the nervous Jim Preston up and down the stretch in the old-fashioned low-down sulky seemed out of place.

Now, Jim Preston was not such a fool as he looked to the judges. They imparted his desire to the other drivers, who readily agreed to let him start behind the field. Jim had seen all these trotters in action, and felt sure he had only one horse to beat. That horse was Early Alexander, driven by Hy Jackson, of the adam's apple and mustache, walrus type. In behind the field, he could keep his eyes on Hy Jackson and Early Alexander, to rate his gait by them. Fighting in the midst of the field, he might not be able to judge the leader's pace. Jim felt the track was soft, albeit slightly slow, and rejoiced. Old Jay Clay, fighting thus early for his head, went eagerly into battle. Jim knew he would try to trot his fastest the first part of the way, to die out at the finish, as he had always done for Hy Jackson. He therefore took an extra wrap on the reins, and, with the ten other drivers, wheeled to face the starting judge and score for the word.

"Well, son," called Hy Jackson, from under his mustache, walrus type, as they turned to jockey for position. "Y'all just stay right in behind us, and we'll show yuh the way."

"Fifty cents you don't show us *all* of it," retorted Jim, leaning over to pat old Jay Clay's roan hip.

"Yes, suh," Jackson chuckled, his adam's apple bobbing up and down as he called over his shoulder, "take the first tu'n to the left."

Still laughing he gave his attention to business, for he had drawn the inside position for Early Alexander and, scoring down to the wire at the pole, set the pace for the whole field. Jim Preston gritted his teeth to stop their chattering, and swung old Jay Clay directly in behind Jackson, to cling as close as possible. It was a good start, the field rating along evenly with Early Alexander.

"*Go!*" shouted the starting judge, and the race was on.

Jackson set a fast clip right from the wire with the Alexander horse, a strong, sturdy level-headed bay. Patchen Silk and Mary Chimes flew at his side, and to the right, each trying to outtrot Early Alexander to the turn and grasp the lead on the curve. It was a pretty spring, and the stands rose in applause. The rest of the field drew back and tucked in behind to avoid taking the long way of the track. Half a dozen trotters sought the pole position behind Early Alexander, the rail showing the shortest route, but every one of them was disappointed. Old Jay Clay, fighting for his head, literally fastened himself to Hy Jackson's shoulder! There was room at the rail for only one, and that one was young Jim Preston, piloting the old three-laigged roan.

"Pocketed against the rail," growled old Breckinridge Thomas, when Virginia Lou excitedly asked him if he saw Jim and Jay Clay. "Cut off in front, and hemmed in outside. Yes, and by Geo'ge, shut off behind, too. Safe place fo' him. They'll carry him around the track in a bucket."

Around the curve they flew, Patchen Silk and Mary Chimes holding side by side with the steadily fleeting Early Alexander. Neither could afford to slip back and give the machine-like bay a lead. The crowd, sensing a terrific battle for Early Alexander, the season's champion, rose to its feet and stayed there. Into the back stretch the trotters swept, and down the straightaway.

As they reached the half-mile post, Mary

Chimes shot forward under urging for a sprint. Momentarily her jet black nose thrust ahead, but she could not hold the clip, and steadily dropped back, first to even terms with Early Alexander and Patchen Silk, and then to their heaving shoulders.

Rounding the far turn, Patchen Silk made his bid in an effort to head Early Alexander and take the rail. A dozen strides, and he, too, dropped back before the mercilessly steady flight of Hy Jackson's wonderful bay. Patchen Silk's sorrel head rested at Early Alexander's shoulder, and they eased the pace ever so slightly, for a breathing spell before the final struggle down the stretch.

"Save yo' hosses," old Hy Jackson shouted, exultingly over-confident. "Let's give 'em a hoss race in the stretch, so the folks can see it."

"Right with you, old man," whispered Jim Preston. "Steady, Jay Clay. We're going, we're going!"

A light but firm grip on the reins, he still held the old three-laigged roan down, restraining Jay Clay's fiery demand for battle. And the old horse, reveling in the soft footing, trotted smoothly as a Pullman car rolls. Jim took quick stock of the situation.

"Patchen Silk will stay with him, outside," he told himself, as they headed into the homestretch. "Mary Chimes will tackle 'em both. Hy Jackson will carry them wide to help Early Alexander stave them off. *That* let's us through at the rail. C'mon, Jay Clay, let's go."

HE TURNED the old roan's head ever so slightly to the left, and hugged the rail, for at that very instant old Hy Jackson pulled just the least bit to the right, forcing Patchen Silk and Mary Chimes to trot a few steps further to the finish.

"The race is in," proclaimed old Breckinridge Thomas, proudly, to the party in his box. "We win, as usual. I tell you, Early Alexander can't be beaten *this* year."

Hy Jackson seemed just as confident as his employer up in the stands, for he kept his head slightly turned to the right, to keep an eye upon Patchen Silk and Mary Chimes. They came on strongly in a last, final challenge. He bore ever so slightly to the right, still forcing them out. And now, where there had been room for old Jay Clay's roan head between Jackson and the rail, there was space enough for his shoulders.

"Let's go, boy, let's go," whispered Jim Preston, sensing his opportunity. The old roan may have heard him, but it is more likely he felt the slightly eased pressure on the bit, for he struggled again for his head, and flung out an extra notch of speed. Hy Jackson, watching the challenge of his two rivals outside to the right, could not see Jay Clay. And because the footing was soft, did not hear the muffled thudding of the old three-laigged roan's big hoofs.

"*Hee-yah,*" screamed the driver of Patchen Silk, a wild and woolly westerner, brandishing his whip. Patchen Silk leaped almost from his harness, and fled to escape threatened punishment. Hy Jackson urged on Early Alexander, still confident, but bearing still to the right, ever so little. A few more inches showed at the rail!

"Now, now, *now!*" yelled Jim Preston, suddenly alert, and quickly giving old Jay Clay his head. Passing the sixteenth pole, with the wire only a few strides ahead, he literally flung the glad fighting old horse into the breach. Jay Clay answered with a wondrous burst of speed that in a few steps carried him head and head with Early Alexander.

"We win," exclaimed old Breckinridge, his eye on the fading Patchen Silk.

"We don't, we don't, we don't," fairly screamed Virginia Lou, springing to her feet as she saw Jay Clay's red roan head snapping sharply alongside Early Alexander's nose. "I mean, we do, we do, we *do!*"

Even as she cried out, the crowd as a whole, playing Early Alexander for the favorite, roared a warning to Hy Jackson. But just as old Hy realized the danger and took the whip to his steady bay, the roar changed from one of warning to a groan of dismay.

"We're going," shouted Jim Preston, jubilant, with Jay Clay sprinting soundly and brilliantly. "C'mon, Hy," he yelled over his shoulder, "we'll show *you* the rest of the way. Hi, Jay Clay!"

"Wake up, wake up, Hy!" screamed old Breckinridge, too late, his face purpling and his fat body shaking between surprise and anger.

For a brief instant the old roan and the clocklike bay fought stride for stride. Then the onrushing Jay Clay gathered speed from the reserve accumulated behind the kindly windshield formed by his rivals, and flashed to the fore. They flew under the wire at a terrific rate, with Jim Preston's three-laigged old fire horse biting off a neck's lead right under the eyes of the judges. Jim Preston, with the long-shafted, long-hung old sulky, bouncing and swaying, clung to the reins for dear life. The time was 2:05 flat.

The crowd recovered its disappointment quickly, and greeted the boy and his old red horse with a mighty roar of approval for the battle they had waged. Old Breckinridge, wild with rage, did not recover so quickly. He waddled his fat frame out of the box, down from the stands, and out to the paddock to give Hy Jackson a piece of his mind. He did not even wait to offer explanations to his equally surprised friends.

Nor did Virginia Lou recover quickly. Rather, she fairly wilted under the strain of the excitement, and slumped back in her chair to await the remaining heats of the race, almost wishing she did not have to see them and suffer the agonies of suspense.

But the suspense was not so bad. Jim Preston and Jay Clay won the second heat from the frantic Hy Jackson exactly as they had won the first, but in 2:04; a second faster. And they took the third heat as well, a replica of the second, with the time 2:03½, and old Jay Clay, just coming into his long delayed glory, with a new record and a great victory despite his notorious three-laigged condition. Hy Jackson gulped his adam's apple, pulled his mustache, walrus type, and swore. Jim Preston cared for the horse, and then, his handsome gold cup under one arm, strolled as nonchalantly as he could under the circumstances, up into the Thomas box.

Virginia Lou wanted to kiss him, and did. Outraged once more, old Breckinridge turned even sulkier.

"Well," he growled, "I'll have Jackson bring Early Alexander over to your stable."

"Haven't got room for him, sir," said Jim. "Only got one stall. I'm a one horse guy, and I'm going to be a no horse guy in a minute."

"What d'you mean?" snapped old Breckinridge, while Virginia Lou looked on, wondering.

"Make you a proposition," Jim explained. "Boone Whitcomb wants to run for Congress. He's won enough money on this race to do it. Odds, thirty to one. I'll give you Jay Clay for the notes you hold against the *Democrat*. And I'll give you Early Alexander for enough credit backing at Webb Appleby's bank to let me take over the paper."

OLD BRECKINRIDGE, biting his lips and restraining his wrath, stared at the boy with a cold and stony eye. Then he shifted his gaze questioningly to Virginia Lou. She seemed to understand his meaning, and shook her head to tell him she had told the boy nothing. Jim had handed him a facer, and old Breckinridge stalled.

"How'n the name of time did you bring that old three-laigged hoss around?" he asked presently.

"Easy enough," replied Jim, grinning. "Jay Clay had four good legs and feet all the time, but they'd been trimmed and manicured and shod to death. And Hy had pounded him too hard on hard tracks. Rested him up, rode him miles every day to strengthen his legs, re-shod him, *and* waited for a soft track to race him on."

"Yeah," Breckinridge grunted, while his friends smiled behind their hands, "I saw you did. Say, young fellow," he exclaimed, suddenly inspired, "why can't I hire you to handle my hosses?"

"Two reasons," replied Jim, calmly, handing Virginia Lou the big gold cup. "One is, I don't want to handle 'em. The other is, I made you a proposition first."

"That's so," grunted old Breckinridge. "You did. And it wasn't a bad proposition at that. I'm not saying I won't take it up. Jay Clay's a good trottuh. I've always said so. And Early Alexander's not bad, in ordinary company."

Unwilling to acknowledge, thus publicly, that he had taken a licking from one of Thomaston's young upstarts, old Breckinridge turned back to watch events on the track, where another race was starting. His friends turned with him.

"Everybody in Thomaston cleaned up," exclaimed Jim Preston, laying his hand on one of Virginia Lou's, holding the cup. "Me, and you, and everybody else, except your dad."

"Why do you have to except dad?" she asked, saucily, but with her eyes down.

"Aren't we going to keep this cup at our house?"

But there was a crowd all about. Poor young Jim Preston, no longer bankrupt, had to keep a tighter grip on himself than he had kept all afternoon on the three-laigged roan Jay Clay.

The Lady of the Lace

[*Continued from page 144*]

lands. She has royal laces from France, from Belgium, from Russia, Sweden, and Austria, and altar linens from Italy and England. The foremost of her treasures at the moment is a veil which has been successively worn by five imperial brides. It is said to have been made in 1790 by the most skilful lace makers of the Belgian provinces for the Princess Elizabetha Philippine, sister of the guillotined Louis XVI of France. She was bethrothed to Emperor Joseph of Austria, and the lace was given by the provinces as a bride's gift.

THIS piece of frail needlework, a hundred and thirty-five years old, is unbelievably lovely. Its eight feet of length is all the most exquisite rose point. In spite of its fragile filminess, it has an architectural quality of building up from a firm base which marks it as a masterpiece. It would be valuable for its historical associations even if it were riddled with holes, but its royal owners have known how to care for lace, and its beauty is unmarred.

"They knew it liked air and some light." Miss Powys spoke as though it had a life of its own. "For years it hung behind glass in the palace. They were much wiser than the people who leave lace to suffocate and molder in a safe deposit vault."

The Empress Eugenie was another royal lady whose chief delight was the collecting and handling of rare laces. Miss Powys has a complete bridal set of her lace—veil, fichu, and yards of flouncing for the gown.

Fond as she is of handling these exquisite old cobwebs, the thing nearest Miss Powys's heart is the designing and making of modern laces. She won a gold medal with some of them at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915. "My designs belong to the country," she said with a laugh. "You see most of the Honiton or Devon pillow lace is made by women who sit in front of their cottage, and copy the things they see around them, the flowers, the birds, the grasses. Their patterns have always been simpler than those of France and Belgium. And I, like all Devon women, work in my garden, adapting and sometimes formalizing the flowers which grow there."

When the art of lace making was at its height, the designs were made by famous artists like Michelangelo to the order of famous personalities. But in most places the designing of lace has tumbled from its high estate, and the lace makers of Europe fall between two evils. Either they copy the old designs, which are good, but no longer original, or else they make their peasant patterns and turn out handicraft instead of works of art. It is the applying of art and craftsmanship to the expression of personality that Miss Powys longs to see revived. She believes that "Just as the old laces tell us the stories of the past, so modern laces should represent the spirit of this age to the future. A piece of lace created for a lovely lady is in after years almost as significant of her personality as her portrait painted by a great artist."

MILDRED ADAMS.

The First Hundred Thousand

[*Continued from page 15*]

"Monsieur Smith went to jail!" And the receiver at the other end clicked down with hard, dry finality.

It was nearly forty-eight hours later before Laurette, unwinding the tight spool of French bureaucratic red tape, found out what had happened to Canfield and heard what had been in M'Gregor's message, the root of the trouble.

Not exactly so. For the series of events which began with the cablegram reached still further back to four Spokane business men, former owners of the Dixie Glory, sticking their heads together, consulting files and lawyers, spending money and forensic wisdom, pyramiding it all into a decision of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington which enjoined the further working of the mine by the three partners until the litigation over its title brought by the four complainants had been settled. M'Gregor explained that he and Findlater had not wanted to worry Canfield before, as they had not imagined their opponents had a leg to stand on. The message ended:

> Now you got to know. Our case is going up to the Supreme Court in Washington if we can raise the wind. Meantime the injunction holds. Hope you got some of your last check left as Findlater and I are flat. Had to borrow to send this cable.

Canfield read and reread. "Hope you got some of your last check left . . . " He had—about a hundred francs.

Of course the news came as a shock. But at first he was not really worried. He had been broke before, back home. Then, suddenly, it dawned upon him that this was not home, but Paris. Well, he said to himself, the main thing was to get some ready cash—enough so that he could turn round and make plans. It would help him to think more clearly. It was like a poker game. He always bought a large stack of chips the moment he sat down. It encouraged him and discouraged the others.

There were several men who owed him money; he would telephone them and explain the situation.

He did so, calling number after number, and always with the same, though differently worded, negative result.

Laurette had been right. These people did not like him; they seemed amused at his misfortune.

It embittered him momentarily. Gosh, he thought, it was not easy to carry around the milk of human kindness when they'd pretty well kicked the bottom out of the can! And what was he going to do? He felt quite helpless; he hated himself for feeling helpless.

THEN the door opened. The hotel manager, Monsieur Marandat, entered without an apology. He spoke without the customary bow:

"Monsieur, we need your rooms after tonight. Be kind enough to settle your bill in full."

The demand was stark crude; Canfield put two and two together: the telephone girl at the switchboard downstairs must have listened in on his conversations.

"Settle my bill, eh?" he echoed.

"If you will be so kind."

"And then—clear out?"

"I regret. But"—an eloquent spreading of hairy hands—"another party engaged this suite several weeks in advance and—"

"Don't bother to lie. I can see through you as a bell-hop sees through a keyhole!"

He took the bill from his pocket and looked at the total: a little over two thousand francs.

"Sorry," he said, "but I can't pay."

"Then we shall keep your luggage."

"What? Keep my things? Look here!"

"The rules of the house, monsieur!"

Monsieur Marandat turned to go when all

at once Canfield's wrath and bitterness exploded. He ran after the other, caught him by the shoulders, and twirled him about.

"You're a rotten little second-hand piece of cheese, that's what you are!"

"Monsieur!"

"Stop monsieuring me! Gosh, and you guys accuse us Americans of being crazy after the dollars! Well, at least it's dollars with us, not measly five-centime bits! When it comes to being on the square, you're the snail's toenails—not there—not there at all, get me? I guess you can't help it, though. Must have been the way your parents brought you up. But if I'd been your dad I'd have paddled you till you learned what it means to be decent and—"

"How dare you?" Monsieur Marandat trembled with rage. He stuck out his beard like a battering ram, his face close against Canfield's.

The latter turned his head away mockingly.

"Say it with flowers, not with a mouth full of garlic!" Then with sudden fury: "Beat it! Get out of here before I forget myself! Rub me the wrong way and I roughen up, see?"

And when the other stood there, stammering inarticulately, gesticulating, he took him by the collar and the seat of the trousers and pitched him across the threshold.

The manager picked himself up.

"*Au secours*—help, help!" he cried. "Call the police! I am being assassinated!"

He ran down the corridor, yelling, "*Au secours! Au secours!*" while Canfield looked after him, laughing at the sight of the little stout legs moving rapidly up and down, the tails of his respectable, black frock coat flag standing out horizontally like a battle in full retreat. Half a minute later porters, waiters and clerks came bounding up the stairs. They made a rush toward Smith.

FOR a while he did well, employing tactics unknown to the late Marquis of Queensberry. He dodged and danced and grappled, at one and the same time trying to land blows, to parry blows, to sidestep kicking feet and crashing elbows, and succeeded splendidly.

But finally three policemen appeared on the scene.

"Surrender in the name of the law!"

"Sure!" replied Canfield, landing one last blow flush on the point of Monsieur Marandat's jaw.

He was led downstairs and through the lobby. Near the threshold he turned, thumbed his nose derisively at the whole personnel of the hotel, thereby shocking three elderly Scotchwomen, and laughed with frank amusement as the outside porter, gorgeous in braided cap and gold galloons, opened the door, bowed, and instinctively held out a white-gloved tip-itching palm.

Twenty minutes later, with Monsieur Marandat as complaintant, a French police magistrate gave draconic judgment:

"Assault and battery. A thousand francs fine or thirty days. Your choice, monsieur!"

"No choice at all," commented Canfield. "I'm broke. May I have the thirty days?"

"Please yourself. Next case!"

They marched him off to jail where, at the end of the week, Laurette found him, paid the fine in spite of his protests and took him home. There she laid down the law, spiced with feminine "I told you so's."

"Be a good boy," she concluded, "and go home to America; I'll stake you to the ticket."

He answered never a word. He got up and kissed her square on the lips, and this time she was too surprised to resist.

"Going home, aren't you?" she asked.

"You're a sweet kid, and I'm much obliged. But nothing doing!"

"Why?"

"Two reasons. First, I'm going to stick around Europe as long as you're here. And second"—he smiled thinly, rather cruelly—"I'm going to pay back this bunch over here with their own medicine."

"How?"

"Where it hurts them most. In their pocketbooks."

"What d'you mean, Canfield?"

"I'm going to make them disgorge—going to earn a whole flock of coin!"

"Here in Paris? Tell it to the marines!"

"A whole flock of coin," he repeated. "And when I've—well, a million—"

"Dollars, not francs, I suppose?" she interrupted sarcastically.

"You've said it. When I've a million dollars laid by I'll ask you again to marry me. Not before!"

He turned to the door.

"Look here," she begged. "Listen—"

"No use. My mind's made up."

"But you're broke. What'll you live on in the meantime?"

"I've still a hundred francs and the clothes I stand in and"—he laughed—"the gall I inherited from my dad. You know, before the old man reformed and turned rancher, he used to fleece the Siwashes something fierce!" And he strode out of the room whistling "Casey Jones."

He called on her as before, day after day. She wondered how he lived. By this time he could hardly have any money left and she offered him help, first indirectly and delicately, then directly and indelicately.

"Aren't we pals?" she insisted when he refused.

"None better. And I got no scruples borrowing from you if I need it. But I don't."

He laughed, kissed her pouting lips—it had become a habit with him—and left, pleading an urgent business engagement.

"What business?" she called after him.

"Darn well-paying business," he replied. "Get the big vase ready. I'm going to send you a herd of orchids." And he hurried downstairs two steps at a time.

SHE wondered, speculated; wondered and speculated even more than Old Man M'Gregor did as he receipted for three thousand dollars which Canfield had wired, and read the latter's cablegram. It told him to use the money as he saw fit, for himself or for mine litigation costs. He would send more from time to time; but he wanted M'Gregor to cable to him in Paris, in care of the Hôtel de Loire, notifying him that the Dixie Glory was once more in the unchallenged possession of the three partners.

M'Gregor sent the message as directed, but Smith, who had not been near the hotel since his arrest, did not call for it. He was making an experiment in Gallic psychology. Instead of going to the hotel, he went to what he was pleased to call his business premises, a cozy back room in Henri's bar where Monsieur Jean McCafferty, the imported Coney Island barkeeper, presided during off-hours over a poker table.

He had gone there on the very evening of his release from jail, and McCafferty, at a whispered word, had introduced him to a few Parisian men about town who had an idea that they could play the Great American Game and were willing to back their opinion with hard coin.

Perhaps, subsconsciously, he felt in his soul the Siwash-empoverishing instinct inherited from his father. Here were his enemies, the natives, the French aborigines; and here was he, the pioneer, the adventurer. The Covered Wagon had given place to turbine and Pullman, the coonskin cap to a silk hat. But the spirit remained the same.

The first night he did not plunge, not being one of those who think that they must win because they can't afford to lose. He hugged his pile, squeezed it, nursed it along, and was satisfied to leave fifty francs to the good. He returned night after night, winning steadily and as steadily increasing his bets until at the end of two weeks he was playing them high and wide.

Finally he made a killing: several tens of thousands of francs. This was the cause of the orchids, and, too, the cablegram to Old Man M'Gregor.

After the others left, McCafferty turned to him with succinct words:

"These boids are gettin' kinda leery. Ye're ruinin' my game, Canfield. Better find yerself a bigger one."

"Gladly. Where'll I find it?"

"It'll find *you*. Only ye gotta have the right sorta address. This pangsiong where ye live is the piker stuff."

"A big hotel?"

"Sure. But ye got kicked outa yer old one."

"I've paid them since."

"All the same, there's an underground wire between them hotel people. Ye're on the black list. And it's them same hotel guys wot's the runners-in for the big games. How are ye goin' to—"

"I've an idea," Canfield replied; and he cabled to M'Gregor, experimenting in Gallic psychology.

DURING the rest of the week he visited McCafferty's back room, deliberately losing a few hundred francs to please his host. Then, on a Saturday afternoon, he decided to see what had been the result of his psychological experiment. First, he telephoned to the telegraph company and learned that a cablegram for him had come from Spokane and was received by the Hôtel de Loire, which kept it, not knowing his address. Then he went to the hotel, sauntering leisurely into the lobby.

He saw at once that his experiment was a complete success, for Monsieur Marandat rushed up with outstretched arms.

"Ah, monsieur, what happiness it is to see you! I hope you will reoccupy your suite?"

"Well, I don't know, after what happened—"

"Oh, just a little argument, monsieur!"

"Call jail an argument?"

"Forgive me! It was a regrettable misunderstanding."

"Got a cable for me?"

"Yes, monsieur." Monsieur Marandat spoke to a clerk, who produced a blue envelope. "Here you are."

Jack's sharp eyes saw at once that, as he had hoped and expected, it had been opened and regummed. He hid a smile.

"You will come back to us?" insisted the manager.

"All right, if you promise not to kiss me."

When he told Laurette she asked how he could afford it.

"Business reasons," he replied. "Expensive rooms—sure. Well, call it overhead."

"What *is* your mysterious business? Tell me!"

"General notions," he laughed. "French notions."

"What sort?"

"Painted pasteboards, and ivory and bone discs—"

"Does it pay?"

"I'll tell the world! And it'll pick up more and more."

During the next days he cultivated Monsieur Marandat's friendship, and when once, quite casually, he let drop that he liked an occasional small game of poker the other rose to the bait. That same day Monsieur Marandat confided to a suave gentleman of debatable ancestry that he had a guest, an American, a fool, an idiot, but very wealthy—*un richissime*—part owner of a great and wonderful mine called, for some ridiculous transatlantic reason, the Dixie Glory. Had he not read a certain cablegram? Ah, name of a curly-tailed guinea pig, but this American was the French equivalent for a sucker!

"Lead me to him!" said the suave gentleman.

Monsieur Marandat did; and the next evening Canfield was a member in good standing of the Cercle Richelieu where, it is said by people who know, they play the highest poker in the world. It is also truthfully said, that the play is on a strict cash basis. Canfield was grateful for this, for he won steadily.

It would be doing him an injustice to say that it was luck. He could play the game. There exists a distinct genius for poker, not registered by scientists, as there exists genius for music and writing and polo and love-making. Canfield had the poker genius to an amazing degree.

His face, when he picked up his cards, was a study in complete lack of expression; his voice, when he asked for cards, was as void of human emotion as a bagpipe. His elocution when he said, "I play these!" was a pure product of art—a soft, gentle purr blended to a steely threat. His strategy was never twice alike; and when once in a while the others abandoned a pot to him without calling his hand and then, with the spirit and intonation of early Christian martyrs, inquired what he had had, he could either tell the truth in such a way that they believed he lied, or lie in such a way that they believed he told the truth. Occasionally he let himself be bluffed on purpose. And the very next deal the man who had bluffed him successfully would rise to the naked hook with the alacrity of folly and greed, and he would be there with the goods, playing for blood, merciless, iron-visaged. Again he would play a slow, lackadaisical game until the others had a conception of him as of one who was sick of bad luck. Then, suddenly, magnificently, he would shatter these conceptions with a thumping fact: a high full or some such trifle. Also, though rarely, he would smile when he picked up his hand, since there is in scientific poker the triumphant practice of perfect hypocrisy.

IT TOOK the members of the Cercle Richelieu a week to discover that instead of a sucker they had caught a Tartar. They did not cheat. They played an honest game as they saw honesty. But, like the waiters of the Hôtel de Loire on the day of his arrest, they made a mass attack against his pile across the green felt; and, again like the waiters, they interfered with each other, tripped and involuntarily misled each other, while Canfield, the lone wolf, could bite and maul whom he pleased.

That winter Canfield Smith made history in Paris sporting circles. The tale of it is still being told with awe and envy and admiration:

"Messieurs, there was once an American who . . . "

Then winter passed, and spring came again with golden days and blue nights, brushing into the Paris streets on quivering, gauzy pinions; hovering birdlike over the tarred, peaked rooftops; dropping liquid silver over the toil and maze of the ancient faubourgs; adding music to the strident calls of pavement and gutter; and there came a soft night when after the show, Laurette and he were having a leisurely supper in an open-air restaurant of the Bois.

The French waiters were trying hard to speak English; the French band was trying hard to bring Latin logic into a lawless American jazz; and Laurette looking very small and sweet and rather pathetic, was trying hard to force back her tears.

"The season's over," she said. "Monday I'm due in Rome."

"Got your tickets?"

"Yes."

"So have I."

"Oh! You going, too?"

"You bet!"

She hesitated. "Too bad!" she went on. "If we were married we could—" she stopped.

"Travel in the same compartment?"

"You've said it. Well—"

"Well?" he echoed.

"What about?"

"What about what?"

"Getting married, Canfield!"

"Not just yet awhile."

"Don't you love me any more?"

"More than ever, Laurette!"

"Then why won't you . . . ?"

"Remember my promise?"

"Don't be a silly goof, boy!"

"I'm serious."

"I won't marry anybody else," she sighed. "You're all the sheik I want. And—waiting for your million—I guess I'll die an old maid."

"Not a chance! You see, I got a fair start."

"Toward the million?"

"Aha!"

"How much, Canfield?"

"Greedy little devil!"

"Greedy for love! How much? Tell me!"

"One hundred thousand bucks, after paying my expenses and cabling quite a wad to 'Old Man' M'Gregor."

"You don't say so?"

"I do!"

"And you made it all in—what did you say? Notions?"

"Yes," he laughed. "French notions—and a few English! French and English notions about themselves, and Americans, as poker players."

"You," she stammered, "you don't mean to say you made all that dough playing poker?"

"That's just what I did!"

"You—you really mean it?"

"Absotively! Poker! One hundred thousand silver fish! Didn't I tell you I'd make them disgorge?"

"Gee!" she exclaimed. "I'm proud of you, boy!"

"Thanks. I'm proud of myself."

"And what are you going to do in Rome?"

"Make love to you."

"I mean—about increasing your pile?"

"Don't know yet," he said, "except—"

"Yes?"

"I may turn barber."

"Barber?" she echoed.

"Sure! You just wait until we get there. Going to trim the wops, see?"

She Knows Horses

[*Continued from page 16*]

families can be distinguished by definite characteristics. In the phraseology of the turf these are called blood lines.

Miss Daingerfield's fine eye for blood lines prompted the advice which produced the great Sarazen through the mating of Rush Box with High Time. Rush Box sold for less than fifty dollars. But Sarazen carried Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt Jr.'s colors to victory over Epinard in the Third Special.

Miss Daingerfield has the sole care of Man o' War and his yearlings as well as one hundred and forty other fine thoroughbreds at Faraway Farms, the Samuel D. Riddle estate, and Haylands, her own adjoining place. Haylands, where Morvich is spending his days, is three miles out of Lexington on the Paris pike.

MISS DAINGERFIELD met me at the door of the old Kentucky farmhouse. She welcomed me into a sitting-room shining with old mahogany and silver. She is a woman of medium height and athletic build. Gray eyes of unusual keenness and brilliance are balanced by an extremely sensitive mouth and chin. Outdoor life has tanned and lined her face. Her Southern drawl is so soft and low at times that it is difficult to catch her words. She wore a long sport coat, a walking skirt, low shoes and a tight-fitting hat. For there is no hour of the day or night when she may not be called upon to ride to a distant stable and direct the care of one of her valuable charges.

Elizabeth Daingerfield is fast becoming a tradition in Kentucky.

"She knows more about horses than any man can tell you," the Pullman porter had confided as the train neared Lexington.

Not only that, but she has a singleness of purpose that would be unusual in any human being. Her one thought is horses. That is evident at first glance.

"How did you happen to choose such an unusual profession?" I asked her. I had refused an invitation to go immediately to visit Man o' War. It was only ten in the morning. And I wanted to hear her own story.

"I did not deliberately choose a profession," was her slow answer. It was evident that she would rather talk about horses than about any human being, least of all about Elizabeth Daingerfield.

"My father, Major Daingerfield, was a famous authority on horses," she went on. "Even as a little girl I was his constant companion. Of course, in his day, no gentlewoman gave a thought to business of any kind. My father believed, like other men of the time, that woman's place was in the home. However, he was a profound student of blood lines. And he had one of the finest libraries on horses to be found anywhere. I read a lot about them, too. Father would often spend days at a time just looking at horses and studying them. Not necessarily thoroughbreds, but all kinds of horses. Frequently he would go out early in the morning and walk around among them until late in the afternoon without even thinking of luncheon. Usually I was with him.

"People came from all over the world to ask my father's advice about mating their valuable horses."

A telephone call interrupted us. One of Miss Daingerfield's staff inquired about the diet for an orphaned colt who had put in a bad night. A groom came to the door to ask about liniment for a sprain. An overseer complained about a shipment of hay that did not contain quite enough clover for the fastidious Man o' War. Miss Daingerfield disposed of them all as efficiently as a financier would go through the morning mail.

It was long after eleven when we started for Faraway Farms. On the way a stop was made at the stall of Morvich. Morvich is a great favorite with Miss Daingerfield. I suspect she is often provoked when he is overlooked for the more spectacular Man o' War. Morvich was in good form that morning. He was whimsicality and imagination, both of which appeal to Miss Daingerfield's sensitive perceptions. She regards him as the Peter Pan of Haylands. Morvich has an excellent sense of humor. He does not take his racing honors too seriously, although during his racing campaign he won twelve races, seven of which were stakes, and the total of $172,909.

Stamp out Typhoid!

IF only we had known!" Over and over again these words of helpless self-reproach echo in the hearts of those whose loved ones were taken from them by diseases now known to be preventable.

Perhaps in your own circle some one was stricken with typhoid fever—that sinister disease which comes without warning and strikes with deadly force, which spares neither rich nor poor, high nor low, young nor old, which so often leaves its victims physically bankrupt and subject to other ailments.

DANGER!

THIS is the sort of thing that may mean typhoid fever for the whole family—a satisfying drink of cold, sparkling water that came from no-one-knows-where!

It is never safe to drink from any wayside streams or strange wells. Typhoid inoculation offers immunity to most people for two or three years, but to be absolutely safe, unknown water must be boiled.

Inoculation also tends to protect you from the danger of contracting typhoid right in your own home. In many cities the Health Department gives such inoculations free.

Household helpers who are "typhoid carriers" have been known to infect entire families.

Inoculation against typhoid has no relation to vaccinations for smallpox and diphtheria. It is an added health protection.

Typhoid fever is a disease of filth caused by a germ that is taken into the body through the mouth. The germ is conveyed into the intestines where it rapidly multiplies, sets up inflammation and creates a poison that floods the body. Sewage-contaminated water, unclean milk, shell-fish from polluted water, uncooked vegetables, house flies —all of these may carry typhoid. That is why it is so important that rigid supervision of water, milk and food supplies be maintained in every section of our country. *There need never be another epidemic of typhoid fever.* Science has bestowed a wonderful blessing in offering protection from typhoid. This merciless disease can be made as rare as yellow fever. Inoculation by means of a simple injection of vaccine under the skin will in most cases prevent typhoid. The injection is repeated at intervals of a week until three treatments have been given. No scar is left. In the rare cases where typhoid is contracted, even after inoculation, this protection makes the siege much less severe.

Campers, hikers, vacationists and all persons who are traveling, as well as those who regularly eat in public places should be the first to be inoculated against typhoid.

It is true that at times people who are exposed to typhoid do not contract it. They are temporarily immune. But it is *never* safe to take immunity for granted. *Be inoculated and advise others to protect themselves.* Could you ever excuse yourself had you advised a friend against inoculation who subsequently contracted the disease? Make an appointment with your doctor for yourself and all your family. Avoid danger so far as possible regarding what you eat and drink.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Typhoid fever kills one out of every ten persons who have it. Those who recover are left in such a weakened condition that for three years following, the death rate among such persons is twice the normal rate.

Wherever cities protect their drinking supply from sewage or purify the water by chlorination the death-rate from typhoid drops. A marked reduction also takes place in communities where milk and food supplies are carefully protected and food handlers thoroughly inspected.

The value of typhoid inoculation was proved during the World War. Inoculation of our four million men was compulsory. In France and in our training camps at home there was practically no typhoid in our ranks.

Contrast this with the records of the Spanish-American War. There *one* out of every *five* contracted the disease.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail its booklet, "The Conquest of Typhoid Fever" to all who are interested in stamping out this disease.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Pebbles and Last Coin are also among the equine stars now at Haylands.

It is only a short run by motor to Faraway Farms. On the way I asked Miss Daingerfield about the daily schedule she has arranged for Man o' War, who is still the greatest horse of the age in time, weights carried and records made.

"In the morning," she said, "he gets up, has breakfast, and is exercised for an hour or two under the saddle. Then he is massaged and rubbed down just like any other beauty whose looks must be preserved. In the afternoon he is turned out again and permitted to have a pleasant time."

Man o' War, Miss Daingerfield pointed out, has always been a woman's horse. Three Elizabeths have shaped his destinies and days. As a colt he was brought up by Mrs. Elizabeth Kane, after the death of her husband. Then Mrs. Elizabeth Riddle, wife of Samuel D. Riddle, sensed his possibilities as a racer and with the cooperation of her husband made possible his great day on the turf. Now he is in the care of Elizabeth Daingerfield.

If Man o' War misses the thrill of the starter's gong and the judges stand, he has a number of other things to soothe his vanity. One of the most interesting features of Faraway Farms is the unusual number of visitors who call upon him. Probably no other monarch with four feet or two ever had so many subjects who insist upon looking at the king. Nothing but a personal interview ever satisfies them. Not a day passes, winter or summer, that at least two or three interested tourists do not call upon the bronze wonder. Man o' War has his own guest book. Hundreds of names have been inscribed upon it. Miss Daingerfield herself is never too busy to exhibit her star.

"Why are so many people more interested in Man o' War than in other horses?" I inquired.

"Man o' War's success was partly psychological," was the reply. "It was not due altogether to his great size or tremendous driving power. He is taller than most horses, it is true. And he chooses to cover the ground like a tremendous locomotive rather than flying low like a swallow. His first race was won just after the war had left the world starved for amusement and relaxation. Every one was eager to turn to some new topic. And his name, at such a time, had a tremendous significance and swept the country like prairie fire.

"One of the most interesting visitors Man o' War ever had," she told me, "was a missionary who came here several months ago. He had been saving souls in Japan for twenty years. It was his first visit home to his folks in Indiana. He had motored down to Lexington expressly to see Man o' War. Naturally I was surprised that a traveler from the Orient should go so far to see a race-horse. So I asked him the reason.

" 'Oh,' he said, 'you know I could never go back to Japan without seeing him. Every man, woman and child in Japan has heard about Man o' War. They want to know just what he looks like and how he is doing. So I just had to see him so I could tell them when I went back.' "

NEARLY every other person you meet in Lexington can tell you a different story about Elizabeth Daingerfield's devotion to her horses. Not long ago she was shipping eighteen yearlings and Man o' War colts to Saratoga. Thoroughbreds, like débutantes, never travel afoot. They go to the station in enormous trucks with private attendants. On this occasion seventeen colts arrived in time to catch the train. But the eighteenth did not appear. Forty-five minutes passed. Still the train waited. Miss Daingerfield had requested this while she went out to find the colt that was lost. Finally she brought it back into the fold. It was transferred to a freight car. And the locomotive whistles blew.

Only in Kentucky, where a horse is king, would railroad transportation have been held up in this manner for a horse, or a woman. And Miss Daingerfield, it is common knowledge, is the only woman who could have managed such a delay.

There is another privilege, too, which the railroad companies always accord Miss Daingerfield. She is permitted to ride in the freight cars with her royal pets whenever they need her care and attention. When Morvich went out to Lexington recently from Saratoga he became very ill in the night. Miss Daingerfield left a comfortable drawing-room to hold his head until dawn.

Several nights before my visit a mare at Faraway Farms was taken ill. Miss Daingerfield was called from her home at eleven o'clock. It was four in the morning before she returned to Haylands.

When Man o' War first arrived at Haylands with Mr. and Mrs. Riddle there was a light snow on the ground. Miss Daingerfield insisted that the horses be kept from stepping on the damp earth. But photographers, who had traveled to Lexington from many cities, insisted that the champion take a few turns for their benefit. Mr. Riddle was happy and proud over the attention paid to his horse. But the experience was little less than physical torture for Miss Daingerfield. As a spectator she was thoroughly unhappy.

Few men have approached the record of this Kentucky expert. Her success is the story of her devotion to her father, Major Foxhall A. Daingerfield, who developed the famous Castleton stud of his brother-in-law, James R. Keene, near Lexington. As a girl and a young woman

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Letters typical of thousands telling of the amazing power of one simple fresh food

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Eat two or three cakes a day before meals: on crackers—in fruit juices or milk—or just plain. *For constipation especially, dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) night and morning.* Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Start eating it today!

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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

T*HERE are many delicious ways of eating yeast—dissolved in water, fruit juices or milk, spread on crackers, or eaten plain.*

"IN MARCH, 1923, I had what I supposed was a nervous breakdown. I was restless and irritable. I had headaches and dizzy spells. I began to use Fleischmann's Yeast. Gradually my ills disappeared—I became regular, and discontinued the use of cathartics. My energy returned—and in four or five months I was my former self. Not only have I regained my health, but my color and my general appearance have been improved."

MRS. MARGARET ADE SWEENEY, Roxbury, Mass.

"I AM A HOSTESS at a hotel and not a day passes that someone doesn't ask me how I manage to be up late at night and out in the sun every day and still keep my skin so clear and fair and my eyes so bright. My answer is Fleischmann's Yeast. Years of intestinal indigestion had brought me to the point where I determined I'd stick at it until I got relief. Three cakes of yeast dissolved in water became a daily rite. In three months I had the results I wanted—relief from indigestion, gas and chronic constipation." MRS. GERTRUDE W. HOOD, Mount Lowe, Calif.

she was his trusted assistant for many years. Questioned about her father's early life and his interest in raising horses, she explained:

"Father was born in Virginia. When he was ten years old he went to California with a sister who afterward became Mrs. James R. Keene. In the fall of 1859, on hearing that John Brown had attacked Harper's Ferry he immediately returned to Virginia. Two days after the secession of Virginia from the Union he joined a cavalry troop as a private and was wounded in every campaign of the army in northern Virginia. After his marriage to my mother he practiced law in Harrisburg. A protracted illness impaired his health, so he bought a farm near Culpepper, Virginia. The fair grounds were near by and he began to give much attention to the breeding of horses.

"Our Virginia home was destroyed by fire in 1893. The property was a total loss since it carried no insurance. Even the law and other libraries disappeared in the flames.

"My uncle, James R. Keene, then offered him the management of the stud at Castleton. So for nearly twenty years we lived there. Father was an enthusiast on pedigrees. He always inbred horses more closely than any other man ever identified with racing, but he never bred horses in which the same characteristics predominated. Although a long line of English ancestors had given him his natural love for horses, he always believed firmly that the American thoroughbred was superior to any others. He wrote many articles on the subject. At the time of his death he was writing a book which has never been finished."

The success of Major Daingerfield, she went on to say, was due to the thought and research he bestowed upon the conditions under which to keep animals in a healthful environment. For many years under his direction the racers in the Castleton stud placed their owner at the head of the winning list. In 1907 his winnings climbed to the total of $397,342, the largest sum ever won by any one man in the history of the racing world.

AMONG the horses bred at Castleton under the direction of Major Daingerfield were Commando, most celebrated son of Domino, as well as Conroy, Dazzling Dalesman, Disguise, Cap and Bells (the only American-bred filly to win the English Oaks), Superman, Maskette, Novelty, Ballot, Delhi, Peter Pan, Colum and Castleton.

Major Daingerfield was appointed a member of the Kentucky State Racing Commission in 1910 and remained in the organization until his death. Largely through his influence the Endurance Race was inaugurated.

The patron saint of the Castleton stud was the sable Domino. Domino had a short life. But he founded a breed of horses that revolutionized the racing world. It produced seven out of nine Futurity winners.

Major Daingerfield and Mr. Keene died in the same year. Then Elizabeth Daingerfield managed with great success the Kingston stud of Corrigan and McKinney before she established her own place at Haylands.

"Haylands is a successful business venture to an unusual degree, considering that it is a woman's enterprise," I suggested.

"The income tax has forced every one interested in horses into the study of bookkeeping," said Miss Daingerfield. "The enormous taxes on luxuries of the kind has made a knowledge of figures absolutely essential. When my father was alive no one ever gave any thought to expense of keeping horses."

"How much does it cost to raise a thoroughbred horse?" I was interested in the answer.

"It is difficult to say exactly," was the reply. "Expenses as well as stakes have increased at least five times in the last ten years. Raising a thoroughbred colt to a yearling costs at least a thousand dollars today. That is just the beginning of the expense for the colt and its mother. In the second year there is no way of estimating the cost with any accuracy. I should say from four to seven dollars a day at least. Ten years ago mares were boarded for fifteen dollars a month."

"IS THERE any reason why other women should not succeed in breeding horses?" was the next question.

"No," she replied. "Many women own racers now and are gradually taking over the management of their stables.

"There are other women here and abroad who have had breeding studs. But they have employed men as managers. In England there is Lady Syles; in France Madame Blanc; and in Ireland Mrs. Beulah Croker."

At Haylands, however, as any authority can tell you, the animals are the result of the thoughtful selection of Miss Daingerfield alone.

"Horses are just like children," Miss Daingerfield said to me before I left her. "There isn't any real secret about their care. Here at Haylands they are treated quietly and gently, given healthful surroundings and plenty of fresh air. More good horses have been ruined by gruffness than from any other one cause. Few human beings are willing to take a moral stand against cruelty to animals unless it is going to cost them money.

"The one thing I always want to emphasize is the superiority of the horse over the man who is training him. I have known sagacious men who would willingly intrust a hundred thousand dollars' worth of horses to a careless or inefficient trainer and then discard them all for some slight defect that a little rest and care would cure."

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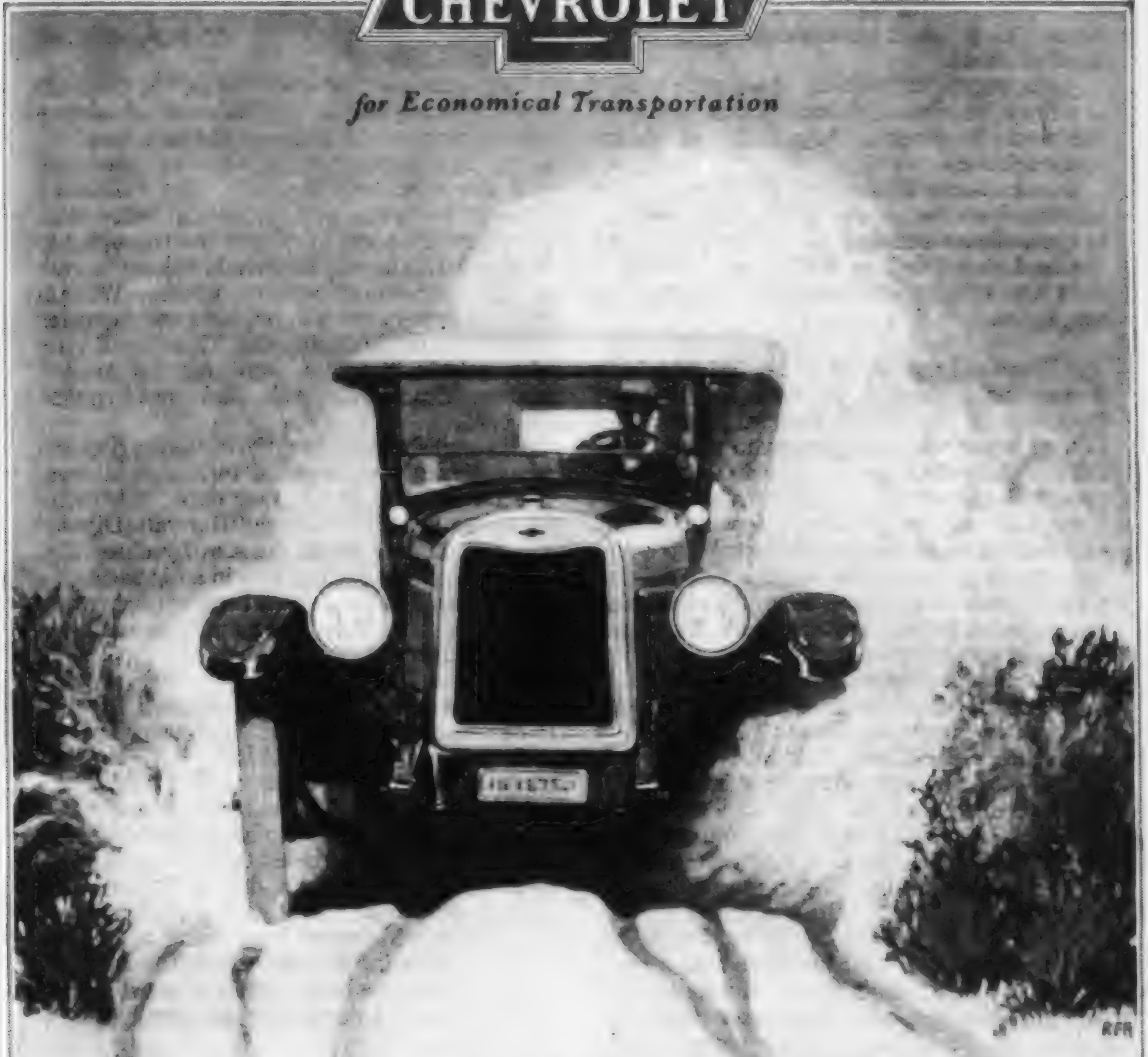

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QUALITY AT LOW COST

Roping Will Rogers

[*Continued from page 34*]

them. They might have been heard at a very great distance.

Jokes poured out of him. They were neither low-brow jokes nor high-brow jokes. He grips the world in general. As a friend of his has aptly said, he ropes it.

In the theater Rogers will play tricks—even rushing down the aisle to rope a statesman out of the audience and drag him up onto the stage, but he does not do it as Will Rogers himself, he does it as Will Rogers, comedian—another person, quite.

IT IS an old dodge, this of being funny in an assumed character. It made Josh Billings. Later on, it made Mr. Dooley. But Finley Peter Dunne could not appear in public as an illiterate saloon-keeper, nor could the creator of Josh Billings appear in public as a wise fool. Rogers has beaten them both by ambling out before us in what we innocently take to be his own character, and his shrewd fun delights a crowd that scorns the wisdom of the scholar, but applauds the same wisdom when it proceeds from a supposed ignoramus.

Not only does Rogers admit his illiteracy, he proclaims it. Writing of Fred Stone, he says, "He got as far as the Fourth Reader while I only reached the Third. So that is why we always hit it off so well. Neither of us was liable to use a word that the other couldn't understand." Rogers claims to be "nothing but a very ordinary Oklahoma cowpuncher who has learned to spin a rope a little and to read the daily papers, a little." He believes it.

I do not. In Oklahoma he became a successful cattle dealer. He has since been around the world. He has sojourned in European capitals and has had odd adventures elsewhere. During the Boer War he broke horses for the British Army in South Africa. There, his rope trick amazed the Tommies, so he turned it to account by joining Tex Jack's Wild West Show. Then, as a performer in Wirth Brothers' Circus, he toured Australia and New Zealand. Returning to America, he took a job with a ranch show in the Pike at the St. Louis Exposition and looked over the other exhibits there. When Zack Mulhall's rodeo brought him to New York, he graduated into vaudeville and thence into the "Midnight Frolic." All told, he has put in six years with the "Follies" and three as a movie star in California. Twice he has attended political conventions. He knows public affairs not only through the newspapers but through contact with public men, among them the Prince of Wales. No one can call him uneducated after all this, though he deplores his rebellion against school and consoles himself by remarking, "Everybody is ignorant, only on different subjects."

That afternoon at the "Follies" he came off the stage amid perfect hurricanes of applause—but the same modest fellow as when he went on. He is the highest paid comedian in America—and the most self-forgetful. His "Illiterate Digest" is "going great," selling faster than even Papini's book sold—and the triumph has not turned his head. For his advertising "copy" he gets four dollars a word, whereas William Hohenzollern got only two dollars and a quarter a word for his Memoirs, and Theodore Roosevelt only a dollar a word for his articles from Africa. Even this has not spoiled Rogers.

His publisher tells me, "Will thinks that the whole thing just happened to him, and says, 'I'm on the crest of the wave now. Where'll I be in two years?' " In the "Illiterate Digest" Rogers accounts for his success by observing, "I'm just an old country boy in a big town trying to get along. I have been eating pretty regular, and the reason is because I have stayed an old country boy."

It is true, partly. The old country boy in Rogers was what scored him his first big hit. It happened this way: He had never spoken while performing in his rope act. An actor told him that if he would announce his tricks they would take better. The next time he was ready to attempt the feat of lassoing a horse and rider at the same time, he turned to the audience and said, with his Oklahoma drawl, "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to call your sho'-nuff attention to this little stunt I am going to pull on you, as I am going to throw about two ropes at once, catching the horse with one and the rider with the other. I don't have any idea I'll get it, but here goes."

WHEN a great laugh followed these remarks he became furious and went to the manager and threatened to quit. Then an idea struck him. He realized that the spectators had not laughed at Rogers, but at the old country boy in him. He has triumphantly capitalized the old country boy in himself ever since. "If I was the champion polo player of the world," he says, "I still couldn't drink a cup of tea without using the saucer." He loves to talk of his home town. "My home is Claremore, Oklahoma (the home of the best curative waters in the world) and, by the way, one of the best towns in the world to live in if any of you are thinking about making a change." Moreover, he tells his audience that Claremore "is located on Cat Creek, and instead of having a lot of streets like most towns and cities, we have combined

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on one street. In that way no street is overlooked."

But Rogers knows better than to imagine that the old country boy in him has been his only asset, and he remarks, "There is a lot of queer things about the show business, but when you dig down to the bottom of them you find what any man usually finds in any business—that if he studies human nature and grabs the chances that he sees to get ahead with his work as he goes along every day, he's pretty sure to find people that'll take an interest in him."

"Grabbing a chance" got him his first engagement in vaudeville. The booking agent to whom he applied had no faith in him. One day Rogers heard the man call up Keith's Union Square Theater and say, "Put this nut and his pony on at a supper show and get rid of him." It looked like a poor chance, but by "grabbing" it, Rogers found a whole audience able to take an interest.

Another chance that he "grabbed" interested the New York press. During a rodeo at Madison Square Garden, a steer jumped the parapet and ran up among the spectators with several cowboys after him. One was Rogers. The steer turned and came his way. Rogers got him. Next morning all New York read how prettily a hero named Will Rogers had roped the beast and dragged him down into the arena, saving, perhaps, a considerable number of lives. As he recognizes now, the publicity "didn't hurt" him.

When he took to combining jokes with his rope act he found that people "would laugh easiest at the stuff that had just happened that day. A joke doesn't have to be near as funny if it's up to date." So here was a "chance to get ahead with his work." He "grabbed it," and decided to tell "only fresh-laid jokes"—jokes on the news—little humorous editorial squibs, reeled off in quantity. Most of the performers in this line are failures not so much because they lack jocularity as because they have been too lazy to read the news with thoroughness in their quest of material for humor. Rogers, who is tireless in his quest, says, "I tell you, it's sure hard diggings."

Enormous masses of material are needed to keep Rogers going. He deals in "short stuff" only, never stretching a joke out in the style of the ordinary stage humorist, but tightening it up in the style of a witty paragrapher.

Meanwhile, he is fastidious about jokes, ruling out whole classes—mere plays on words, for example, though most humorists adore them.

For he is not interested in merely making people laugh. He wants to say something significant as well as amusing. An old crony of his reports that on the stage Rogers is happiest when he sees a man nudge the friend alongside of him and say, "He's right about that."

PROFANE jokes are also tabu. Rogers has never even used the words "damn" and "hell" to get a laugh. When the Salvation Army invited him to attend a mass-meeting he was proud, and if now and then he pokes fun at Billy Sunday it is not with any real disrespect. Billy "has challenged the devil publicly more times than Wills, the Negro, has Jack Dempsey," he says, adding, "I have always figured that the reason the devil didn't arise and respond was Billy's slang was too much for him. But Billy sure did do a lot of good in the old days, and no matter if you didn't like his style of sermon, you sure didn't get a chance to do any sleeping." Whereupon he remarks, "Barnum invented the tent, but Billy Sunday filled it. He can get more people into a tent than an Iowa picnic at Long Beach, California."

Rogers scorns the malicious joke. "I don't think I ever hurt any man's feelings by my little gags," he says. "I know I never wilfully did it. When I have to do that to make a living I will quit." To be sure, Rogers sometimes hits rather hard. In his book he tells of his tilt with William Beverly Winslow, attorney for the *Literary Digest*. Rogers, then in California, had been turning out a grist of movie jokes called "The Illiterate Digest," and Winslow seeing an infringement upon the copyright enjoyed by his client, wrote Rogers to that effect. Rogers replied: "Your letter in regard to my competition with the *Literary Digest* received, and I never felt so swelled up in my life." He went on to say, "I want to inform you truly that this is the first I knew my title of 'Illiterate Digest' was an infringement on yours, as they mean the direct opposite. If a magazine was published called '*YES*' and another Bird put on one called '*NO*,' I suppose it would be infringing. But you are a lawyer, and it's your Business to change the meaning of words, so I lose before I start."

As a matter of fact, Rogers had already stopped writing his movie jokes, so the letter continues: "Now, you inform your Editor at once that their most dangerous rival has withdrawn, and that they can go ahead and resume publication. But you inform your clients that if they ever take up Rope Throwing or chewing gum I will consider it a direct infringement of my rights. So long, Beverly. If you ever come to California, come out to Beverly where I live, and see me." Winslow not only had the letter photographed for distribution amongst his lawyer friends but sent it out as a sort of Christmas card.

Another target of Will Rogers' fun is Mrs. Emily Post, concerning whose volume on etiquette he writes: "The Book says, 'At Six o'clock the Butler puts on his dress suit. The Butler's suit differs from that of a Gentleman by having no braid on his trousers. Now, all you Birds that never could tell the Servants

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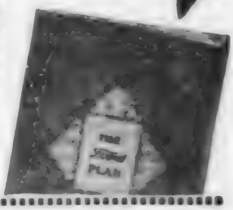

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Please send me your book, "The Ford Plan" which fully explains your easy plan for owning an automobile.

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Town ____________________ *State* ________ from the Guests, except somebody called one of them a Butler and another a Gentleman, you can't tell that way. More than likely the Butler is the Gentleman of the two. But I can tell the Butler. He has no braid on his trousers. Now, all I got to do is find out how to tell the Gentleman."

Ruling out silly jokes, irreverent jokes, malicious jokes and still being a good provider, serving more legitimate laughs to the minute than any other humorist alive or dead, is a colossal job. It would drive any other living humorist to drink. Rogers never drinks. He never smokes. Perhaps one reason is to be found in his anxiety to keep himself in trim for the rope trick. No trick could be more exacting. It requires a clear head, a keen eye, and a steady hand, and it requires practice—two solid hours of practice every day in the year.

THE other afternoon I caught Rogers again. They were getting up a new show, and he had rehearsed all the morning. He looked a wreck, but when I said, "Do you want to talk to me?" he answered, laughingly, "I'll talk to anybody, I've got that bad!" Four dollars a word—yet he gives away his jokes!

This time, Mrs. Rogers was not in his dressing-room. Ropes littered the floor, and I had found a different Will Rogers altogether from the one I met at first. The management was planning to cut out a whole scene which he had contributed to the new show. Vehement, rough, exasperated, he chewed gum savagely. He says that he has "chewed more gum than any twenty-seven stenographers." He was nervous about the new show. "I am always nervous," he says. "I never saw an audience that I could face with any confidence, for no man can tell how a given audience will ever take anything."

Writing he calls ***hard*** work, and you should hear Rogers say ***hard***. There is a grinding pang in the word. His whole life has been ***hard***. He does nothing easily. Even his apparently spontaneous after-dinner speeches are the result of laborious preparation. Before turning himself loose playfully on a subject, he studies it ***hard***.

The conversation shifted. I spoke of Mr. Dooley s creator, the brilliant Finley Dunne. "*There* is a man!" exclaimed Rogers. "I've never met him. I'd like to." But when I mentioned a certain resemblance between Dunne's writings and his own, he shook off the idea with a shrug of one shoulder and a pained knitting of the brows, as he cried, "***He's*** away up! ***He's*** had education!"

In the same modest spirit the cowpuncher-comedian-journalist has autographed my copy of "The Illiterate Digest" by scrawling on a fly-leaf

"Almost an author,
Will Rogers."

Almost! If authorship consists in putting capitals where they belong, avoiding slang, and obeying the sacred rules of syntax, then "Almost an author" he is; but if it consists in making a typewriter talk and say things while talking, he is among the very best authors we have. Standing alone, one superb sentence of his—a sentence toward the close of his chapter on Woodrow Wilson—is worth more, in its artistic perfection, than any other sentence written in years.

The chapter describes Rogers' experience as a performer in a show attended by the President when the struggle with Germany was impending, and he leads up to that perfect sentence by remarking, "Some time I would like to tell of things he laughed at during the most serious stages of the Great War. Just think, there were hundred of millions of Human Beings interested directly in that terrible war, and yet out of all of them he stands, five years after it's over, as the greatest man connected with it. What he stood for and died for will be strived after for years. But it will take time, for with all our advancement and boasted Civilization, it's hard to stamp out selfishness and greed. After all, Nations are nothing but Individuals, and you can't stop even brothers from fighting sometimes. But he helped it along a lot. And what a wonderful cause to have laid down your life for!" Then came five artless monosyllables: "*The World Lost A Friend.*"

ROGERS was unaware that he had written anything extraordinary. After that perfect sentence, the paragraph runs on. He did not even save it for the end.

No more does he appear to be saving himself for any end—or to be conscious of the power he wields at present, though we are largely ruled by our humorists, and always have been. Some of them abused their power. Because a famous humorist taught us to jeer at Europeans, we are still an isolated race, provincial and unfitted to think internationally. We say we are obeying a clause in Washington's Farewell Address. Actually, we are obeying the jokes in "Innocents Abroad." Meanwhile there has crept into American life a growing spirit of impatience with religion and right living—a spirit that extols "freedom." Scratch an exponent of that spirit and you find, like as not, a sometime reader of the witty but flippant Philistine. Four or five years ago a gifted writer ridiculed the small town, and people from small towns have been pouring into the cities at an increasing rate ever since, though they are better off on Main Street—or in Will Rogers' beloved Claremore.

To his credit be it said that Rogers has not once abused his power; and if he is unaware of possessing power, perhaps just that is one of the chief reasons he possesses so much of it.

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WHOLE WHEAT CEREAL

THE big package of New Pettijohn's is one of the best out and out *values* on your grocer's shelves.

But the thoughtful wife and mother doesn't buy it just for that reason alone. She thinks of what is *in* the package.

Whole wheat — with 25 per cent Natural Wheat Bran. So delicious that the family never seems to tire of it — and everybody gets the bran that is so good for them, *and likes it.*

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Convenience — the New Pettijohn's cooks through and through in 3 to 5 minutes.

The New Pettijohn's is selected whole wheat, pre-cooked, processed to develop the flavor, rolled and delicately toasted.

A hot, fresh cereal that makes a generous, grateful breakfast — oftentimes a welcome change for luncheon — and a nourishing supper for growing children.

Eat the New Pettijohn's with good top-milk or cream. The flavor is something to be grateful for.

TRY IT — TASTE IT — TELL YOUR FRIENDS

At your Grocer's — a Generous Package

1. Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes.
2. The pick of America's Wheat—contains 25% Natural Bran, with essential Vitamines and Mineral Salts.
3. A new and delicious Flavor brought out by pre-cooking.

The Quaker Oats Company

CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Mary from Ohio

[*Continued from page 145*]

process. Sometime later in the spring, the first pair was finished. Laughingly, Sandalari reaches in a drawer and brings them out for your inspection. There is a fondness and something like a caress in the way she holds the dull gray, grimy, battered shoes for you to see.

"We worked over them so much under lamplight in our first dirty little workshop in the Latin Quarter that we didn't realize how they would look in real light," she explains. "That taught us that we'd have to go out of the city where we could always have the sun. You can do anything if you really have to. We've a darling factory, now. It's an old stone house, but it has dozens of windows and its front door-yard runs right down to the Seine.

"I had just enough money to keep going a few months if my shoes didn't make a hit.

"Well, they did," she finishes. "The business just grew by itself. But we worked for months from early in the morning until sometimes long after midnight, trying to make a shoe that would be beautiful and still hold its shape. I tried them out myself. Every time we made a new pair, I'd wear it dancing for a while—it's the best test in the world, you know."

She presses a bell which calls a secretary from the outer office. He places in your hands a pair of shoes. They are a creamy white and on their tips and sides are enameled exquisite designs in rich blues, reds, greens, and purples. Mary from Ohio watches your reactions hungrily.

She places them beside that woeful little first pair and in the contrast, you glimpse some of the reason for the girl's pride as she says: "We're satisfied with them."

Her factory, by the way, is a delight in itself.

After a few hours in the busy, yet entirely un-factory-like atmosphere of quiet gentility which pervades the place and animates the deft fingers which perform each delicate task of workmanship, it is interesting to return to the Avenue de l'Opéra office and see the women who seek it out. Wealthy Americans, titled French and English women, Italians, Russians, all have found their way to Miss Bendelari's door.

It isn't every American schoolgirl who can set Paris talking. Sometimes, confesses Miss Bendelari, she is sorry that she ever began making shoes and having a career, because now she will have to keep it up. But deep down in her heart, Mary from Ohio realizes that she would not go back to just teas and bridge for all the good times they might contain. She is having far more fun in the little factory on the banks of the Seine, playing a bigger game, more exciting than bridge and with larger stakes.

STEWART BEACH.

First Citizen of Arkansas

[*Continued from page 68*]

awhile in Pine Bluff. I am Harvey Couch."

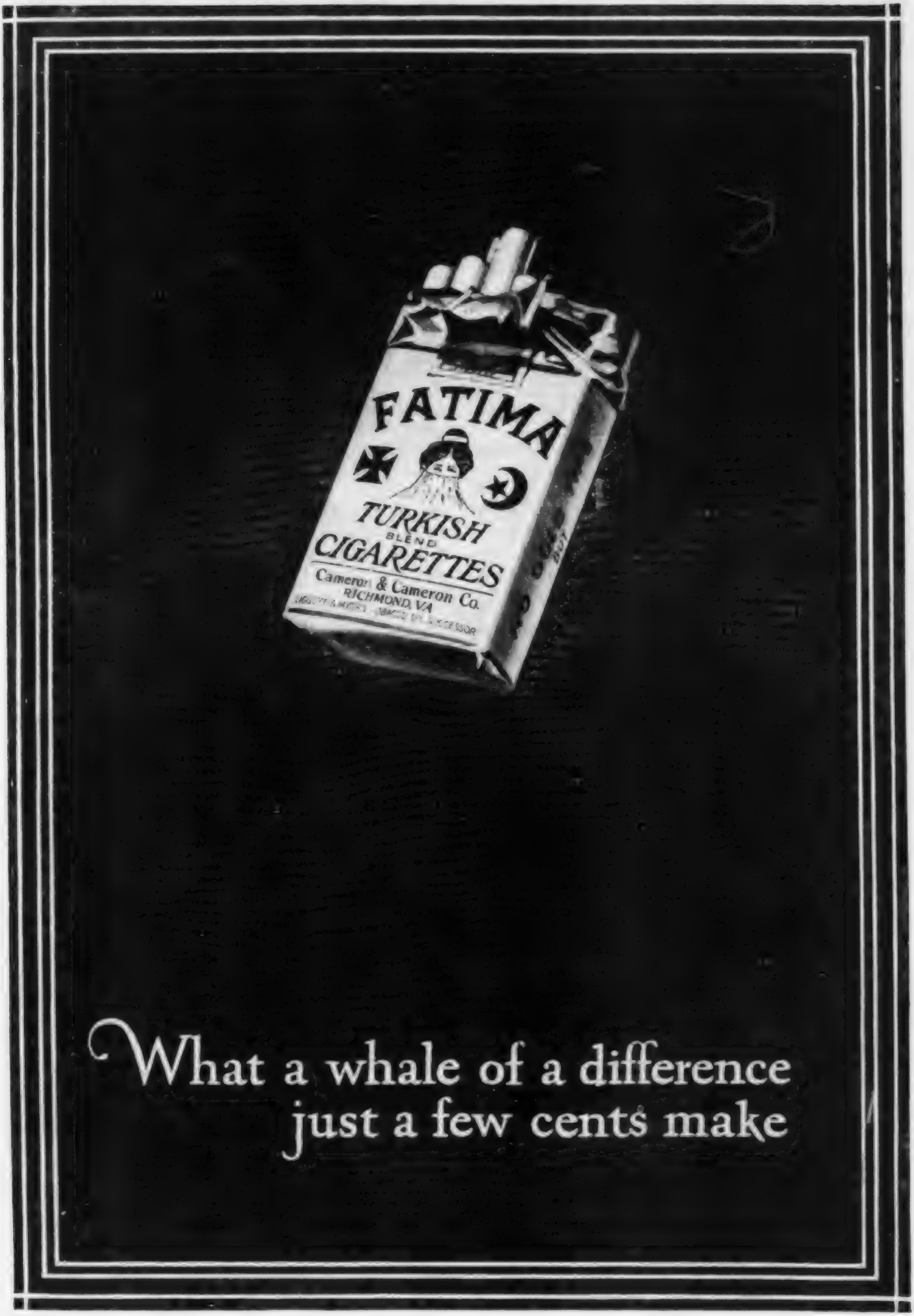
When his great feat, The Remmel Dam, was formally completed a few weeks ago, I recalled my meeting with him and sought an interview. I found him obliging, and friendly, as always. In fact his motto seems to be: "Make friends and be true to them." So far that has already included most of the State of Arkansas. The natural result is that, now he is the head of a great corporation, there is toward it little of that ill-will so often apparent in the case of large organizations of capital.

Back of it all, he remembers his own poverty-stricken youth, and has never quite forgotten that first day in the little public school of Magnolia. Imagine this tall seventeen-year-old boy starting in the third grade of a small town school. Naturally his eight-year-old classmates whispered and giggled at his towering awkward figure. As the day wore on his agony became more and more acute. But he stuck it out. The teacher at any rate did not laugh at him. This teacher, it chanced, was working his way through college on the forty dollars a month the school paid him. He knew from his own experience what the boy was going through.

After two days young Couch could stand it no longer. The thoughtless cruelty of childhood was making his life unbearable. He went to the teacher and told him his decision. He was too big a boy to be studying the same books as all these little children. The others all wore store-bought clothes and it made him look like a scarecrow. He was going back to his little home. There, the other boys wore the same clothes. They all went 'possum hunting together on moonlight nights, and half the negroes had been servants of his family in the old days.

"Don't do that," said the teacher. "I'll help you at night after school and in the morning before school starts. In a few weeks you will be the leader of your class. Then they'll never notice your home-made clothes." The boy accepted like a shot. He had met the right man and ambition was born. The teacher was ambitious himself. He was Pat Neff, later Governor of Texas.

"I owe much to the inspiration of Pat Neff," Mr. Couch told me. "He said he'd never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What a whale of a difference
just a few cents make

had much of a chance himself, and urged me to go on and not mind the others. I felt if the teacher stood by me, I could endure anything."

"I saw in him the making of a real man," said Pat Neff, when he was reminded of Harvey Couch's school days. "I helped him on the side at off hours. In a few weeks he was the best in the class. He made good at every task I assigned him. I was proud of the way he held his own against adversity. It was pluck and courage as a boy that helped him ripen into Arkansas' first citizen."

For a year and a half the boy forged rapidly ahead with his schooling. Then fate turned against him. The family back on the farm met reverses. Harvey was the oldest boy, and his place was back there helping. Back he went. Then he put his head to work on the problem. Suppose he could get a job in the little drugstore at Magnolia. Perhaps he could earn more there than he could at the plow. And besides he could continue his education.

So back he went to Magnolia and to Pat Neff. In the drug-store he began work at the lucrative salary of $3.50 a week. "This and the fact that I worked from 8:30 in the morning till ten o'clock at night helped me to decide to study in my spare time for the civil service," Mr. Couch remarked to me, smiling reminiscently. He had been reading magazines in the little drugstore, and had seen the advertising of various correspondence courses for young men. It was not long before he was digging away at one of them, headed toward an examination for railway mail clerk. When eventually he took the examination, his standing was high enough to warrant immediate appointment.

There was only one flaw in young Couch's happiness. He must, of course, leave Magnolia and also the man who had been his inspiration. The parting of the ways had come for him and Pat Neff. He was to follow with loyal good wishes Neff's career as lawyer, prosecuting attorney, member of the Texas legislature, speaker of the House, and governor, but the close contact had to end. From this point on, Harvey Couch must climb the long ladder of technical education by himself, unaided.

The appointment gave him the run on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern Railroad between St. Louis and Texarkana. Away from home for the first time, the country boy again furnished raw material for the jokes of his mates. But these he bore with good-natured tolerance, while he applied himself to learning the business. He had learned from Pat Neff to endure. More than that, he noted the gray-haired men in the service, making but little better salaries than his own, and determined to advance. When he was promoted within six months to clerk-in-charge of the run from Memphis to Texarkana, the laugh was on the other fellow.

On the new run, his keen eyes watched with interest a crew of men putting in a telephone line. He mused on the service rendered by telephones, and how much quicker the long distance phone service is than that of the U. S. Mail. Always, back of his motives, has been the idea of service. He asked questions of the railroad men. He asked more questions of the telephone crews and cultivated their friendship. It became a belief with him that every town should and could have telephones. Upon inquiry he found that the little town of Bienville, Louisiana, was without this convenience.

Once more he applied to the correspondence school and this time it was on the subject of electricity and telephony. More by brute force than anything else, he acquired a working knowledge of telephone technology and then, minus capital, set about starting a telephone exchange. To work in Bienville, he must change his run and forfeit his newly raised salary for one less profitable. Finally he induced another clerk, through the payment of fifty dollars, to exchange runs. In his spare time between trips, he began to talk telephones. Some believed it would be a good thing for the town, but when they found he had no money, they did not care to risk theirs. The young man had spent his small salary on books and in helping the family back on the hill farm.

Finally necessity was the mother of a new plan in his fertile mind. He decided to sell telephone service in advance and use the money to put in the system. Evidently, his sincerity was convincing, for he managed to sell enough service coupons to raise one hundred dollars on them. Then the postmaster, his first acquaintance, came to his rescue and became a partner in the venture. Mr. Couch can smile over it now, but he says that selling those coupons was the hardest thing he ever did: "To go to New York now and borrow a million dollars is nothing to compare with it. For then I had to sell something not in existence which was practically unknown to a lot of people. Now we can offer banker's statements and a lot of tangible assets that make very convincing proof."

In this first venture he learned the value of a friend. It was through a hardware salesman that he managed to buy his wire on credit. But he had only sixty days' time and it was necessary to rush the work. There was the harrowing possibility of delay. But he had a vacation due, so he and the postmaster climbed the roadside trees, using them for poles, and strung the wire the thirteen miles from Bienville to Arcadia. The new enterprise was popular. There was only one mail a day to the village, and it was pleasing to be in so much closer touch by telephone with the remainder of the country.

There was more territory which offered opportunity, and the young man had a vision of what

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A corn isn't just a *pain*—it's a *drain*. A tax on the whole nervous system. A *blight*, not alone on the toe, but on the spirits and the disposition. . . . Doctors know that a corn can darken a man's whole viewpoint on life. Headache, fatigue, irritability and indigestion are often reflexes of a throbbing corn . . . "Pain-messages" shoot to every nerve center, when a corn starts broadcasting . . . If you would know blissful relief, apply Blue=jay to that burning corn. In ten seconds, the world will seem a better place to live in. . . . A tiny cushion cool as velvet—fits over the corn and stops the pain at once. You wear it two days in solid comfort. When you take it off, the corn comes with it—gently removed by the little brown disc of magic medication.

Blue=jay

THE QUICK AND GENTLE WAY TO END A CORN

c 1925

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Demand and get the genuine
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SHADE ROLLERS

he could do in expanding his lines by selling more service coupons to obtain working capital. It was necessary to resign from the mail service, and put the postmaster to managing the exchange at Bienville, in order that Couch could spend his time at building the extensions. Success greeted his efforts in an astonishing way, and he began to sigh for more worlds to conquer.

To make a long story short, the postmaster grew afraid of the business going broke, and young Couch bought out his interset. The few hundreds obtained in this way were but a drop in the bucket of the young financier's plans. He must have more money than the service coupons brought in.

Accordingly he went to Magnolia, where they knew his beginnings, and sought the aid of a local doctor who was the little town's leading capitalist. Largely on the boy's own record in that town he invested fifteen hundred dollars and lent Couch another fifteen hundred dollars. For a period of eight years this policy of telephone expansion went on, rapidly yet conservatively, through the territory of southern Arkansas and northern Louisiana till it numbered a dozen towns.

So rapidly did these activities develop that they attracted the notice of the Southern Bell Telephone Company. In the meantime the young man continued to study public utilities—always with the idea of being ready for the next opportunity. Finally, after thirteen years of steady growth, the Southwestern Bell managers made him an offer to sell out. He received the handsome sum of a million and a half dollars.

Harvey Couch's next step was the launching of a company to buy the water and light plant of the town of Arkadelphia. In this little college town was located one of the largest flour mills in the South, and there would obviously be increasing need of power for commercial purposes. By this time the young promoter realized the value of thoroughly knowing his particular line of business, and he set his mind to the task of mastering the problems of water supply and electric lighting.

Finding it profitable and promising, within three years he bought two other electric plants in other towns. This was the real beginning of his career as organizer and administrator of hydroelectric power. His far-reaching eye saw the possibilities lying dormant in Arkansas' 13,000 miles of navigable rivers—the greatest in any State.

Having bought the light plant of Pine Bluff, whose company also owned these properties, Harvey Couch organized the Arkansas Light and Power Company and rebuilt the dam at Russellville. He extended his lines to half a dozen more towns and brought order and efficiency out of chaos. Sure of himself now, he went on aggressively expanding his holdings, sometimes losing a partner who feared bankruptcy for the whole procedure, but himself undismayed.

WITHIN two years after buying the plant at Pine Bluff, Couch had spent a million dollars in enlarging the plant and another million for transmission lines, making it the largest plant in the State. Six years later, in 1920, the company owned the utilities of seventeen towns in Arkansas and southern Missouri.

His success in the dam at Russellville, while small in comparison with some of his other interests, convinced Mr. Couch, by its enormous saving in cost of operation, that it would be profitable to try to realize a gigantic dream which had laid dormant in his mind for some years. By now the world war had come and gone. Having served as State Food Administrator during those days, Harvey Couch knew all of Arkansas as few other people did. His thoughts turned once more to the Ouachita River and he began the herculean task of planning and capitalizing a project to dam its waters. It took time and money to get estimates and make plans. He secured a New York firm of engineers to make the estimates, and showed these to bankers, explaining his theory. "I told them I didn't ask them to accept my estimates, but to have their own engineers investigate for them. The only thing I asked was that they would not base their figures on surveys made twenty years ago."

"The bankers were pessimistic because, years before, Government engineers had surveyed the river with a view to damming it as a means of controlling flood waters. (To the south and east of the river lie the rich wheat lands and prairies of the State.) These surveyors reported the cost to be too great to justify the work. Another concern had planned the work and backed out. But when the bankers put their own engineers to work after mine had already gone over the territory, they agreed to underwrite it for us." This remark is typical of the man. He had personally made the river trip some years before, had seen the possibilities and after getting his engineers to seek out the advantageous points, secured options on them.

Then he went to New York to raise capital for his great project which almost equals the Keokuk dam in power and importance. He was able to show that during the past six years the State's consumption of electricity had increased twelve per cent per capita. In the territory served by his lines the increase had been twenty per cent, whereas the remainder of the country showed an increase of only eight per cent. This was undoubted proof of both efficiency in the past and business opportunity for the future. Coupled with the figures of the New York engineers, it resulted in the ultimate backing of the project.

His great idea was to divide the construction

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But as Bob came in, his employer did a surprising thing. He got up quickly from his desk and grasped Bob warmly by the hand.

"I want to congratulate you, young man, on the marks you are making with the I. C. S. I am glad to see that you are training yourself not only for your present job but for the job ahead.

"We're cutting the pay-roll. Until I received this letter, I had you in mind as one of the men to be dropped. But not now. Keep on studying—keep your eyes open—and pretty soon there'll be a still better job for you around here. We're always looking for trained men."

Won't you let the I. C. S. help you, too? Won't you trade a few hours of your spare time for a good job, a good salary and the comforts that go with it? Then mark the work you like best on the coupon below and mail it to Scranton today. That doesn't obligate you in the least, but it will be your first big step towards success. *Do it now!*

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- ☐ Private Secretary
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- ☐ Salesmanship
- ☐ Advertising
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- ☐ Show Card Lettering
- ☐ Stenography and Typing
- ☐ Business English
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into three units. The first unit, the Remmel dam, was completed and formally opened December 29, 1924. Something of the size of the project may be realized when you are told on the authority of Mr. Couch that there are three thousand acres of ground in the reservoir. This is difficult to comprehend when one views the finished project. There were fifty thousand cubic yards of gravel moved and remixed, to say nothing of the vast amount of concrete used. And this is the smallest of the three units.

Work is now proceeding upon the second unit, a few miles above the one just completed. It will be much larger—1,350 feet long and 100 feet high when finished. When it is completed in 1928, it will generate 47,000 horsepower. But the third and greatest, to be constructed above Hot Springs, will be 175 feet in height, 950 feet long and will produce 50,000 horsepower.

THE casual reader is wondering what Harvey Couch will do with all this power, with only small towns of ten to fifteen thousand population to draw patronage from. But his eye for the future has already planned that. Arkansas averages fourth in the production of cotton, and Mr. Couch's first cotton-mill went into operation last year at Pine Bluff, as an experiment. He knows that if he can furnish cheap power other manufacturers will come, but he wants to be able to furnish proof with facts of his own first. To the southeast lies the rice-field territory and the pumping stations and rice-mills will require increasing power.

Just how far Harvey Couch's plans for producing power go no man can say. The power companies he has launched are already serving over fifty cities and towns. They also serve a large number of farms. Being a farm boy, it is natural that Couch should not forget the farmer. It is his hope that the day may come soon when every farm will be equipped with electric power. He is interested in giving the farmer greater profits for his labor. That, of course, is the basis upon which he has built up his power service in both town and farm. But in the case of the farmer he wants even more to take away some of the drudgery that he remembers so well. He visualizes more comforts and recreations for the farm family and a better chance in the world for its boys and girls.

He does not want them to struggle as he did for an education. Of course he believes in hard work. There is no bitterness in his reminiscenses of boyhood. "Early struggles," he explained, "teach a man courage and endurance. He learns to take the punishment and disappointments which must come in later life."

In some of his methods there is a hint of Henry Ford. Some of his steam plants had been expensive in their consumption of fuel, and Mr. Couch decided some time ago to burn oil. He bought it in the south Arkansas oil fields and piped the crude oil to Pine Bluff where he had built his own refineries and tanks. From the surplus he now sells refined oil and various by-products. Like Henry Ford, too, he turned the waste coal-dust of the mines at Russellville into economical fuel.

One of these nights if you chance to pick up Station WOK remember that a great captain of industry is entertaining you for the fun of the thing. This is Harvey Couch's down-town station in his home stamping ground, Pine Bluff, Arkansas. He had the first radio set owned in Pine Bluff. Later he donated it to the college at Arkadelphia, and put in his present broadcasting station. It was the first sending station in the state. As a receiving station it became the town center. When there were special conventions or anything of similar importance, he used to hook up with Little Rock, and put in a loud speaker for the night.

For the most part he sticks to the job he has set himself—the industrial development of Arkansas. And at that job few men can keep up with him. As a fellow Arkansan put it the other day: "Harvey Couch is very much like one of his own great turbines—running smoothly, swiftly and with little noise, yet accomplishing enormous results—a human dynamo."

We Must March

[*Continued from page 58*]

until she had settled on an answer for Simpson.

After some three months on the plains, she had learned several rules of the trail; one of the most important of these being that, when in camp, one must never wander out of sight of the tent. So now, absorbed as she was by her thoughts, she did not fail from time to time, to glance back at the gleaming white walls of Fort Hall. The men had scattered in their search for the live stock to the north and west, toward the Snake and the Port Neuf. Somewhere, back of her struggle with Simpson's temptation, the idea persisted that in the sagebrush hills, several miles south of the fort, some trace of the animals might be found. She had heard that the Indians sometimes found grazing there for their herds. So she moved steadily southward.

Watching automatically for herd signs, Narcissa prowled in this sagebrush forest for sometime, then clambered to the top of a rock heap for a view of Fort Hall. But she could not discover it. Annoyed at herself for not keeping a closer watch, Narcissa turned to the right to climb up the hillside from which she was certain she could obtain a better view. But the

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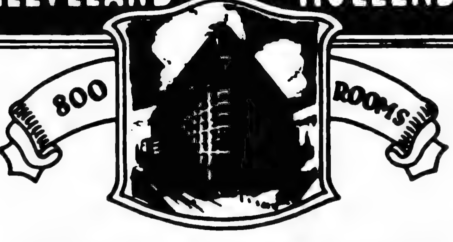

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THE high-priced faces aren't all in Hollywood. Would you take a million dollars for yours?

Until you start using Mennen Shaving Cream you won't be treating that face of yours in a manner befitting its value. It has taken ten years to perfect Mennen's, but your skin will know the difference in three minutes.

The razor blade will cut the whiskers as close as a Scotchman, and your face won't realize it's being shaved. That's because Mennen dermutation (absolute beard softening) takes all the fight out of whiskers.

If you're addicted to the rub-in habit, or a secret slave of hot towels, Mennen's will emancipate you. If you don't make Mennen's a life-long friend after a week's use, the price of the tube is on me. 50 cents at druggist's.

* * *

The perfect shave is topped off with Mennen Talcum for Men—a real man's talcum in scent and color. Blends with he-hide and does not show! 25c buys it.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

hillside proved to be ugly and steep. Hampered by her heavy skirt, she gave up trying to climb it after a few moments and decided to turn back on her own trail. But to her dismay, at this point the floor of the valley was covered with a broken lava that retained no foot prints. She beat about the covert until she was thoroughly confused, then she sat down on a rock with a rueful smile. She was lost.

She was a little frightened, now. She had heard terrible tales of what happened to those who wandered from the trail. She herself had seen bones that the wolves had worried and gnawed. So she was frightened, but at the same time, because she was a born lover of adventure, she was not unpleasantly thrilled by the excitement of her predicament. She called until her voice was tired, then as the sun grew low she looked about for a place to spend the night. A rock heap upon which she could climb would be desirable. She did not wish to think what she would do should Indians come.

Yet she was obliged to think of them! For almost immediately after the last note of her call for help had ceased echoing among the hills, an Indian on a mottled brown-and-white pony, pushed suddenly through the bushes. He stopped before her with a broad grin.

The two stared at each other. Outwardly calm, Narcissa experienced such fear as she had not known one could experience and still remain sane. For she recognized this Indian. He it was who, at the Rendezvous, had hung about the mission tent more prominently than any other of the braves. When Marcus, after much difficulty, had driven him away, one of the traders had expostulated.

"Don't never hurt an Indian's vanity! Specially, Jo Buffalo's. He ain't quite right in his head and he's meaner than even most of these damn redskins. One of 'em will harbor a grudge over a trifle for years."

And this was Jo Buffalo!

"You mak' no fear," he said. "Jo Buffalo not kill you. He mak' you marry."

Narcissa forced herself to speak. "Show me the way back to the fort and I will give you a great deal of money."

Jo Buffalo shook his head. "Jo Buffalo rich. Have his lodge up there," raising his hand toward the east. "No want money. Want mak marry with white woman. White woman with yellow hair. All Indians, they talk about her. Jo Buffalo, he got her!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

Do You Speak English

[*Continued from page 86*]

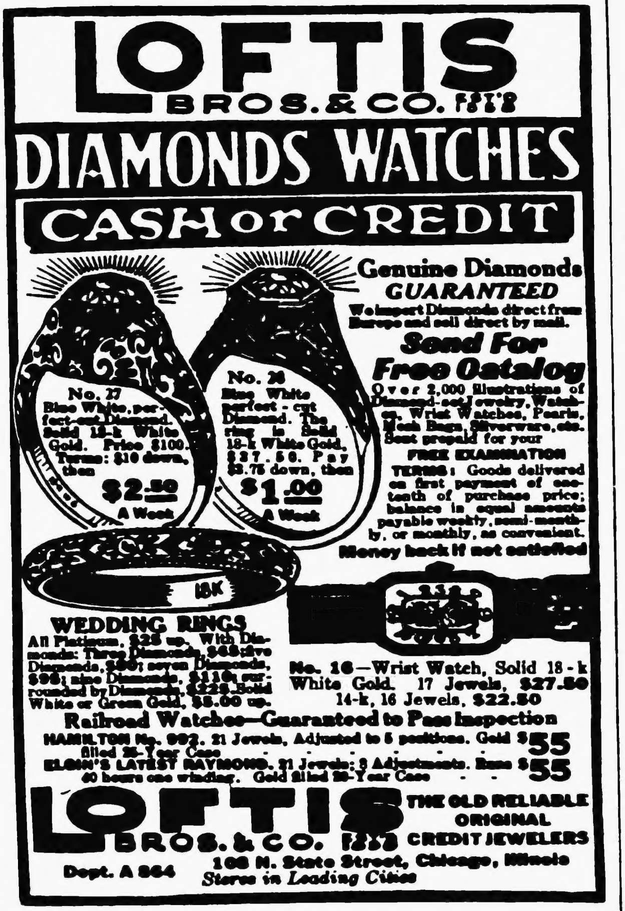
His dream, with other believers in classic drama, has been to establish a National Repertory Theater, in New York, as America's center of classic drama. With this idea in mind he chose "Cyrano de Bergerac," the heroic comedy from the French of Edmond Rostand. With the play coining money and the house sold out weeks in advance, Hampden's dream had come true. The gorgeous play ran through the winter and summer season and opened the Playhouse in the fall. Then Walter Hampden showed the kind of artist that he is. He shelved the money-coining romance to put on "Othello," a rôle which he had always wanted to play.

IT WAS the living, glowing reading of the lines that discounted all else; scene, costume, illusions of light, were mere accessories and were forgotten in the spell created by the words. Seldom before in the history of the stage had the glorious words of Shakespeare been given such faultless diction—the magic of poetry, in which the hearers were transported and lived in a world created from the web of words spun by the poet and spoken by the artist.

In *Cyrano* and *Othello*, particularly, Mr. Hampden showed the latent possibilities of perfectly trained diction as a vehicle for really beautiful language. It is a different tongue as he utters it, from the incoherent, mumbling, jabbering, spluttering, word-clipping sounds we daily hear. There is in Mr. Hampden's reading a vigor, vitality, clearness; a resonant tone in every sound he utters. And with it all there is ease and delicacy in the articulation of every vowel and consonant. After listening to the "whatchatalkinabout—Idongetcheratal" lingo, we need in some way to be reminded that the *word* is the unit of *speech*, that it is made up of syllables, that syllables are made up of sounds, and that sounds are vowel and consonant, "open" and "closed" sounds. Mr. Hampden's diction shows us over again that the technique of good speech is the technique of opening and shutting the mouth, with the aid of the tongue, teeth and lips, so that different sound patterns come through. With Hampden these mechanics blend into a smooth work of art.

If you were fortunate enough to hear Hampden in any of his rôles, it is easy to use the memory of his speech to improve your own. Revive his memory by reading one of the speeches from the play. Read very slowly at first and try to vitalize the words so that every sound, every syllable carries feeling. Do this and you will see that you can't read with feeling unless you breathe freely and let your tones out without obstruction.

Almost any one who wishes to mingle with people of cultivation wants to improve his speech if only for the purpose of being more



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All Platinum, $25 up. With Diamonds: Three Diamonds, $65; five Diamonds, $80; seven Diamonds, $98; nine Diamonds, $110; surrounded by Diamonds, $225. Solid White or Green Gold, $5.00 up.

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HAMILTON No. 992. 21 Jewels, Adjusted to 5 positions. Gold filled 25-Year Case - - - - - - - $55
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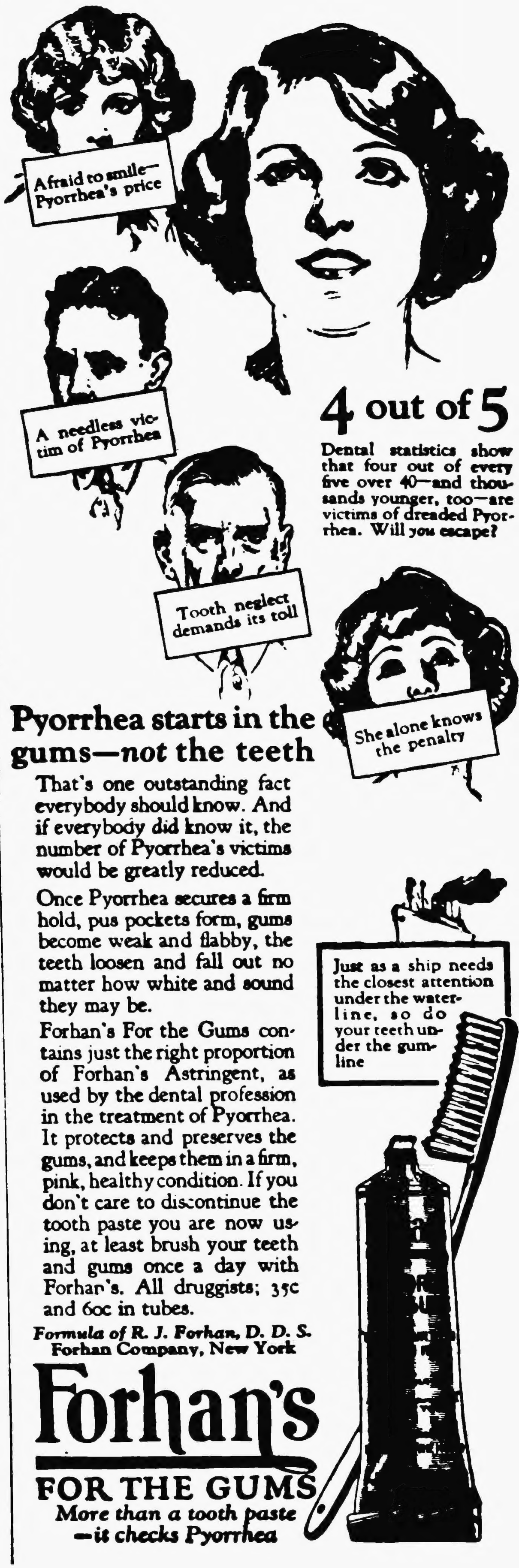

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More than a tooth paste
—it checks Pyorrhea

clearly understood. Yet few of us know exactly where to begin, and it is often by accident that we are brought to any real effort. In Bernard Shaw's play "Pygmalion," *Lisa*, a gutter-girl, is discovered by a professor of speech who proceeds to record her terrible dialect. He makes a bet with a friend "from Missouri" that he can pass the girl off as a duchess at a garden party. He is to be given six months to do the young woman over. The bold professor, it seems, is an expert in speech, and he is convinced that once the girl is taught to talk like a duchess, the rest will be easy. *Lisa's* natural tongue at the beginning is the cockney of a London bus-driver. "Ow eez ye-ooa san is e?" is her first cryptic remark. It is intended to mean. "Oh, he's your son is he?"

The professor sets to work on this argot. *Lisa* is taught musically and phonetically. Her own voice and speech are recorded and played to her on a phonograph. Then she listens to models of pure tone and perfect utterance. As with so many people of that type, she has a remarkably keen ear, and is a very clever little imitator. In the end, with all the poise of the duchess she is supposed to impersonate, she defies her professor. In a beautifully modulated voice with perfect enunciation, she remarks: "You can't take away the knowledge you gave me." The professor, like another *Pygmalion*, has created a lady out of nothing.

IS THERE such a thing as an American language? There has been some attempt to find in the melting pot of America and its blending of many tongues evidence of the making of a distinctive language for this country. As a matter of fact the speech of the cultivated American, English, Irish and Scotch differ only slightly, and with the increasing facilities of travel and communication these differences grow less. Slang, new idioms, figures, abbreviations belong to all living languages. But the slurred and blurred words current in our speech mark only national slovenliness. Such expressions as "dijever," "slong," "lookatcha," "saulrite," "izatso," "yamnot," "notchet," express our national rush.

The usage of cultivated people sets the standard of speech, *is* the standard. It involves three things: The right use of the voice; training and knowledge in the use of the sounds that make up English speech; and correct phrasing and grouping of words in sentences.

If you wish to improve your speech, you must necessarily begin with the voice. The voice in speech is produced just as in singing. Correct full breathing, tones coming out of an unobstructed throat and nose, and directed so they are resonant, are essentials to be mastered in good voice production. The test of whether or not your words are correctly voiced is—will they enlarge into singing tone?

The sounds in English speech are about forty (sixteen vowels and twenty-four consonants). It is only recently, within the last twenty-five years, that the scientific study of the sounds making up languages has been made. This development has come along with the phonograph and recording machines. The sounds are indicated in the dictionaries, in the tables, by key words. But there is no way the dictionary can make you say them rightly if your key word is wrong. Phonograph records make Audible Standards possible.

It is the King's or Queen's English or the English of a particular circle that gives the standard in England. Democratic America has standards of speech. Professor Krapp of Columbia in his text, "Standards of Speech in America," recognizes the standards set in Eastern and Western university circles. As the identity of good diction in song and speech becomes more and more clear, the tendency in both countries is to adopt as standard the sounds proved by the scientific analysis of singing teachers to be preferable. "Diction for Singers and Speakers," by Adele Laes Baldwin, a most recent book, makes clear on scientific grounds the vowel and consonant values.

Summing up the suggestions for improving speech, they may be included in these eight guides:

1. Improve your voice quality. Learn to use the same tone production in speech as in singing. (Open throat, open nose, full breathing, tone directed to resound, practise tone on sounds *ah*, *m*, first singing, then speaking.)
2. Listen to your speech and hear whether or not you get tone into all the sounds. (Practice singing and speaking the vowels.) Learn the sixteen vowel sounds.
3. Get rid of any dialect.
4. Get the humming quality of *m*, *n*, *ng* into all the consonants, so that your speech sounds vital and has resonance.
5. Practice reading aloud, slowly. Feel each part of each word come to life.
6. Learn to use the dictionary for pronunciation.
7. Increase your stock of words and use them grammatically.
8. Listen to good speech as you hear it from speakers, from phonograph records and in the theater. Establish a standard for yourself.

In phonetic alphabets the forty vowel and consonant sounds have definite symbols, which stand for the particular sounds. The International Phonetic Alphabet includes the sounds of all modern languages. A person who learns all these sounds correctly, how to combine them with the right stress in words is able to pronounce correctly any language. In a recent Pageant of the Nations, songs were sung and words were spoken in ten languages by a chorus that knew only English. The diction

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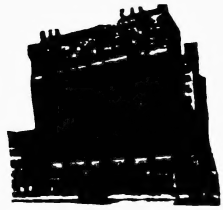

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was taught phonetically and the results were magical.

A little painstaking care in learning how to enunciate clearly and on good tone the forty sounds of English speech will repay any one who wishes to improve his diction.

An Artist in Sugar

[*Continued from page 143*]

point quite close to a sheet of paper and moving his hand back and forth with free motion, after the manner of an old-time writing teacher, he made a feathery wing and tail. For the body he held the *cornet* over one spot, raising it gradually while a soft mass was piled up and drawn out into a bird's head with upturned bill. After this, with rapid strokes he made the other wing, and left on the paper a little white bird which appeared to have just alighted. There was no pattern, no measurement of any sort, but the bird was own brother to a whole flock waiting on a near-by table to be transferred to a birthday cake that was in process of construction.

After his three years of apprenticeship, M. Maitre was obliged to pass examinations before he was qualified to take a place as helper in a pastry kitchen. "Over in Europe," he says, "a man does not become a chef merely by the expedient of putting on a white jacket and cap. In Switzerland, in fact, the State cooperates with the various schools of cooking, and unless a man can show satisfactory certificates of training no one will consider employing him."

In France cooking has been officially recognized as one of the arts, and the chefs have been invited to exhibit at the famous Paris Salon. Here, under the same roof with the masterpieces of painter and sculptor, they display for the admiration of the public their aspics and hors-d'œuvres, their canapés and croustades, their meringues and gateaux and statues in *pastillage*. In this country there is no such incentive except the somewhat limited opportunity given by the *Societé Culinaire Philanthropique*. But the creative impulse does not depend upon recognition. Observing M. Maitre in his sunny cheerful kitchen at the Roosevelt, the conviction grows that even without any honors whatever he would continue to make his roses and his birds for that best of all reasons, the joy of creation which is always the artist's best reward.

JOSEPHINE LOVELL.

He Stops Bullets

[*Continued from page 146*]

or the German Mauser, makes only a slight concave dent in the vest's surface. The human target feels as if some one had tapped him gently on the chest.

Asked how he happened to take this hair-raising, hazardous job, Jacobson laughed. "I came in here one day for a job," he said, "and they told me what they had and asked if I was willing to be shot at. I told 'em I'd try it once, and that's a year ago, and I'm still trying it. I don't mind hair-raising experiences," said this mild-mannered, blue-eyed young man. "Before I stopped bullets I was a steeple-jack."

How many times has he been shot at? Jacobson doesn't know; he's lost count—many thousand times at least. Probably he will be shot at many thousand times more. It's all in the day's business for him. BLANCHE THEODORE.

Two Vans Who Took to the Rails

[*Continued from page 94*]

The Van Sweringens propose still further additions to the enlarged Nickel Plate system, namely, the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western, with one of the best roadbeds in the country, the Virginian, the recent electrification of which equips it to haul one-hundred-car trains, the Wheeling & Lake Erie, and the Pittsburgh & West Virginia, together with innumerable smaller lines. The New York Central and the Baltimore & Ohio have consented to the acquisition of these properties by the Nickel Plate.

Even when this extensive system shall have been effected, the Van Sweringens will by no means have reached a stopping place. Who knows what move for progress is forming even now in the brains of these men who started as newsboys, proceeded as real estate operators and evolved into railway executives? Ere they have finished the working out of one project, their minds are busy turning over bigger and deeper ones. In the process their fortune has so rolled up that money is a secondary consideration in the contemplation of new ventures.

"The Vans" lost no time in getting ahead. Life apparently is too short for all they wish to accomplish. The story is told that in one of their consolidation undertakings they submitted a lease with the request for approval within three days. It took three months to put it in shape, but it was not the Van Sweringens who held up the game. Because they have lived by the maxim, "Do it now," they have in a decade reached a position in railroading attained by most men only after a lifetime of effort.